

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The
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theatre
PRESENTS

ELIZABETH
THE

Weekly
Benj. Franklin

5c.

August 5, 1939

Volume 212, Number 6

Norman
Rockwell

THE CRISIS IN CHRISTIANITY By WILL DURANT

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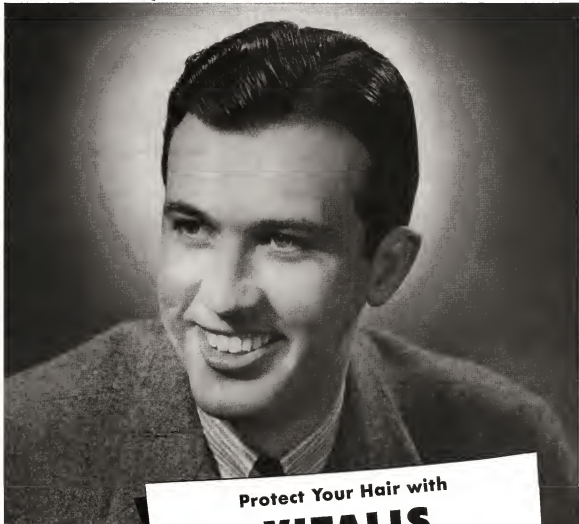
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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Number 6



I. The Age of Nietzsche

IN THE year 1888, shortly before his collapse into insanity, Friedrich Nietzsche predicted (*Ecce Homo*, London, 1911, page 141) that the time would come when history would be divided, not into Before Christ and Anno Domini but into Before and After Nietzsche. He was confident that his attacks upon democracy and Christianity would be fatal to those allied creeds, that the twentieth century would see their disappearance, and that the future would date a new era from his work.

Fifty years after this mad prophecy half of Europe has rejected Christianity—explicitly in Russia, implicitly in Germany. Two thirds of Europe and half of South America have deposed democracy, have established martial law over life and industry, and have submitted to the rule of "supermen." Nearly all of Europe has put aside the ethics of Christ as incompatible with military vigor, and has adopted the Nietzschean "master-morality" of power. In Russia and Germany, and in less degree in Italy, men have accepted these developments not as passing tyrannies but as a new religion capable of stirring their hearts to sacrifice and heroic enterprise. Perhaps Christianity, like democracy, is doomed by the victory of force

THE CRISIS IN CHRISTIANITY

By WILL DURANT

DECORATIONS BY EDWARD SHENTON

over persuasion, of efficiency over freedom, of war over peace. The First World War did more harm to Christianity than all the Voltaires in history; the Second World War may complete its destruction. Possibly the Age of Nietzsche has already begun.

II. Memories of Our Youth

RELIGION was for many of us the profoundest experience of our youth; even love was a minor theme. The mystery of sex troubled us, but it was only one element in the vaster mystery of the world;

wonder held us from our first breath to our last ideal; and our awe in the presence of the inscrutable gave to our worship a depth and honesty seldom reached by the poetry of desire. Though we trembled now and then at the thought of hell, and vaguely aspired to everlasting bliss, it was not those distant things that moved us, so much as the feeling of a Divinity abiding behind all physical and changing scenes, a plan and purpose that gave logic and significance to all events, a Father infinitely powerful and cosmically occupied, but affectionately interested in the needs and hopes of men.

Closer still was the figure of Christ, appealing kin to us in growth and suffering, and yet the ideal embodiment of gentleness and tolerance; preaching with simplicity and courage the doctrine of human brotherhood, and drawing out of us, by the magnetism of sincerity, the finest possibilities of our nature. And beside Him was Mary, daughter of all the revered Mother Goddesses of Mediterranean antiquity, chosen from the lowliest ranks of mankind to be the carrier and nurse of divinity, enabling all burdened motherhood with her devotion and tenderness, and mediating so patiently between Christ and man that many of our prayers were lifted

up in her name. What could be more comforting to wonder and sorrow, or more inspiring to human decency, solicitous parentage and social conscience, than this sublime and humane faith, the fairest in the history of belief? No one who has ever known that faith can ever quite forget it, or be content to see it die.

In our rebellious youth we proudly judged the "truth" of religion, and our bulging intellects rejected whatever they could not understand. Now that age begins to cool our fires and prune our egos we perceive how superficial were the questions with which we confounded our teachers; they could no more answer us than the musician who is challenged to express in words all that his music means. We observe that religion, however often destroyed, soon rises again; that in the rhythmic and historic alternation of belief and unbelief, mysticism and naturalism, religion and science, religion sooner or later returns to power; and we conclude that it must serve some vital function to survive so many deaths. We wish to understand what it is that makes a religion grow, what are the natural forces that make it decay, and what, against the background of such an analysis, are the status and prospects of the faith that has been bound up with that Western civilization which is our nourishment and our life.

III. Why Men Worship

RELIGION is born out of the needs of the soul, the nation and the race. The soul wonders, and seeks some answer to the riddle of the universe; science explains many parts partially, but never completely, and never the whole; philosophy announces that the explanation of the whole by a part is impossible; faith makes its choice, and gives the wonderer peace. The soul fears, and peoples earth and sky with spirits evil or good; as security grows, fear subsides, and the Good Spirit becomes supreme in a happier creed. The soul is lonely and weak; it searches among the stars for

and learned. The individualistic impulses that serve the self, and the mating impulses that serve the race, are older, deeper, stronger than the social impulses that preserve society; unless the social motives can be reinforced, the instincts of self and sex will tear a society to pieces. Historically, the social dispositions have been reinforced by family discipline, moral instruction and legal restraints, supported in each case by religious belief. No civilization known to history has achieved moral order without religious sanctions and aids for parental authority, education, marriage, patriotism and law.

Imperceptibly but powerfully, religion serves the race—if we may loosely use this reckless word to denote a people in its continuity. Since life is a stage with one entrance and many exits, and death takes a thousand forms to ease us from this scene, most societies have found a high birth rate essential for their permanence. Therefore every religion has included a command to increase and multiply. In Egypt, China, Greece and Rome, population was maintained, and overflowed into useful colonies, because religion taught men that the soul after death would suffer misery without end unless it had left plentiful progeny to care for its grave. With such help these nations endured for centuries despite famines, epidemics and wars. It may be that national survival is impossible without the religious encouragement of parentage.

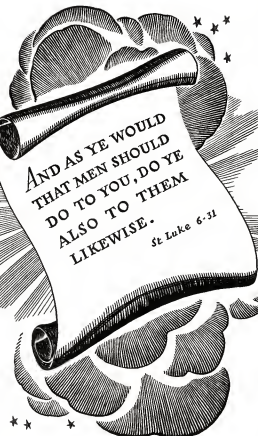
These individual, social and racial needs are the natural sources of religion. Out of these it is born, and because of them it cannot permanently die. From them it derives its strength, and in return it

tion. It moderates acquisitiveness and selfishness, and appeases the class war by inculcating conscience in the strong and patience in the weak. It weaves about the gray pattern of toilsome routine a bright texture of divine drama and spiritual poetry without which life would be unbearable for millions of men. It gives to idealism and devotion a value and significance that can outlive the apparent victory of death. It dominates and inspires the vigorous youth of a people, and when it dies it drags down with it parental authority, moral order, and perhaps civilization itself.

IV. Götterdämmerung

RELIGION begins to ail when the society whose formation and growth it so powerfully supported arrives at maturity and wealth. For wealth reduces the interest of men in spiritual consolations and hopes; it puts an end to the puritanism that religion favored, and finds means for a natural epicureanism resentful of religious restraints. The religion itself is affected by wealth. It may become rich and fat, acquisitive and comfortable; it may forget its simple origins and luxuriate in splendid edifices; sometimes it identifies its own interests with those of a ruling class, as in Russia, and degenerates into a soothing sirup for the poor. If it controls the field it becomes intolerant, tries to suppress rival faiths, and opposes—perhaps by violence—to what seems to it a dangerous and disruptive freedom of research, thought, assembly, worship and speech.

But meanwhile wealth finances leisure, travel, thought, research, science, philosophy, and every form of publication; improved communications beget a cosmopolitan indifference to creeds; old beliefs clash with new ideas, and skepticism spreads. In the ensuing "conflict between religion and science," the latter may win a transient victory. As long as science creates and distributes wealth, the prestige of science rises, that of religion falls; the scientist receives more and



a power that may comfort it in pain, bereavement and defeat. The soul hopes to seek continuance in its essence; it is unwilling to believe that this amazing spirit in us that thinks and foresees and prays can be all snuffed out; it is unreconciled to eternal separation from those whom it holds dear; and it trusts that in some future state it may find the happiness and peace that slip so elusively through the fingers in this earthly quest. Nevertheless, the soul is grateful, and longs to raise to heaven a hymn of praise for the earth and the sky, for clean food and air, strong shelter, good children, and never-quiete merited love.

The nation discovers in religion a powerful aid to morality and character. Morality is natural only within the limits of the family; we have no instinct to be decent to a hundred million men. Our instincts adapt us to a jungle life in which force is the only arbiter; they must be curbed a hundred times a day to make civilization possible. Self-control is unnatural and indispensable; therefore it must be taught

gives strength to the soul, the nation and the race. It upholds the perseverance of the pioneer against the countless dangers and hardships that must be faced in opening up a new land and building a new society. It tames the wild spirit of youth, and sustains parent and pedagogue in the heavy task of transforming the savage into a citizen. It turns mating into the sacrament of matrimony, raises it from a civil contract to a sacred vow, and helps to preserve marriage from inconstancy and precipitate dissolu-

more of the trusting faith that once went to the man of God; and every fresh miracle of discovery, construction, or synthesis seems to confirm the laboratory as the new cathedral of man's hope. Unbelief spreads like a rumor, and religion loses its hold over widening circles of the population.

The weakening of religion slowly unravels the complex web of social control. Authority and discipline decline in the family and the school. The freedom of youth, manners and sex becomes so exuberant that at last, as Plato put it about 380 B.C., "the horses and asses come to have a way of marching along with all the rights and dignities of freemen . . . and all things are just ready to burst with liberty." Disorder grows in marriage and outside of it. The old religious command to

(Continued on Page 35)

*Republic, sec. 562. Plato ominously adds: "The excessive increase of anything often causes a reaction in the opposite direction. . . . The excess of liberty, whether in states or in individuals, seems only to pass into slavery. . . . and the most aggravated form of dictatorship arises out of the most extreme form of liberty."

MY FLIGHT FROM STALIN

By
W. G. KRIVITSKY

Former General in the Red Army

IN MAY, 1937, Stalin bestowed upon me the highest testimonial of loyalty within his power. Within six months I became the object of an intensive man hunt by Stalin's OGPU agents, a hunt which is still going on. How did it happen?

In the course of these six months my most intimate friend in the Soviet service abroad broke with the Stalin regime. The OGPU organized a special expedition of assassins, which trapped and machine-gunned him near Lausanne, Switzerland. It came one of the most important murder cases in the records of the Swiss police. It also proved the decisive element in my own break with the Soviet Government.

I had been a member of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union since 1919, when I joined it at the age of twenty. From the beginning I had been entrusted with special missions of a revolutionary-military character, and during the civil war I operated in the Ukraine behind the anti-Soviet front, in the camp of our enemy. Upon the conclusion of the civil war, I attended the special courses of the general staff of the Red Army, and was attached to the intelligence department. Early in 1923 I was dispatched to Germany, where I was active in the Ruhr under French occupation, as well as in Saxony and Silesia. In 1925, while serving in the Third Bureau of the intelligence department, I attended the Kuvshin Graduate School for Higher Officers, and received the rank of a commander of brigade. In June, 1926, I was sent back to Germany on a special assignment. On the occasion of the tenth anniversary of the Red Army, in February, 1928, I was presented with Honorary Arms by the Vice-Commissioner of War, Gen. Sergei S. Kamenev. The Arms bore the inscription: *Stoiomoy zaschitniku proletarskoy revolyutsii*—"To the firmest defender of the proletarian revolution, from the Revolutionary War Council of the Soviet Union." During these years I divided my time between Moscow and France, Holland, Switzerland, Italy and Austria. In February, 1931, I received the Order of the Red Banner, No. 2007, and my rank was raised to that of a commander of a division. Two years later I was made director of the War Industries Institute. Following the assassination of Chancellor Dollfus, of Austria, in the summer of 1934, I was dispatched to Vienna. Upon my return to Moscow in 1935 I was, after some months, commissioned to go to Western Europe to take charge of our military-intelligence organization on the Continent.

My experience makes the case history of a Soviet officer who has almost overnight been metamorphosed into OGPU prey wherever the shooting was good. It is a story typical of thousands of other Soviet officials who but yesterday were glorified as heroes and today are denounced as traitors. Look in your encyclopedia or almanac for the names of



It was the attractive OGPU agent, Renata Steiner, who trailed the family of Ignace Reiss for the assassins, Krivitsky relates.



Etienne Martignat, who was baffled by the investigating police to be the man who machine-gunned Ignace Reiss.



The assassination of an old Bolshevik, Ignace Reiss, above, led to the author's flight from Stalin operatives, he declares.



Gertrude Schildbach, the girl whom Krivitsky accuses of having lured Ignace Reiss into the trap set by the assassins.

the distinguished members of the Soviet Government, only recently eulogized by Stalin himself for their supreme achievements, and you will find them proscribed today as "spies" and "reptiles."

It was a high badge of confidence which Stalin and the Central Committee of the party conferred on me in May, 1937, at the climax of the great purge, when I was sent back to my post as Chief of the Soviet Military Intelligence in Western Europe. Those were the days when ambassadors and ministers and special agents were being recalled from all over the world to be purged in Moscow, when the leading generals of the Red Army were either under arrest or bound for the firing squad.

Into the Bear's Mouth

I HAD left my headquarters in The Hague early in March on my own initiative, to go back home to report to my superiors. At the same time I had been driven by an all-consuming desire to find out firsthand what was going on in the Soviet Union. My wife and child remained in Holland, as I expected to be gone but a short time.

On March sixteenth I landed by plane at Helsingfors, Finland, and proceeded the same night by train to Leningrad.

This was my standard route of traveling to and from the Soviet Union in recent years. The reason for my avoiding the direct route across Germany and taking instead the circuitous Scandinavian way went

back to 1923. At that time I had been assigned by the general staff of the Red Army to take part in the military preparations of the Communist Party of Germany for its proposed seizure of power. I was then one of a number of Soviet officers engaged in organizing the skeleton of a Red army in Germany. As late as 1926, I found myself in difficulties with the police authorities of Berlin, and for two months I stayed in hiding in my Soviet Embassy there.

Although subsequently I did pass surreptitiously through Germany several times, it became particularly dangerous after the rise of Hitler in 1933, as Moscow did not wish me to take any chances of falling into the hands of the Gestapo.

That is why I was returning home through the Scandinavian countries. At that time, in March, 1937, on account of the purge, the OGPU granted few visas for entry into the Soviet Union, and there was little traffic across our borders. The only other passengers on the train with me were three Americans, obviously traveling on diplomatic passports, as their baggage was not examined. The party consisted of a couple and a blond fellow in the thirties, wearing a high black fur hat, who spoke Russian and was, to all appearances, a member of the United States Embassy in Moscow. There was quite a bit of conversation with the Soviet customs officials concerning the diplomatic baggage, which comprised a number of enormous packages, the contents of which were a subject of amusing guesswork among the Soviet customs men.

(Continued on Page 73)



"I'm so miserable, I accused Elmer of cheating."

THE WITCH OF WOONSAPUCKET

By
PAUL GALlico

ILLUSTRATED BY RITCHIE COOPER

DO YOU believe in witches, keep away from black cats, worry if you bust a mirror, and stay home in bed on Friday, the thirteenth? I am only asking, because, personally, I am not superstitious myself; though I must confess that I am more than a little partial to a small ivory lucky elephant about the size of a walnut that Freddy Melrose, one of our pros, brought back for me from a golfing tour he made through India, and that I carry in my left pants pocket just in case. And, boy, if I hadn't had it along with me that time the P.G.A. championship got itself ha'nted, I hate to think what would have happened to poor Elmer Brown, who was just a big dumb kid, but sweet and decent, and that swell Mary Summers he was so stuck on.

I, William Fowler, Esq., am assistant sales manager in charge of promotion for Mallow & Co., makers of Tri-distance Irons, Far-Flu Woods, the Tuffhide and Thunderbolt balls, and the famous Scraggins Sighter Irons—which means that I do all the dirty work. And that was just what I was called upon to do when, the day before I was to leave for Massachusetts, I went in to see A. R. Mallow in response to his buzzer. Any time I am yanked into A. R.'s office, and he is sitting there with his glasses on the end of his nose and a paper in his hand, I know that there is going to be some trouble for William.

"Ha! Ahm'm! Hr-r-rm-ph! Fowler, I have here a memo compiled for me by Mr. Gugins, of the business department. It is a list of the professionals under contract to us and their—ah—accomplishments. Top-heavy! Carrying some dead wood.

a thousand miles from anywhere. As far as our business is concerned, the lines are all pretty well laid out in that tournament, which is just for the pros, and there's no scrambling or chiseling or gambling to be done, as there is around an Open, beyond a little polite needing. We always like it when one of our pros wins, and advertise it, but I don't want to let the public like the Open. So, for me, it's just an annual week's vacation, where I can relax, follow the boys around and have myself some laughs. But it's a bad way to start a good time to have to give a nice kid the heave-o.

There wasn't even a hotel at Woonsapocket and there was no room to stay at the Woonsapocket Golf Club, which was eight miles outside of Salem, so they had the boys quartered around in private houses; the citizens chipping in with room and board as a matter of civic pride. I found I was sharing a room in a swell old house with our Freddy Melrose, who had as good a chance as anyone to win the tournament. I told him that I was going to have to give Elmer Brown the ax.

He shrugged his shoulders and said, "That's a shame. He's a good kid, even though a chick. That's all that's the matter with him. He's shy and scared. Every time he steps on a tee with someone who's got a name, he's licked."

I went out to the club Saturday morning, the day before the tournament started. It was a pretty coarse, long, and winding through woods every inch of the way. I had been wondering whether I would break the news to Elmer before or after the tournament.

Uncertain times, Fowler. Business unsteady. Everyone nervous. Good time to retrench. Must cut down. Eh? This fellow Brown—Hr-r-rm-ph—Elmer Brown from—ah—Osceola, Iowa. What has he done to earn his pay?

Well, he had me there, because Elmer hadn't exactly set any fairways on fire since I had signed him up three years ago, when it had looked as though he might be going to win the Open. But he was such a good-looking, earnest guy that I thought I'd at least have one crack at saving him, so I said:

"Gosh, A. R., he's just a kid. He placed well in the Open in '36, and had it won if he hadn't folded on the last five holes, and —"

"Ha! Exactly, Fowler. There is no room on the Mallow and Company payroll for professionals who fold. This young man has done nothing since then, according to my memo, but place ninth in the Far West Open, and twelfth at the Spring Tournament in Atlanta. His contract has expired. I do not wish it renewed. He has brought no credit to A. R. Mallow products. Ha! Ha!"

Of course, they would hold the P.G.A. in a place by the name of Woonsapocket, Massachusetts, five miles from Salem, but, to the boys who cover for the papers, and there's no scrambling or chiseling or gambling to be done, as there is around an Open, beyond a little polite needing. We always like it when one of our pros wins, and advertise it, but I don't want to let the public like the Open. So, for me, it's just an annual week's vacation, where I can relax, follow the boys around and have myself some laughs. But it's a bad way to start a good time to have to give a nice kid the heave-o.

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I suppose it would have been kinder to have waited until it was all over, and kept that load off his mind, but I thought that maybe if I told him right away, it would make him just mad enough to go out there and play some golf. And if he could make any kind of a showing in the tournament, maybe I could risk giving A. R. another argument.

I found him putting on the practice green. Not that he was hard to find. He was grain-green, big, husky, with corn-tassel hair and blue eyes and a broad mouth. He'd been brought up on a farm out in Iowa.

I didn't waste much time after the handshake and the usual about how his game was going. I came right out with it and said, "Look here, Elmer. I'm sorry to have to be the one to tell you this, but you're on the spot."

He straightened up from a putt he was going to make. Gloom was smeared as thick as butter all over his big, good-natured pan. And he looked scared too.

He said, "Do you mean —"

I started to give him a lot of stuff right out of A. R.'s book—retrenchment, unsettled conditions, nothing personal, economy wave, things ought to be better next year—when he cut in with a plea for me. Fowler, I know. You don't have to let me down easy. I know I ain't been winning enough to clean the rust off a mashie. I guess I knew it was coming."

Then there was a sort of silence in which I felt rotten, and he leaned over and banged a nine-footer into the cup.

Then he straightened up and said, "Mr. Fowler, would it do any good if I won the P.G.A.?"

I looked at him. "It would help, kid. It would give me an argument with A. R. It doesn't count in selling merchandise, but A. R. is smart enough to know that the man who wins it is also capable of winning the Open, or one of those other big publicity tournaments."

He said, "Mr. Fowler, I just gotta win, then. I gotta." And before I could speak the question I had written on my face, he said, "I got a girl, Mr. Fowler."

I said "Oh-oh!" The last time one of our pros got himself a girl, it came so close to costing us the Open that I didn't even want to think about it.

But he hadn't heard me. That face—a look of men in love and fighters who have been popped on the chin came into his eyes, and he was off: "Gee, Mr. Fowler, she's the most wonderful person I ever met."

So I got the whole story from him. He had been assigned to the Wellbye Cottage, kept by a spinster, Miss Sarah Wellbye, and the house had been in the family for more than two hundred and fifty years, and Miss Wellbye's niece, Mary Summers, was staying there with her for her vacation. Mary was a college girl, a stenographer in Boston, and had black hair and blue eyes, and wasn't any bigger than a milkling stool, but sweet, and smart as a buggy whip, and I didn't want to let her go. She was just like her, and he couldn't understand why, but she liked him, too, and they were going to be married when the tournament was over—the thousand dollars prize money would get them started.

Well, the more he rattled on, the glummer I got. There he was, all full of young love and wanting to get married to a nice girl and I had just fired him.

And as for winning the P.G.A.—I didn't have the heart to tell him. As McRae said, he was a shy, hero-worshipping type who got the meemies every time he played anybody with a name like McDonough or Crabby Wilson or Craig or Steubner. All they had to do was throw a ball on the tee and he was licked. He didn't stand any more chance with them than I would of breaking eighty at Pinehurst with a croquet mallet and a butterfly net. But I gave him a little pep talk and wished him luck.

They really give a golfer a workout, the way they play that P.G.A. It stretches out over a week. The first two days play eighteen holes each of qualifying medal play, starting Sunday. The last two days three qualifying rounds with last year's champion, who qualifies automatically, making fifty-four in all. On Tuesday they play two eighteen-hole matches, which knocks the field down to sixteen by nightfall, and from then on it's thirty-six holes a day to the end.



"The words, Mr. McDonough, don't mean a thing if you haven't got the golf to go with them. Watch this."

Outside of Elmer's troubles, there wasn't a thing to worry about. All our boys—and we had five in the tournament—qualified nicely, and, for that matter, so did Elmer, but that didn't surprise me because the guy wasn't so bad at medal play. He could cock a ball a mile when he really let out and wasn't under pressure. But that didn't mean anything, because by Tuesday night Elmer would have departed for Osceola, Iowa. The poor sucker had managed to get himself into the tough half of the draw. And, brother, that upper bracket read just like the Social Register of golf. At least a dozen of them were champions or former champions. Angus McDonough, the Fairgreen pro who had won the Open, was in the lower half, and had a cinch. Also I met Elmer's girl, Mary Summers.

She had that quiet sincerity that seems to go with dark hair and blueeyes. For all her tiny figure, she had

a good strong chin, and a mouth that looked as if its owner might mean business sometimes.

And was she stuck on big Elmer? Why do all those sweet tricks go for guys like that when here is your Uncle Fowler around just dying for something soft and agreeable who will soothe his feverish head when he brings it home at night?

We met on the clubhouse porch after the qualifying round. Elmer was drinking himself a glass of milk and kidding with the guys, because they all liked him, and he called out, "Mr. Fowler, I want you to meet

Mary Summers. . . . Mary, this is Mr. Fowler, of the A. R. Mallow Company. That's the company that—that I have been working for. He thinks I have a chance to win."

Mary gave me one of those deep, welcoming smiles, as though, by thinking that, I belonged, and shook my hand, and said, "This is the first golf match I ever saw, Mr. Fowler, but surely Elmer will win because he plays so beautifully. And, of course, you know why it is so important to us." And she suddenly gave Elmer's arm a little hug with such a natural, tender gesture that I thought I'd got one of our Tuffhide balls stuck in my throat because all the time I was looking right over her shoulder at what amounted to Elmer's walking papers. It was the draw sheet on the club bulletin board, and Elmer was down to play old Archie Crobb in the first round. Uh-huh. You get the name right away. It was just like taking a kid out of the amateur ranks for his first professional prize fight, and saying, "Come on in here, son, and meet your opponent. His name is Joe Louis." Archie was a crotchety old Scotchman who had been around for years, but he had the smoothest swing of the pack. And how he loved to take those youngsters apart in match play.

"Do come and take dinner with us at Wellbye Cottage, Mr. Fowler," Mary was saying.

"Gee, yes," Elmer added. "It's the most interesting house you ever saw. It's full of things, just like a museum; from before the Revolution even."

But I was hardly listening to them. All I could think of was that poor kid trying to tell his girl that he was out of the tournament, out of a job, and flat broke. I had half a notion

(Continued on Page 70)



"Ah ah! gonna carry dat bag no mo'. De debil's done got in it."

WHATTA MEN WANT, ANYWAY?

Beadie's voice rose above the orchestra: "You-yes —!" she said to Dee. She raised her hand.



By LUCILE BABCOCK

PUZZLE as she would, Beadie Moss was never quite sure what had actually happened, from the moment David Bern whirled unannounced into the office of the Abe Sincere Resident Buyers, Inc., on that bright spring morning, until the night of The Affair, when she left him looking into Dee Kelley's eyes as if they were some new and wonderful invention. Again and again she went back over every word.

"My hat matches my bag. My shoes match my gloves. My stockings match my complexion," Beadie Moss had chanted to herself that morning. She had gone nearer the mirror in the Ready-to-Wear office, round blue eyes intent on her blue suit—a "little-girl" model—the white piqué collar tied under her pointed chin with a red taffeta bow. Turning her

head slightly, she could see the ribbon streamers falling from red straw sailor to the hem of short full skirt.

"I look chorming. Simply chorming," she had added thoughtfully.

A door slammed in the outer office. She glanced about uneasily, not liking to be surprised at her morning contemplations, but, as usual, it was only Eddie, the office handy man. Eddie came in early to distribute the mail; Beadie to study her costume for the day. The Moss apartment had neither the quiet nor the full-length mirror she needed, but since it was the only place where six of them—mumma, puppa, Brother Mannie, Ettie his wife, and little Mannie their eight-year-old son—could find six rooms and bath for sixty-five dollars, she endured the mirrorless closet doors.

Eddie, an old man with watery blue eyes back of spectacles that kept sliding down on his thick nose, stood in the doorway.

"You got another outfit?" he asked hoarsely.

"My goodness!"—Beadie laughed indulgently—"men never get too old to notice clo'es, do they?" "Old!" he protested, thrusting up his stubby chin. "Mr. Sincere says I got more git-up-and-git than any other fellah around here." He turned away and she could hear him muttering "Old," as he shoved along the hall on flat feet.

"My goodness, he don't need to ask so. He's seventy if he's a day," she said amazedly.

From the red leather bag hanging on her arm she took a chintz-covered envelope which held her make-up, and, turning back to the mirror, began her morning routine. The red curls bobbing like tiny

Christmas bells at her temples must be rewound, tightening the twist with the pointed end of her comb. Lips newly scalloped. The same scarlet as her hat. Eyelids shadowed. Mauve for mystery.

"The way some of the girls in this office look, I'm sure I don't know how they keep in the style game," she said conversationally. "I know how I am. I gotta be perfect or not at all."

Humming happily, she worked with practiced speed; but before she had given the final upward tweak with a curler to her wavy lashes, Delight Kelley, coat buyer, who had the second desk in the office, arrived.

Beadie said annoyed: "Good morning, dolling." Usually she was to be found at her desk, mail in hand, when the rest of the force began to troop in. She often said to Abe Sincere: "At eight-fifteen this morning there was just me and Eddie in the office. It was so luvvelich and quiet I certainly felt like working."

Dee said: "Hello, Beadie. My, you get in early. I wish I could. By the time I get the breakfast dishes done I just make it to the office by the skin of my teeth."

She was a tall girl, deep-bosomed and wide-hipped, with a generous waist, but she moved lightly on flat-heeled shoes, body held taut and erect. She had lilac eyes shadowed with dark lashes, and hair the color of a ripe peach, yellow with rosy overtones. Too fine to hold a set wave, she let it hang as it would with softly upturned ends. Women were usually vocal about her complexion, creamy-white and close-textured, like good paper. It was, in fact, her only vanity.

Looking at her critically, Beadie said: "My, you look washed out. I guess it's that black coat. You need some rouge."

Dee sat down at her desk, opened a patent-leather bag, peered into its mirror and said worriedly: "I look like something the cat dragged in, for a fact. My dad has a cold. It's on his chest. I was fussing over him most of the night."

"Oh, now, Dee, you get upset over nothing." Beadie sat down at her desk and picked up a bunch of unfilled orders from the day before. "I know, I think we girls owe it to ourselves to keep our looks right up to snuff. I know just yesterday Sol Rosenthal said to me, he said, 'Beadie, you're the best-dressed buyer in the market.'"

She paused, waiting for Dee to make some comment about her new suit, but she was reddening her lips, smoothing on the paste with her little finger. She said nothing.

Raising her voice slightly, Beadie said: "Now that skirts are shorter, like this one, you have to think a lot about your legs." She was about to add: "The other day, Morris Comminsky said to me: 'Beadie, you got the cutest little legs in the market.'" when Abe Sincere appeared in the doorway.

"Well, girls, how is things?" he asked.

He was a small man, rather defenseless-looking because of his trick of carrying his head on one side, as if he were expecting a blow. His blue eyes, however, under wide blurred brows, were the trader's eyes, sharp and considering. His mouth had a long pointed underlip, like an outthrust thumb, but the corners were usually upturning, tempering his expression to one of surprising sweetness.

Dee put her box of lip rouge back in her bag and said "O.K."

Beadie said: "My, but we're busy! Yesterday I went around the market like I had on roller skates. I had seventeen specials if I had one."

Abe Sincere had his hand in his vest pocket. She said to herself: *My goodness, if he isn't going to read us Sonny's report card again.*

Eddie, a pile of papers in hand, stood beside Abe. "Well, young fellah," he said, "got the mail? How is things?"

A happy pink mottled Eddie's baggy cheeks. "O.K., Mr. Sincere. Perfectly O.K."

He nodded meaningfully toward Beadie and, fearful that he might say something about her morning greeting, she began hastily: "Oh, Mr. Sincere, you should have seen the way I answered a letter yesterday to Mr. Plotz. He's the new merchandise man, you know, at The Friendly Store. He said: 'I would like to have you put me in touch with some

big Paris designers, as I would like to get some fashion information from them to put in our ads.' I wrote right back: 'I could put you in touch with them all right, but do not think it would do you any good, as they do not understand English. Besides, I can give you Paris in a nutshell. Anything with front treatments like bust, you can pin on Alix. Anything with back treatments —' Can you imagine? she said irritably to herself. *He isn't even listening. Maybe if he'd pay attention to me he'd learn something about style.*

Abe Sincere took a white card from his pocket and came into the room. "Sonny is doing good, real good, at Devon," he said, eyes suddenly appealing. "He's a lovely boy," Dee said warmly. "I can't realize he's almost ready for college. When I first came here he was in knee pants. Let's see his card."

Beadie said impatiently to Eddie: "Goodness, give me a mail! I know if I don't get started dictating right away smack in the morning, I never get out in the market. I don't know how some of the girls —" She ruffled through the orders Eddie handed her and said: "Listen to this. Miss Bourke, of Skolsky Brothers, says that the wife of the mayor would like a pale blue 'afternoon size forty, some size 12' dress. I like Miss Bourke. I know when she is in the office she just follows me around like a poodle, taking notes."

Dee said: "Cin history. I guess that's pretty good, isn't it? I wish I'd had some history."

"You don't need it.

A girl like you. It's

better you should

know how to make

apple strudel or

cheesecake." Abe

Sincere's eyes were

suddenly roguish.

"I do. I don't do

me any good," Dee

said soberly. "I don't

know how you're go-

ing to meet anyone in

this business."

"Oh, my, listen to

her. She should get

herself fixed up and

get around," Beadie

said. "Look, doll-

ing!" She went over

to Dee, tilted her hat

down on her eyes and

said to Abe: "See!

Now she looks

smart."

Shoving her hat

back to its original

position, Dee said:

"Don't do that. It's

my hat and I'll wear

it the way I choose."

"I was only trying

to fix you up," Beadie

returned furiously.

She flopped down at

her desk, took up the

horn of the dictating

machine and said

loudly: "Miss Bessie

Bourke, buy Misses'

Dresses —"

Abe Sincere backed

away. "I want you

girls should be out in

the market by ten-

thirty every morn-

ing," he barked.

"And put the lights

out when you go. All

the time I have to

pull them out after

you!" At the door he

said more gently:

"Have to see about a

real nice fellah for

you, Dee."

Erna Cates, a slender

dark-eyed woman,

buyer of lingerie and corsets, stood in the doorway. She said: "Look, girls, The Club is having a meeting in my office at five tonight about The Affair. Be sure to come." Once a year the social organization of the Sincere office had a formal, always referred to as The Affair, or The Event, never as a party.

Beadie turned around. "Oh, my, where we going to have it? You know what? I think I'll wear my new silver-fox cape. I had my last year's double scarf mounted on some lovely material like Mrs. Harrison Bourke's cape I saw in a fashion magazine. And my white formal. It fits me just like the paper on the wall. I wouldn't have to wear a hub-zeer with it at all. I haven't got a thing up here, honestly, but I don't know; it holds me up, sort of."

"We're going to have it at The Spice Club. I got a good deal on their Portrait Room for the twenty-first of March."

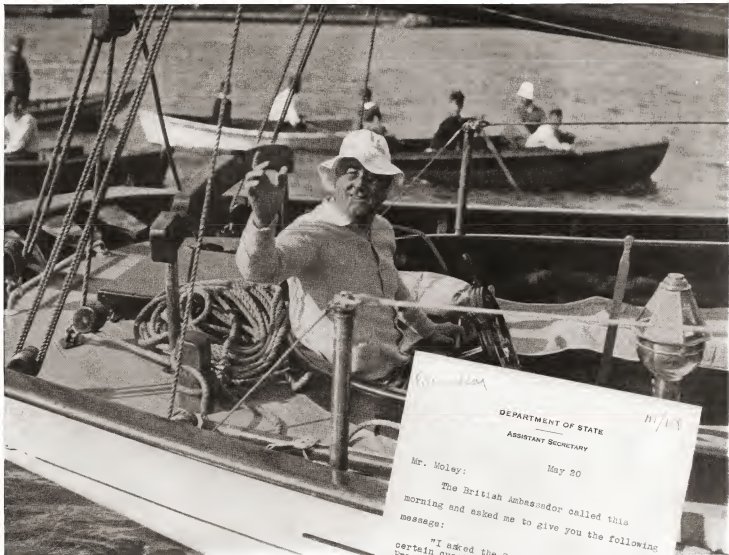
"I might come for the dinner," Dee said doubtfully. "Maybe I wouldn't have to get a new dress for that. I'm just getting out from under the expense we had when my mother died. . . . Who you going to take, Beadie?"

"Oh, I've got a friend upstate. He's retired, but he's a luvvelich darning," Beadie answered, without an idea in mind. It was true you didn't meet many men you could pal around with in the wholesale business. Either they were married or they wanted to take you out to try to get some business from you, and Abe Sincere made it very (Continued on Page 55)

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN



"You know, of course, that you're thrillingly beautiful." "Me!" cried Dee. "Oh, but I'm so big. I'm always going to diet and then I don't."



The President at the wheel of the *Jimborjack*, at about the time of his dramatic conference with Mr. Moley on board the boat.

PICTURES INC.

REHEARSAL FOR A FIASCO

FIVE YEARS OF ROOSEVELT—AND AFTER

By RAYMOND MOLEY

WHEN Bernie Baruch, as a wise friend, advised me not to go to the London Economic Conference, he did so with these words: "Don't leave your nice warm bed. Somebody'll be in it when you get back." I am glad to be able to report that I was realistic enough to reply: "Bed, Bernie? You've got your figure of speech all cockeyed. This isn't a bed. This is a hot, sweaty, slippery horse I'm riding bareback. My grandfather used to be a bareback rider in a little circus in France until he was thrown. And I don't expect to fare any better than he."

"Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth," enjoined Christ. Mr. Roosevelt said "amen" a couple of times that spring and, for a while, it looked as though the left hand of his domestic policy and the right hand of his foreign policy were somehow managing to produce some rather passable harmony. But by May, each had begun to

go off on little contrapuntal excursions of its own. And the shrieking dissonance that ensued was the theme song of the World Economic Conference in London.

What happened, of course, had been made inevitable by the appointment of Cordell Hull. For Mr. Hull, who had never made any secret of his burning faith that the salvation of the world depended upon the revival of international laissez-faire capitalism, naturally looked upon his appointment as Roosevelt's endorsement of that faith. So did all its other adherents. And yet, with every day that passed, it became clearer that Roosevelt's domestic program was moving away from laissez-faireism, that it presupposed a considerable insulation of our national economy from the rest of the world. But, all things considered, we managed remarkably well to achieve the semblance of pulling together through March and April. That included even the preliminary nego-

tiations on debts and those on economic questions coming before the London Conference.

When Roosevelt had agreed, in January, to receive a representative to discuss the British debts, the newspapers surmised that that representative would be Prime Minister MacDonald. I don't know, as a matter of fact, whether F. D. R. had MacDonald in mind then. By early March, though, he was already talking of his desire to have MacDonald come over. Word to that effect was informally dropped to Sir Ronald Lindsay.

Now, MacDonald was merely a front for as hard-boiled a Conservative Government as England had had for many a year. F. D. R. admitted that fact. But he did not agree with my contention that it might be futile to deal with MacDonald. I felt that MacDonald's Government might well refuse to support him in any debt agreement he might reach with us. F. D. R. replied that the Conservatives were

DEPARTMENT OF STATE
ASSISTANT SECRETARY
May 20
Mr. Moley:
The British Ambassador called this morning and asked me to give you the following message:
"I asked the Secretary of State a certain question. He referred me to the President about it. What shall I do next?"
The Ambassador said he is at the disposal of the President or the Secretary at any time.
This memo to Mr. Moley, quoting Sir Ronald Lindsay, reflects Secretary Hull's astonishment at hearing of negotiations about which he knew nothing.

"special-privilege people" and we could get nowhere with them unless we dealt with them through MacDonald, who was "a man of liberal ideas" and who, since he was Prime Minister, could not very well be repeated.

It appeared that the British cabinet was generally of the same mind as Mr. Roosevelt on the subject of MacDonald as a negotiator for them. Only, where Roosevelt hoped, they feared. There was some half-hearted talk about the embarrassment that might come to the British Government if MacDonald made the trip without advance announcement from it that the June fifteenth debt payment could be postponed. But I suspect that this argument was a blind.

After more than a week of reluctance, the British cabinet yielded. MacDonald, who believed as sincerely as Hull in the international route to recovery, was authorized to come and talk over the debts with F. D. R. The left Baldwin and Chamberlain at home, where they could go on building up their projected trade system. Then, to make the situation unmistakably clear, came the announcement that Sir Frederick Leith-Ross, chief economic adviser to His Majesty's Government, and Sir Robert Vansittart, Permanent Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs—two of the most astute men in the British service—were to accompany MacDonald as the representatives who would separately discuss economic questions with us. In short, the idealistic MacDonald was permitted to visit Roosevelt, but in the care of two figurative bodyguards.

This "pretty state of things" began to shift to the realm of broad comedy when the process was repeated, move for move, by the French.

F. D. R. was eager to have Herriot represent the French for the same reason that he wanted MacDonald to represent the English. M. Herriot was known to favor the payment of the French debt. Besides, he was an old friend of Mr. Roosevelt. But when M. Herriot set foot on American soil he was greeted by Charles R. Smith, chief economic adviser to the French Government and former Deputy Governor of the Bank of France, by Jean J. Bizot, adviser to the French Treasury, by Robert Coulondre, of the French Foreign Office, and by Paul Elbel, of the Ministry of Commerce—all hard-headed realists.

Both MacDonald and Herriot proved to be magnificently vague. But R. Smith, chief economic adviser to MacDonald, was actually confused about how much the British debt was and cheerfully mixed up millions and billions of pounds and dollars when he talked about it.

F. D. R. went into these meetings equipped with a formula for the settlement of the debt question. This formula—affectionately known among James Warburg, who conceived it, and those of us who helped shape it, as "The Bunney"—did provide an intelligent basis for discussion. If the British and French had any intention of paying—which I strongly doubted—this ingenious plan was a reasonable proposition to haggle over.

Solving the World's Ills

BUT when it became obvious that no businesslike negotiations on this basis or any other could conceivably take place between F. D. R. and MacDonald or F. D. R. and Herriot, the matter was ostensibly dropped with public joint statements that after the Argonauts had gone home, the conversations might well continue in Washington, London or Paris.

It developed that the only definite accomplishment of the final conversations with MacDonald and Herriot was F. D. R.'s decision to fix the opening of the London Conference for June twelfth.

It seemed incredible that this was the same Roosevelt who, in December, had agreed that the conference ought to be delayed until domestic experiments of the New Deal got going. But the modest success of the preliminary talks on currencies and tariffs that had gone on in the State Department between the American experts and those of Britain and France, while MacDonald and Herriot were meeting with Roosevelt, produced a wholly unrealistic degree of enthusiasm about the prospects of the conference. Everything was so friendly, so hopeful! Why put off the meeting of minds that, in M. Herriot's phrase, might produce "the solution of the world's ills"?

All unwittingly, as Ernest Lindley has pointed out, Roosevelt was emerging "in the eyes of the public, at home and abroad, as the chief sponsor of the World Economic Conference and the international approach to recovery." Not only had we maneuvered ourselves into the always-vulnerable position of "leadership" in European affairs, but we were raising the expectations of the American public to unwarranted heights.

At this moment, F. D. R. directed Lew Douglas and me to ask Leith-Ross to stay on in Washington, after MacDonald left, and to discuss the British debt with him. No one on the American side—including Secretary Hull—was to know anything about these discussions, except F. D. R. himself.

Lew and I followed instructions. We spent all of May first and most of May second at the British Embassy, discussing "The Bunney" with Leith-Ross. He had expressed his belief that a final settlement of the debt question might be reached on some such basis. But it was obviously going to be impossible to reach such a settlement in the few weeks that remained before June fifteenth, when the next installment was due. That left the question whether there was to be a payment on June fifteenth.

Then Leith-Ross, with the air of a man who has the most repulsive and unflattering job of his life to do, announced that economic and political conditions in England made payment in June exceedingly unlikely.

Financially it would be a very great hardship on the British to make the payment. (Note, he didn't take the position that it was financially impossible.) Politically, it would be dangerous for the Government to ignore the strong public opinion that Britain could not and should not be expected to make full payment. And yet the British did not like the idea of default. The very word was offensive to their moral sensibilities. It ran counter to every precept of that system of financial ethics they had grown great by observing.

Might President Roosevelt not persuade Congress to agree to a temporary suspension of the June fifteenth payment, on the ground, say, that non-payment would interrupt the negotiations for a final settlement, or perhaps on the ground that it would jeopardize the Economic Conference?

Sir Frederick would do well to put out of his mind, we said, the idea that the President was disposed to take the initiative and inform Great Britain that

the United States did not expect her to make a payment on June fifteenth. Congress was in no mood to do anything but exact payment.

Well, then, Leith-Ross asked, could not the President secure from Congress general powers to deal with the debt situation that would enable him to handle the British failure to pay on June fifteenth not as a default but as a suspension?

We thought not. We believed the British ought to take serious thought before failing to make the June fifteenth payment.

Then, since there was nothing further to be accomplished by consultation between us until Leith-Ross had explained the situation to his Government and laid "The Bunney" before them, Sir Frederick sailed. He would send us word soon.

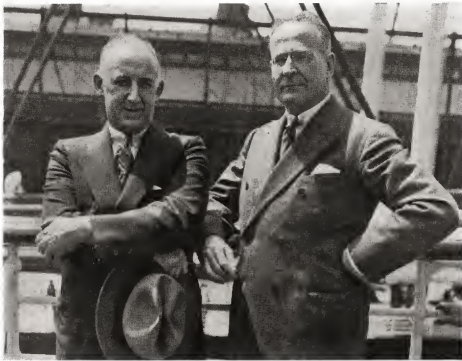
Secret Diplomacy That Went Astray

OF ALL this, Secretary Hull knew nothing—by F. D. R.'s express orders. That was the situation on May eighteenth, which happened, by hideous mischance, to be a Thursday, when I was absent. It was that day that the "word" Leith-Ross had promised Lew Douglas and me came through from England in the shape of a cable and a personal letter to the President from MacDonald. Sir Ronald Lindsay, who had received these messages for delivery, called my office and asked for me. He was told that I was in New York, teaching. Could I be reached at once? Yes, was the innocent reply; if it were urgent, I could be summoned out of my class to the telephone. Would the ambassador like that done?

For one fateful moment Sir Ronald hesitated. And then the pleasant, kindly man, who, no doubt, could not conceive of such a situation as existed between Roosevelt and his Secretary of State, rushed ahead. Never mind, he said; he would speak to the Secretary instead.

He did. He told Hull of the receipt of the MacDonald messages. He began to describe the substance of the messages. They concerned the debt situation and the discussions of Sir Frederick Leith-Ross, Budget Director Douglas and Assistant Secretary of State Moley. The British Government wished to know whether a formal response to the questions raised in these discussions was awaited on this side. Hull cut the talk short. He knew nothing of any such discussions. He

(Continued on Page 38)



The presidential liaison officer, Mr. Moley, left, and his aide-de-camp, Herbert Bayard Swape, embark for the Donnybrook Fair of London.

SHE PUT OUT TO GO

By
LULA VOLLMER

GRANDMA was never married. Of course, she was nobody's real grandma, but Bobby and I called her that from the day that she came to stay a while with our own blood kin, Granny. Even our Aunt Rena, who lived at Granny Yates' house, single a little too long, called Grandma something quick and short that sounded like "Grannar." And once or twice, or maybe three times, "Grannar" slipped out of Granny's mouth when she forgot to call her long-time visitor, "her."

Only yesterday, Grandma put out to go somewhere else. Her absence makes her so big in the house. When she was here, you could be somewhere without her. But today, her helplessness spreads all over the house and into the yard. She is not turning back in thought, I know, for she was gay to go. But our minds hold to her, a little afraid to be without her.

I remember so well the day Grandma came. Bobby and I were playing on the rambling porch. Its loose-boarded floor ran almost around Granny Yates' house. The porch just skipped the kitchen, then began again and met itself under the windows of the big room. Over the railings, vines climbed weather-beaten strings and almost touched the roof.

It was a warm day. Thunder was hollering off somewhere, although the sun was shining and it was still morning. Bobby and I were measuring our height by the broom. I had grown a good inch since June a year ago, when Bobby and I had come to live at Granny's house in the country.

Bobby claimed an inch, too, but he hadn't been barbered for so long I told him all his new length was in his hair. That made him ugly. He grabbed my arm to bite it, but he didn't nip. Down on the road, a little below the house, the sound of a running car had suddenly faded. Someone was coming.

We flew to the edge of the porch and dug peepholes through the vine leaves. A woman was coming up the path. She strode like a queen in a history book, but she was dressed like a mountaineer vender. She wore a long black alpaca dress with a fresh white apron tied around her waist.

We couldn't see her face for the gray calico bonnet that leaned forward on her head. As she managed the gate with her elbow, we saw that one hand carried a large basket. The other hand held the feet of several



"And when he rode," Grandma almost sang it, "he drove a span of dapple bays. Under his hand they traveled fast as a streak of bright slow lightning."

chickens that hung head downward; one of them was squawking.

"It's nobody but a woman peddler," Bobby said, and the next moment his teeth clinched into my bare arm. I screamed for Granny. Then I saw the peddler woman hadn't gone around to the kitchen. She was setting her basket on the porch. With the

back of her hand she pushed her bonnet off her eyes. Her face showed that she was far past good grown-up age, but it wasn't old. The starch of youth had gone out of her skin, leaving it soft and yielding. Her eyes were deep dark blue and clear. They looked wise first, then kind. She smiled and her face wrinkled some. "Don't let yo' dog bite, chillun," she said.

ILLUSTRATED BY
AMOS JEWELL

"No'm," Bobby and I chanted together, knowing that Rover, who was stretched under a bench, was too lazy to take the trouble.

Our visitor switched the drooping-headed chickens into the other hand. "Does Miz Liza Yates live here?" she asked.

"Yes'm," I said, giving Bobby a shove to go for Granny, but she stood in the doorway. She was wiping her cookstove-reddened face with the hem of her apron. One hand carried a freshly broken peach-tree switch that she was tapping violently against her leg.

"Who's done what?" she was asking. Then she saw the visitor. She waved the switch toward the gate as if it had been fetched to sweep the lady out. "Nothin' today," Granny said, "nothin', nothin', final like.

Her tone didn't ruffle the visitor. She just quarter-smiled and said, "Howdy, Liza."

Granny Yates looked quick, and then took a step forward to look closer. The flush in her cheeks faded and left her four-white.

"Why ——" She stopped and started again.

"Bless my soul, if hit ain't Delia Blossom."

"What's left of me," Delia Blossom said as she stepped on the porch. Their hands came together slowly, and the shake was limp, as if neither woman cared much for the custom.

"Looks like you've wandered a far ways from home, Delia," Granny thought out loud.

"I put out at daybreak and walked down the mountain. At hits foot I borried me a ride, and hit didn't seem no piece."

"Well," Granny fiddled with the hairs that were loosening from the still-blond bun at the back of her neck, "come on in and rest yourself a spell."

"Bobby," Granny ordered, "take them old hens and that rooster around to yo' Aunt Rena and tell her to put 'em under a tub."

"And tell her, sonny," the other woman said, "to unstring thar tired feet first."

When the visitor sat down in the big room, she took off her bonnet and fanned herself. It was then that I saw her hands. They were the oldest part of her. Her fingers were long and straight, but the veins on the back looked like little iron rods that had been riveted there. She saw me looking and crossed her wrists and slid her hands up her sleeves.

Granny went out to bring some water.

The visiting lady looked around slowly, carefully, as if she was getting acquainted with the things in the room. When she came to the table on which I was loling, her eyes stopped and she smiled.

"What's yo' name, honey?"

"Pauline."

"Pauline," she repeated, as if she thought it were a pretty name. "And whut do you call her?" she asked, saying the "her" so I knew whom she meant.

"Granny," I told her.

She thought a moment, and then spoke so you wouldn't want ever not to mind her.

"Then I reckon you and Bobby kin call me 'Grandma.'"

Grandma was drinking the glass of water Granny had brought her when she first noticed Grandma's enlarged picture hanging over the fireplace. She rested the glass on the arm of her chair and studied the crayon drawing nearly a minute. Then she tongued a drop of water off her lips and said: "That thar's Mr. Yates, ain't hit?"

"Yes," Granny said, her hands acting nervous in her lap. "It was taken a few years afore he died."

"Looks like he growed older a'er he married," Grandma made mention, and then finished her glass of water.

"Time don't spare none of us much," Granny answered.

Grandma sat silent.

I could see that Granny was scratching around in her mind to find something to say and I knew she spoke the first thought that popped into her head.

"I reckon you never married, Delia."

"I ain't yit," Grandma said, and rocked her chair a little.

Aunt Rena, who had just come in the door from the kitchen, tittered. Granny screwed up her face and shook her head at her. Rena covered her mistake with a spasm of coughing. She could get away with any sort of spell. Her body was scrawny and her face was long and thin, like Fate had pinched it. Her hair looked irritable, little wisps hanging separate, as if one didn't like to touch the other.

"This is Rena, the only daughter I've got left," Granny introduced, forgetting to give the visitor's name.

"Howdy, Rena. You kin jest call me 'Grandma Blossom' too."

The old lady got up to offer Rena her hand. She held it tight while her eyes took measurement of the young woman's face. There was complacency in her voice when she said: "I kin see, Rena, that you had your maw's good looks oncoet."

Rena tried to snatch her hand away, but Grandma held it until she had finished what she meant to say: "And her good looks'll be on yo' face agin, honey, time yo' mawrin' is at hand."

Rena nearly smiled at that, but Granny spat out, "The poor child ain't got the health to marry."

Grandma just winked at Rena.

"Well, Delia," Granny rose and shook a shake to loosen her body from her sweat-dampened clothes, "I reckon you'll stay and have some dinner with us."

Grandma rubbed the back of her hand across her mouth and took a thought before she thanked Granny. Then she added, "Afore I set at your table, Liza, hit's befiten that I say whut I'm here to tell you."

Granny fluttered on her feet as if she were about to take off flying. Then she heeled herself solid. Her head snapped back and I knew she was daring Grandma when she said: "Seeh as, Delia?"

Delia just rose a little in her height. "I've come to take charity off you."

You could tell Granny was relieved, by the way she laughed. "Why, of course, Delia, I'll do whut I can. Crops ain't promisin' and I've got my poor Lona's orphaned children to take keer of. I could manage a dollar, maybe."

Now Grandma dared. "I ain't a-beggin'. Hit's a place to sleep, and work to do, to earn my victuals, I'm a-demandin'."

Granny made me think of peaches in a boiler, stewing for canning, the way her breath bubbled in and out. Her mouth moved without sound, as if she were trying to clamp on some word that wasn't handy.

Grandma went on talking. "Last week I buried Kurt." She turned to Rena, explaining, "Kurt wuz my brother. Him and me have bin a-livin' on his pension."

Granny had gathered three words together: "For how long?"

"Not for a stretchin' spell," Grandma said. "Somebody's comin' fer me shortly." Then she stepped close to Granny. Her voice went low, but the power in it made it sound louder: "I come to you in my extremity 'cause I low he would want me to."

"He" must mean Kurt, I thought, and wondered what Granny had to do with him. Then I saw her throw a quick look up at Grandma's picture; she seemed ashamed before him. For a moment she pita-potted one foot as if she were thinking with it. Then she started for the kitchen, calling back to me: "Pauline, show her the spare room."

When Grandma saw the room with its fresh curtains and white-counterpane bed, she shook her head. "Company room ain't no place fer hired folks. Show me the attic."

I led the way. In a cleared place under the rafters she set her basket down. She rummaged through a pile in another corner and found an old chair and a hole-spotted rag rug. With these she began to make her nest.

(Continued on Page 65)



The whole company was fleeing from the blazing ship. It was a mountain of fire in the gloom.

WATER HOLE

By EDISON MARSHALL

ILLUSTRATED BY RICO TOMASO

DOCTOR CRUIKSHANK had served as a medical missionary in East Africa for twenty years, and the Highland mists and scent of heather were hard for him to recall. Perhaps they came closest to him at four o'clock in the afternoon, when he and his wife had Scotch tea. The sunlight blazed and the shadows looked stamped out by a steel die, and in the hot sky soared vultures spying for lion kills, but there were always scones and jam and oatcakes, and he and Ellen discussed old friends and their last visit home.

His son Albert, six feet, sun-tanned and seventeen, usually did not attend. Born in East Africa, he would rather roam the veldt with lean, black Fundi, his Kikuyu mate and gun-bearer. But this August afternoon he came and brought a guest, a distinguished naturalist named Warner. They had had an affair with a rhino, it seemed, and now Albert was helping him lay the ground for a museum expedition of six months into the wild south; but plainly something more was in the wind.

"But I'm returning to Nairobi before I start out," Warner remarked, "to see my wife and daughter off on the plane to Europe."

"Wouldn't it be nice if Albert could take the same plane?" Mrs. Cruikshank asked, for she was greatly pleased with this stocky, pleasant-faced American. "He's flying to Edinburgh to school, you know, and he'd enjoy the trip so much more."

"I'm afraid that would make him late entering, Ellen." But Doctor Cruikshank did not believe this brief postponement of his exile was Albert's game today, that made him sit so still with stark hope shining in his gray eyes.

"My wife and Nancy would enjoy the trip more too," Warner said. "Nancy's fifteen. It's the end of a special tour by a travel agency, but there'd be plenty of room for Albert. But, doctor, I came here today to ask if I could take Albert on my safari. He'd be my assistant and, in a way, my mentor, because I don't know anyone, young or old, who seems to get under the skin of Africa like your son."

"It would be fine for him, I know," Albert said. "But I don't feel it could take the place of a university education."

"Thousands of boys would make good doctors or lawyers, but not one boy in a thousand could give the world what Albert might give it, if he continues his studies here. If he waits four years, the vein will be lost, and he'll be too old."

"This is his home country, Andrew," Mrs. Cruikshank broke in, her eyes big. "Perhaps here is his best chance to serve it."

"Still, he must go to Scotland." The doctor spoke firmly. "We'd be delighted, though, to have him

take the plane with your wife and daughter. I dare say he'd miss only a day or two of school."

Albert gave Warner a fine smile. The doctor felt he would never understand his son.

Albert's mother was dry-eyed and smiling when he told her good-by at the mission gate. It caused a painful stricture in his throat. His father shook his hand, and then he and Fundi, who would follow him as far as the airport, rode off on a trader's lorry. They did not even glance at their hills and wicked thorn forest and yellow veldt.

It was a big bird, perched on the landing field, and Albert enjoyed displaying it to Fundi. But except for Mrs. Warner, a quiet-voiced woman, nearly as pretty as his own mother, he took little interest in his fellow passengers. Nancy Warner had good-sized hands and feet, which he approved of, and he rather liked the way the brisk wind blew her brown hair away from her neat face, but she was just a girl who talked too much. Warner himself would soon start on his great safari!

"You'll head almost straight north, instead of following the railway into Uganda," Warner told him. "The pilot has promised to show his party some rhinos and elephants. Then he'll swing westward to the railroad at Soroti, where he's stopping for fuel."

"That's fine," Albert said.

"Ever been up before?"

"No, sir."

"Goodness," Nancy broke in. "I've practically lived in an airplane for ever so long."

Albert was not annoyed. He had seen a lion never glance up when a jackal yapped insults in his ear. But he wished the big, silver ship would sail at once. Here he could not even talk to Fundi. All the black boy could say was "Yes, *brwana*, no, *brwana*," like a Nairobi houseboy, and he was dressed in khaki shirt and short pants instead of his usual rag. But Albert felt a little thrill run down his spine when he saw Fundi sniff and glance at the sky. It returned him to their wonderful nights in the thorn forest.

"What did he say, if it's no secret?" Mr. Warner asked eagerly, when Fundi had told Albert the signs. "He says there's a storm coming."

"Surely not. I've never seen a more perfect day."

"He thinks it may not get here until tonight or tomorrow. It's out this way." Albert pointed to the north.

"But that's the way you're headed!" Warner looked a little troubled. "Why does he think so?" Albert questioned Fundi, then smiled. "He says it's in his skin. Also, in the way those vultures are flying."

Warner looked from the black face to the brown. He had seen little of Africa, but that little had been with open eyes, and after a moment's hesitation he went to speak to Captain Anderson, the pilot.

"The captain says they've had wireless telephone reports from up north, and she's clear as a bell," he reported.

Albert nodded. He had been taught not to dispute authority.

"I can't ask my folks to stay on the ground for such a vague thing as that," Warner went on. "There's always some danger, isn't there, Albert—if you want to go places?"

Fundi was remarkably keen at reading faces. "Beana, when the great wind blows, the feathered birds must come down in the thick trees," he said to Albert. "Is this great bird with skin on her wings the same?"

"Something the same," Albert answered. "But there are no thick trees in the Great Thirst northward, only naked thorn and spiny bush." Then a gleam of cunning came into his onyx eyes. "Yet I would like to ride in the belly of such a bird. Let me go with you, beana."

"These are foolish words, Fundi."

"Let me go with you, my brother." There was no guile in his eyes now.

There came a sudden tug at Albert's heart. Warner, who was watching his face, asked quickly, "What's the matter? Does Fundi want to go?"

"It's out of the question."

"He couldn't go all the way. There's no place for him in Scotland. But if a storm's coming—any kind of storm—you fellows ought to be together."

Albert looked at him in speechless gratitude. But he would never meet such a man again, a man to follow, not lead, to the wild south.

"There's almost no chance of a storm today," Warner went on. "But Fundi was backing you up that day we met the rhino, and—there's plenty of room on the ship. How would it be if I bought his ticket just to Soroti, and gave him servant fare to come back on the train?"

"If you'd like to do that," Albert answered gravely, "I'd be much obliged."

By the time the arrangements were made, the plane was ready to fly. The last minute or two Warner gave to his family, but just as Albert was boarding, the older man called him.

"Albert, I'm still a little uneasy about what Fundi said," Warner told him in his frank, fine way. "If any trouble should come, look after my wife and little girl. There's no one else I'd rather ask."

"Yes, sir," Albert answered.

The six other passengers took seats at the rear of the ship, but Al-

bert sat with Fundi in a small compartment forward of the steward's pantry and immediately after the cockpit. They watched the big wheel make its first incredible leap off the ground.

"Beana!" Fundi called, when the whole round world was flattening out beneath them.

"We're alone now, brother." As the plane was modern, for the year 1933, with a well-insulated cabin, Albert did not need to speak much above his usual tone.

"Then I can say what's in my throat. Often you've said we're brothers to each other, and to those we know in the woods and the grass, the great ones and the little ones, too, and even to the hyenas."

"I said so, brother. I felt it in my heart. But when I become wise at the great school I'll be ashamed to say so."

"But meanwhile we have some new brothers. We couldn't run with them before, or know what they knew, but now look." Fundi pointed to a flock of vultures, most of them wheeling serenely far below, but one or two flapping frantically for a brief second beside the ship, then dropping behind.

"They're looking for the dead, but how can they see so far? It's a great wonder, Fundi."

Sometimes they saw only a solitary bird, a mere speck floating on a crystal flood, but out of sight there was another, so that the whole sky was poised. Even when the ship had carried them northward into the Great Thirst, the grim watch never failed.

"It's a hungry country, brother," Fundi observed.

There were no wide grass plains, but great stretches of shimmering sand, wastes of caeti and aloes, thorn thickets and a few naked trees. The dongas were not jungle-thick and riotous green, as in his hills, but showed as gray seams in the desert; and huge masses of black basalt gave the land a grim, wild look. It was a big country too.

This was a pleasure cruise, so Anderson began to fly low, hoping to show his tourists the desert life. For many miles the wastes seemed empty, then Fundi sighted a herd of giraffe. A moment later, there

was game everywhere: High-horned oryx, splendid gerenuks and other gazelles, a rhino mother and calf, and finally a herd of about forty elephants. Plainly, there was a water hole near by.

The elephants were such a treat to the passengers that Anderson turned his ship to fly over them again. Stamping them, he did not notice a black cloud surging up over a low range of hills to the northward. Fundi saw it, but said only one word, "Dust."

The next second, it seemed, the storm struck. The light went out as though it were switched off, and the ship lurched blindly. Some of the passengers were thrown half out of their chairs, but their greatest terror was not the rocking, reeling ship or even the darkness, but the shocking roar of the wind and the hissing sound, incredibly fierce, of blown sand against the cabin walls.

The cabin lights flashed on. The steward staggered down the aisle, ordering the passengers to fasten their safety belts. But, meanwhile, their primitive terror was nothing compared to the mind's anguish of the pilot who had their lives in his care. When the ship had spun with the wind he had lost his bearings. He was close to the ground, hardly five hundred feet, and near at hand in that darkness were rock-capped hills. He pulled back on his wheel as hard as he dared.

Strapped in his seat, Albert felt himself drawn forward and down against the lift of the ship. But, a second later, all sensation was knocked out of him when what seemed a giant's hand smote her in the breast. He heard her below, as in last pain, as she foundered on. His safety belt was cutting him in two. He snatched at Fundi, diving headlong out of his seat, but too late. *We're in for it*, he thought, his mind turning over so very slowly.

But the pilot's mind was working propeller-fast. Out of the murk had loomed the troopstap that, in no time, had raked his ship. Her landing gear was gone, and she was going down. But that tree grew on the very crest of a hill. There was no ground yet, no rocks; she was plunging on through open air, her medium. He thought the air would give out, but it did not. He regained more

(Continued on Page 80)

Albert had never heard elephants at a man-tainted water hole, and his faith began to go.



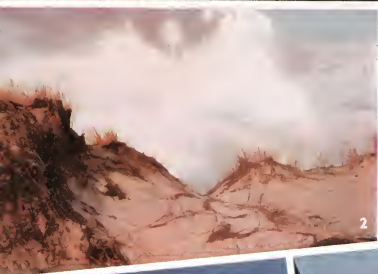
The six other passengers took seats at the rear of the ship, but Al-

COD AND CANVAS

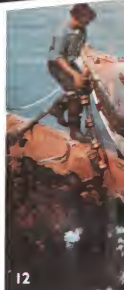
Natural-color photographs taken for
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
by Maxwell Frederic Coplan.

THORWALD was a sailor and the brother of Leif. Standing eastward and northward from Vineland, he passed a "remarkable headland and bay which was opposite another headland." Anchoring in a harbor on this second promontory, the leader and his crew went ashore, to return enchanted. "Here," cried Thorwald, "it is beautiful and here I should like to fix my dwelling." Before dark of that day Thorwald was dead of an arrow wound and his crew granted him his wish. They buried Thorwald Eriksen with a cross at his head and another at his feet and called the place Krossanes, the cape of the cross. Then they sailed home across the sea with the story of their adventures.

That happened nine hundred and thirty-five years ago. Krossanes is now Cape Ann, and pictured on these pages you will see the harbor Thorwald liked so well—the port of Gloucester, Massachusetts. Next week, nine centuries after the Norseman's death, the townsfolk of Gloucester will gather at the water's edge to commemorate more recent tragedy. The annual Fishermen's Memorial Service, first held under auspices of the Gloucester Fishermen's Institute in 1909, will be a requiem not only for the sea's victims of the year just passed but also a solemn reminder of all the eight thousand fishermen who have sailed from Gloucester, never to return. For the events of that day in 1004 were prophetic; Thorwald's violent death set a pattern of tragedy which runs through the history of Gloucester and Cape Ann. To know Gloucester you must know something of that history. (Continued on Page 63)



1. Artists paint Gloucester red, orange, yellow, green, blue and violet. 2. Wingersheek Beach . . . photographers are suckers for sand dunes. 3. Seiners at the foot of Gloucester's Town Landing. 4. Eastern Point Light . . . its flash has spelled "home" to thousands of Gloucestermen. 5. "The Fisherman." 6. Rocky Neck Railway, where Gloucester schooners brought their North Atlantic loads. 7. Gloucester dragger, outward bound. There's a "mug-up" in the fo'c'sle. 8. Drying salt cod on flakes. 9. Gloucestermen . . . "made their harbor capital of the world's fisheries." 10. Artists are happy in Gloucester. 11. Gloucester schooner outward bound for the Banks. 12. Jutting the seine to keep it sweet for mackerel. 13. Rafe's Chaim . . . has a tragic history.





7



8



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10



11

LOGGING FOOL

By
ROBERT E. PINKERTON

ILLUSTRATED BY JAVL TEPPER

The blast was terrific. It shattered some logs and loosened others, but they settled right back again.

XII

GREG's men were cold, wet and furious, sitting there on the beach in the rain and the dark. They had been caught in their bunks. They had on undershirts and drawers, and that was all. Bain had not let them take anything else, and some of the hot-headed ones had been hurt in the fighting.

No one had a match. It was daylight before they persuaded the Bain men on the float to toss them a box and they could get a fire going. They built a big fire and sat around it, shivering.

"Bain will get in on the next slack," Rudy Dykes said.

"I should've figured Bain would do this," Greg said.

Neil Snow had a cut brow and slashed cheek. "Too many angles to my face," he said. "It's the sharp corners and not the other fellow does the cutting."

"And Bain with more men than we have," Rudy said. "You can get the law on him, Greg."

"What law?" Greg said. "Bain's in."

"We might get us another good idea," Neil said. Greg said nothing. His face was badly cut. He didn't feel any too good. Hugh Bain had him licked now. He couldn't get out enough logs to meet the mortgage. He would have his gas boat and that old Gilechrist jack and a reputation among wholesalers and banks as a Siwash logging cooperator who never finished a job. He'd have to go back to hand-logging, and a man couldn't make more than wages at hand-logging nowadays.

Some of the men wanted to recapture the camp. They didn't like sitting there in the rain. But it was

too easy for Bain's crew to guard the floats. Greg's men could reach them only one at a time, walking a slippery boom stuck with bare feet.

At seven o'clock Bain's two tugs came through with loaded scows. They went out at midday and returned in the evening with the last of the scows. Bain was inside now and ready to go to work. Just before dark he sent a tug to Greg's camp and took off his men. Greg's crew returned to the bunk-house.

"We can make it tough for them," Rudy said. "We know more about that skookum chuck than Bain and those two skippers."

Greg didn't know how he was going to do it. He had twenty-four men and Hugh Bain would have from seventy-five to a hundred. If Bain would attack a camp, he would go further. The only way to beat a man like that was to hit him first. But Greg didn't see how he could hit Bain again; at least not hard enough to hurt him.

Rudy took the Osprey out the next morning and hooked on to the boom. Greg went through the skookum chuck in his gas boat to see the boom leave. He expected four thousand dollars for those logs and he gave Rudy instructions for their sale through Aleo Jarvis. After Rudy had started, Greg ran his gas boat four miles down the channel to the float store at Taylor's Landing and filled his gas tank. While he was there he saw the Carmanah pass.

She looked more like a work boat than a yacht. She had more room and comfort than yachts of her length, and with her Diesel engine and her heavy

construction she could take it. She was just the sort of craft Hugh Bain needed to visit his logging camps, summer or winter.

Greg saw the Carmanah anchored in the bay beside the skookum chuck when he got back, and guessed that she was waiting for slack to go up into Shallows Arm. As he came nearer he saw Ann Brown at the Carmanah's taffrail. He hadn't seen her since the night he had left her at Powell River, when she'd as good as told him she was going to marry Keith Marling. He ran alongside.

"Hello," he said. "What you doing here?"

"This boat is our office now," she said. She was wearing a blue shirt, open at the throat, and blue slacks to match, and she was looking even more desirable than he remembered.

He saw that she was staring at him. He remembered how his face looked. He'd taken a bad beating from Bain and his men before they'd put him ashore. He had closed cuts over both eyes with adhesive tape.

"You've been fighting again," she said.

"Yes," he said. "Your nice boss. He came into my shack at midnight with enough other birds to beat me up."

"He did," Ann Brown said, "he had a good reason."



He smiled at her. He didn't want to make her mad. He wanted to be as friendly as she would let him be, so that he might see her again. And of course Bain had, from his point of view, the best of reasons.

"Yes," he said, and he saw that she was smiling back at him. And again he had the impulse that had been so strong so many times during that long day he'd spent with her going to Powell River—the impulse to take her in his arms regardless.

"I want to thank you for getting me to Powell River in time," she said.

"That's what you wanted."

"Yes," she said. "I had to get that wire off and you got me there in time."

He had a sudden hunch, a pleasing hunch.

"Nobody knows you were shipwrecked with me?"

"No," she said.

He caught her eyes. He felt that there was something more than a shared secret between them. Why hadn't she told her boy friend that they hadn't got to Powell River by ten o'clock that morning, that they hadn't got there until midnight?

"When do we eat steamed clams again?" he asked.

"We don't," she said, and her tone was so matter-of-fact that he knew he'd been dreaming dreams.

The Carmanah's engineer came around the corner of the deckhouse then.

"How soon you goin' in?" he asked.

Greg looked at his watch and then at the current.

"Five minutes," he said.

"I'd like to follow you in," the engineer said.

"Never been in before."

"Get your hook up then," Greg said.

He let go of the Carmanah's rail, waved a hand at Ann, and shoved in the clutch. He had to wait a few minutes for slack. He held his gas hoat there on the edge of a big lazy whirlpool. She couldn't be in love with a guy like Marling. He was cold-blooded and she wasn't. But she'd have to find that out. And for now it looked as if she hadn't. She was a logger's daughter, but it looked as if she were completely fooled by the man. It looked like the old, old story of the nice country girl and the city slicker. Only Ann Brown wasn't a country girl. She was a bright young private secretary.

XXXX

RUDY DYKES came back to report that Greg's boom had brought six hundred dollars less than Greg had expected.

"And Alec Jarvis said to tell you the market's going lower," Rudy said. "Skid Road's filling up with lumberjacks out o' work."

"Maybe Marling will quit cutting," Greg said. "I can make money with fir at six dollars. Could pay Bain, even."

Marling came up in the Kitimat and lay overnight at the camp Bain was building, but Bain's crew did not cease work. And as soon as bunkhouses and cook camp were up, a tug came in loaded with lumberjacks.

"We can get out a lot before Bain starts," Neil said.

"And afterward," Greg added.

"How?"

"Get our logs in position first. There's only one spot on the shallows for a boom to lie so you can sluice."

"Bain could cover our boom with men," Neil said.

"If Bain gets rough out there on the shallows, somebody's liable to lose a boom of logs," Rudy said.

"And if a boom ever got sucked into the skookum chuck, there'd be a jam that would stop you and Bain both."

Neil grinned. "That's what I call an idea," he said.

"No way to break a jam in that roaring hole."

"Think up something smart," Greg said. "I don't want to stop Bain. I want to lick him."

Greg had kept his fallers at work. He took the easiest and biggest trees, because a falling team could cut more in big stuff than in small. The donkey, on a float, had no difficulty in pulling the logs into the salt chuck. The distance was short and Jim Russell was a wizard with his levers and drums and gears and the whipping steel cables. A donkey engine was not an instrument of brutal power in his hands. Jim made a big log believe it was moving of its own accord, walking into the sea on its own legs.

Greg sluiced three hundred thousand feet the day after Rudy returned. He felt better about that. It showed what he could do if it were not for Hugh Bain. He kept a close watch on Bain's camp. The Carmanah remained there, and he knew Ann was aboard, a mile across the arm and a mile farther up.

"Bain'll cut three hundred thousand a day with that outfit," Greg said.

"And sluice every day," Rudy said.

"So'll we," Greg said.

"You've got no chance against the big boom."

"His big boom gives us the chance," Greg said.

"We'll sluice small jags. The Osprey can handle 'em

as if she was towing a dinghy. Bain's tug will have a big boom, and it's all a tug can do to hold one against that current on the shallows."

"So you can get in under him," Neil said. "Sluice ahead of him."

"And butt his booms out of the way," Greg said. "And butt his booms out of the way." "And if we get out seventy-five thousand a day, you can pay off your debts," he said.

"If the price doesn't drop," Greg said.

The next day Bain began falling timber. In a couple of days he would begin sluicing. Greg crammed logs through with the skookum chuck while it was still his own.

"Bain sent a tug out today," Rudy reported.

"Tomorrow's the day."

High-water slack came the next forenoon. Greg was waiting on the rock with his flag. Rudy took a small boom onto the shallows, lugging the last of the flood, and he got in ahead of Bain's big boom.

When the current slackened off, Rudy swung into position directly between Bain's logs and the skookum chuck.

Greg's men began to sluice slowly. Rudy crept ahead against the gathering ebb until his stem touched Bain's boom. Bain shouted. Rudy kept on pushing. He kept turning Bain's boom until the gate was on the side of the circle and could not be used.

"Want me to get dragged into that roaring hole?" Rudy yelled.

He kept pushing. Greg's logs were sluiced. Rudy drew away and it was too late for Bain to release logs.

Rudy and Greg kept that up. They got their logs through first. They kept Bain from sluicing enough to pay cook-camp expenses.

"But if Bain brings that other tug back, we're licked," Greg said.

Bain urged his skipper closer to the skookum chuck. He tried smaller booms. But Rudy knew every eddy and just how far he could go. He kept Bain from sluicing.

The Kitimat came into Shallows Arm on the first of the flood tide the next day. Greg could see her lying alongside the Carmanah. Marling had come up to see Ann Brown. They'd be spending the day together. They'd have dinner together aboard the Kitimat.

He was surprised to see the Kitimat go out the next day. He wondered if

(Continued on Page 47)

"What proof can you suggest," Mr. McWhorter asked, "that you and Mr. Bain did not enter into a conspiracy to deprive the plaintiff of his timber?"



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"What Would You Do— Let Them Starve?"

ANOTHER deeply disturbing revelation has lately been made with regard to the administration of relief throughout the nation. The use of relief money by politicians in the 1938 elections, later verified by Senate investigation, was shocking enough to everybody. The knowledge, common in almost every neighborhood, that many relief recipients hide other income they receive, or do not accept little money-earning jobs which they could get, has been little less disturbing to thoughtful citizens. Perhaps most harassing of all has been the clear indication that a great many of the work-relief recipients are being demoralized. Less and less, welfare workers report, do work-relief recipients themselves make any serious effort to regain their former status as self-supporting families—that is, our policies have been building up, psychologically, a pauper class in the nation numbered by the millions. This is true, it must be recognized, only because of the nature of our relief policies, which are merely makeshift when compared with those long established in other industrial nations.

Worrisome as these problems may be, however, they have thus far been outweighed altogether by a single other consideration—that we cannot let needy people starve. The processes of relief no one has approved as a whole—not even its beneficiaries. But at least, it has been felt, the money given has fed and sheltered millions who would otherwise have been hungry and homeless. This, it seems fair to say, has been the average citizen's common-sense attitude toward relief.

But a highly pertinent question enters here, which few citizens, with their instinctively humane point of view, think to ask: "How much of the money appropriated for relief is actually being used to feed the hungry and shelter the homeless?" In the year 1938, more than \$1,000,000,000 of the sums directly appropriated for relief did not go to hungry and homeless people at all! This amount went instead to officeholders—"administering" relief and to businessmen for materials, merely in order that the policy of work relief might be continued.

This disclosure comes from a study of the Administration's figures made by John C. Gehbart, director of the National Economic League, a nonpartisan body devoted to educating lawmakers as to how the Federal budget may be balanced. His thoroughgoing analysis is not likely to have its facts disproved. It shows conclusively that of \$4,000,000,000 appropriated for relief in 1938—state and local, as well as Federal—more than 25 per cent went to "administration," building materials and equipment of all kinds. In 1933, by contrast, less than 10 per cent of the total appropriated had to be used for these purposes.

One other fact barred by this study deserves equally to become country-wide knowledge. We are all inclined to forget the principal reason advanced for saddling relief onto the Federal Government. It was held, in 1933, that the states and municipalities would no longer bear the heavy burden of relief; only the Federal Treasury was "rich enough" to do so. What has happened, so far as this original animating purpose is concerned? In 1933, when the Federal Government, for the first time in our history, assumed direct responsibility for relief, state and local governments contributed \$400,000,000 to all forms of relief. In 1937—the latest year for which the local figures are available—this sum had not decreased. It had multiplied two and a half times! The states and municipalities in that year contributed more than \$1,000,000,000 for all relief purposes; although Federal contributions have now gone to more than \$2,750,000,000. Thus does the appetite for relief money grow by what it feeds on.

When one reflects on the whole complex problem, it seems clear what has occurred in the past six years—we have been self-deceived by our notoriously generous instincts as a people. A single query: "What would you do—let them starve?" has been used, politically, to stifle informed criticism in this field. The query really represents a mere unthinking humanitarianism. But almost the first thing social workers discovered, in more than a century of precious experience, was that the chief peril in philanthropy was to be unthinking. Mr. Gehbart's new revelations are a demonstration once more, and on a grand scale, of what follows from unthinking and inexperienced humanitarianism.

Even more vividly is this demonstrated when the salient facts about relief are all placed side by side for survey. In six years the nation has spent, roughly, about \$20,000,000,000 for relief. Never in history has philanthropy operated on such colossal scale. We started with about 21,000,000 recipients in early 1933; it was the low point of the worst depression in history, yet we now have 22,000,000 recipients. We started spending about \$1,000,000,000 a year in 1933; we are now spending \$4,000,000,000 a year. The essential purpose was to tide unfortunate fellow citizens over an emergency, while they themselves strove to rehabilitate their economic status; instead, we have certainly demoralized a large proportion of them as self-supporting individuals, and inevitably more of them will be so affected.

In the meantime, the enormous sums already spent, together with the billions which have to be spent annually, constitute one of the main factors bringing ever nearer and nearer a breakdown in Government credit; and the certain result of this will be the impoverishment of those very millions of citizens who now support, by their productive efforts, the 22,000,000 relief recipients. They are also burdened with a bureaucracy of about 3,500,000 officeholders, with their families numbering at least 12,000,000 additional persons. Also, as part of this panorama, it is pertinent that no other industrial nation depends mainly upon the costly system of work-relief, as we do; yet there is, if anything, less near-starvation in such lands than in our own, in spite of the fact that we have spent and are spending more for relief than all other nations of the world combined.

It is these sad but hard facts that make up the true relief picture. There is one conclusion from them that would be agreed to by everybody—that the problem hitherto with such present difficulties, and is so fraught with trouble for the future, that all the nation's resources of good will, moral courage and intelligence should be marshaled to solve it. Instead, regrettably, we see the President insisting that his way is the only way, in the face of the futile record outlined here and ignoring the long experience of other nations in this very matter of public relief; alongside of him we see a group of lawmakers, Republicans as well as Democrats, merely tinkering with the problem just enough to save their political faces; and finally, as a background, we see a general public apparently apathetic about the matter.

Yet the hardy optimist will find a gleam of hope even in this seemingly disheartening situation. The final feature of the picture—the apathy of the public—can and may swiftly change. It has happened before in American public opinion, and one cannot be pessimistic enough about democratic processes to believe that prolonged recklessness, in such a vital matter as relief, will not bring its own nemesis.

Piano in the Parlor

THE other day a New York City audience of musicians and critics listened first to a three-thousand-dollar grand piano and then to a little upright electronic piano designed to retail for about five hundred dollars. The audience heard no difference in volume or quality. Electronic pianos dispense with the wood sounding boards of ordinary pianos; heat and humidity, therefore, do not throw them out of tune. The vibration of their strings is amplified by a system which may also be used as the outlet for phonograph records or radio.

A knob at the end of the keyboard panel controls volume. Loud, they can outluger a concert grand; at their softest, they may resemble a harpsichord. A note, once struck, may be swelled to a crescendo by simply turning the knob. They have other tricks too. You can pipe your own playing into the same amplifier that is caroling with the music of a Heifetz or a Rachmaninoff. An earphone arrangement may be purchased which makes it possible for one but the player to hear his practicing. The entire musical unit—piano and bench containing the radio and phonograph mechanism—occupies less space than the usual office desk and chair.

Sales may be slow at first because piano players remain conservative despite their instrument's history of continuing, and often revolutionary, improvement. But wired instruments are already old stuff. Many jazz bands use them regularly. Leopold Stokowski once wired two bass fiddles of the Philadelphia Orchestra for greater sound, and recently made the headlines with an all-electric orchestra. And, possibly ringing out the death of the ancient heffries, a few inches of wire, properly amplified, will reproduce the sound of a six-hundred-pound bell at a trifle of the cost.

Particularly for the piano industry the significance of these developments seems to be that the Ford age of music is at our fingertips. The industry started skidding badly after 1923, when its production figures were listed at 347,589 units, of which 55 per cent were players, a sort of mechanical reproduction now gone with its rolls. But by 1932 radio had done its worst and the public was again becoming eager to play its own tunes in addition to simply turning on a switch. Production for 1937 was well over one hundred thousand units, which was considered good news. Comparatively few families could afford the luxury of a grand or even a baby grand; the accent has been on various types of small uprights. The electronic piano, which seems to give the depth of the grand within the compass and price of the humble upright, sounds like an ideal achievement. The piano-in-every-parlor days may be coming back.

DEATH IN A MIRROR

By
J. C. FURNAS



John J. Moran today.

FRANCE, 1918. An eminent surgeon, colonel in command of an American base hospital, was having trouble with a captain in the Quartermaster Corps—a stubborn, middle-sized, middle-aged Irishman who was flatly refusing to be sent home as unfit for service, even though he had a bad duodenal ulcer.

"I passed the medical exam, sir," he was saying doggedly. "I passed the overseas exam, and that's stiffer. I'm only forty-three. I'd take shame to be sent back."

"Sorry," said the colonel, both irritated and unimpressed. "An operation is the only thing and we can't do it here. You're ordered back to Washington to enter the Walter Reed Hospital and get it done properly."

"Wait a bit," said the captain, evidently coming to some distasteful decision. "You know why that hospital was named after Major Reed?"

Certainly the colonel knew. All doctors and a good many laymen still know it. As head of a commission to rid the American Army in Cuba of yellow fever, Reed first proved to the satisfaction of medicine that yellow fever is transmitted by mosquito bites. Without that proof, the Panama Canal might never have got built and thousands on thousands would still die of yellow jack every year.

"And you'll remember some soldiers that let mosquitoes bite them and came down with yellow fever to prove the major's case?"

Certainly. There was a man named Kissinger and another named Moran. . .

"Well, sir," said the troublesome captain, "I'm that Moran."

In France for the Duration

THE colonel got the point. Astonishment chased irritation off his face and was succeeded by the beginnings of a grin, as he sent for the staff doctor who had originally recommended sending this case back to the States.

"I'll have to suggest reconsideration here," he said, when the staff doctor arrived. "I know it's foolish. But this man has proved his right to take any risks he likes."

That was the only time Johnny Moran, now Havana manager for an important American oil company, ever made personal capital out of his rating as a stainless-steel, 100-proof, copper-bottomed hero. He does own and value a doughnut-sized solid-gold medal presented to him by the United States Government years after he became a key member of that group of enlisted men who looked the yellow death so casually

between the eyes. But that medal is more than he ever asked, expected or wanted—he never took a red cent of the money compensations offered Major Reed's human guinea pigs. For that matter, all he got out of being a stubborn mule in Bordeaux was the satisfaction of staying on with the

A. E. F.—and the continued presence of that ulcer, which has stuck with him these twenty years and recently put him on a dismal diet of doctored milk and strained vegetables. But he had sacrificed a good business and turned down a major's commission to get to France, so in France he was going to stay, even if he had to confess his past to die. No mere ulcer could worry the kind of fellow who coolly

watched with a hand mirror while those mosquitoes, each reeking with the virus of yellow fever, were gnawing away at him back in Havana, in 1900.

If you saw Yellow Jack—the movie that Hollywood made out of the Sydney Howard-Paul de Kruif play about the Reed experiments—you saw this Johnny Moran portrayed as Sergeant O'Hara, the debonair, bumptious and blarneying central figure. Never mind reproaching either playwrights or producers for the fact that there is practically none of the real Moran in this portrait of a plucky camp cutup. One of the authors did spend two days in Havana interviewing Johnny before the play was written, then returned to manufacture Sergeant O'Hara practically out of whole cloth.

That is easily understood. For, as a staggily effective hero, Johnny Moran would be the worst piece of miscasting ever perpetrated, about as impressive as Calvin Coolidge was in cowboy clothes. That was the way it worked out when he went round to catch the Broadway stage production of Yellow Jack, not as a major display in the first-night showase, but on the third night. He would have missed the play altogether if he had not

(Continued on Page 30)

HERBERT JOHNSON'S CARTOON



ANOTHER MOUTH TO FEED!

POST SCRIPTS

Dolce Far Niente in Summer is Plenty

H! **HO!** Come to the Fair!
The world and his wife and his child will be there.
By motor, by trailer, by boat and by plane;
By backboard, by roller skate, trolley and train
The sightseeing host
From coast to—well, coast
Will swarm like bluebottles to cinnamon toast.
Iowans, Kiowans,
Texans, Ohioans;
Actors and factors
And building contractors;
Maiden and boy,
Flopie and flopy;
Hai, as those snooty Greeks phrased it, pallot.
At the Fair they shall meet
In estival heat,
All of them treading on most of them's feet,
Walking, bussing and roller chairing,
Oising, ahing and I-daridaring,
Fanning banions, falling in swoons.
Hauling drank offering out of lagoons;
Everyone you and I know will be there
So hi! Ho! Come to the Fair!

Look at the motors, the rotors, the glass,
The widgets and gadgets of steel, stone and brass,
The thousand-and-seven chimerical shapes
That prove to the patrons we're smarter than apes.
Come stare at the trylon that rears overhead;
At the World of (I hope) a Week After I'm Dead;
The buildings;
The gildings;
The towers;
The flowers;
The bees;
The breeze;
The wind in the trees;
The—uhoh! That's the point I was coming to, please!
Which is:

Hi! **Ho!** Come to the Fair!
The world and his wife and his child will be there.
And that's why there'll be found
One (count him—I) bard
In the small patch of ground
That he calls his back yard



"Master Rodney is back from camp, Madame."

Alone
And prone
With his chin on a stone
Observing a worm
Squirm
His leisurely, deliberate, slow, measured,
calm, dignified, reposeful, unburied
any

From Grass Blade A
To Grass Blade B
With slight detours at Grass Blades C, D
and E.

And that, for me,
On a hot summer day
Is all the World's Fair
That I care
To see.

So hi! Ho! Come to the Fair!
The world and his wife and his child will
be there.

But me—I've a date with an earthworm
elsewhere. —BARON IRELAND.

Any Nana to Her Poor Little Sing

WAS that a sneeze? God bless you! My mummy
must have left you in a draft. Poor lamh!
Funny how everything goes wrong on my day out. Let
Nana see your little tongue. . . Ah-ha, I thought
so! We'll tend to that. Did you miss Nana yester-
day? Of course you did! Hush, you'll wake your
mummy! . . . It's just too hot if he does!
Here's your bottle. My, he's a hungry boy! Won-
der if she gave him enough supper . . . must ask
Nellie . . . suppose she brought the company in to see
him . . . there's that telephone . . . let her answer
it herself . . . half-past nine and the room not straight-
ened . . . who does she think she is, tearing things
around for me to pick up after her? . . . I wasn't hired
to be a lady's maid. I've worked for as good as her and
better . . . in bed till ten and he worshipping the ground
she walks on. I could tell him a thing or two! Fine
specimen of a man . . . I'd know how to do for him . . .
playing bridge. And now it's exercises. If she had to
push the carriage around, and fix formulas and make
custard, she wouldn't have to worry about her hips.

All gone? Now Nana'll dress
you and we'll go bye-hye. Poor
little sing! Its naughty mummy
left it in a draft! I could eat him
up! Sugar—that's what you
are! Ride a cock-horse to Ban-
bury . . . to Banbury what?
That's right, Cross! Smart baby.
Takes after his father. . .
There she goes! All right; let her
call a couple of times. . . Yes,
Madame, I'm coming!

Good morning, Madame! . . .
I don't pass it, but I can go
around. She knows I don't pass
the grocer. He seems to have a
little cold this morning. I'll put
some drops up his nose. . .
Grease? Very well, if you say so.
As if it was the first baby I took
care of! Grease! Very well,
Madame. . .

Here's Nana, darling! Play-
ing all by himself. It burns her
up to see me get a minute's rest.
If it wasn't for the baby and him,
I'd tell her. . . I'd get a place
where I ate with the family, com-
pany or no company. What
would you do without Nana?
They'd be letting you catch
your death of cold and sticking
pins in you. No, Nana won't
desert you, darling! Come,



"The tires are all right. Blow it on me!"

Nana'll dress you. Say Na-na! Say Da-da! Clap
hands, clap hands till daddy comes home! We'll
show daddy tonight. Here, put your little handie
in! . . . Now the other! . . . Button off. It would
kill her to take a needle in her hand. Someday I'll give
her a piece of — Better hide the chocolate. Pure
chocolate never hurt any baby.

This hat's a fright. She could give me that blue
one . . . she never wears it. Come, darling! We'll
say bye-hye to mother . . . if she isn't too busy.

Now hye-hye to Nellie. Nellie, would you mind
scraping the carrots? I'll cook them myself. Always
puts too much water — And soak the prunes. What
did he have for supper? . . . What, a ladyfinger! . . .
Filling him up with sweets the minute my back is turned!
I'd like tea for my lunch.

Come, lamhkins! Into your carriage! Then she
can't steam it up. You don't want your Nana to
drink warmed-up coffee, do you? . . . Of course
you don't! Nellie can put it over your mother, but
not Nana, can she? You're right, she can't! Here's
your swaback. One of them could at least open the
door for me!

Bye-hye! Say bye-hye, darling!

—LILLIAN DAY.



"Next window, please!"



• Olds "60" 2-Door Sedan, \$838*

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IN A BIG, LUXURIOUS OLDS

TAKE the wheel of an Oldsmobile and make the most of summer's opportunities. No other car offers quite so many possibilities for pleasant, carefree motoring. There's plenty of room for all the family in Oldsmobile's comfortable Body by Fisher. Extra-large windshield and windows permit an unexcelled view of the countryside—provide extra vision for extra safety.

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AND UP*

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OLDSMOBILE

THE CAR THAT HAS EVERYTHING



"Are you killing me?" she whispered. "Shut up," he said. "Here comes Hermann!"

By ETHEL VANCE

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD VON SCHMIDT

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALLMENTS

The doctor took out the stitches, swabbed the soar with disinfectant and examined his patient. Then he went out. In the bare, whitewashed hospital room, on padded stools, lay two women:

EMMY RITTER, erstwhile famous actress, recovering from an appendectomy; and

ANNA HOFFMAN, a nobody, dying of tuberculosis. As they talked, slowly, with the languor of the ill, they heard, through the open windows, the routine activities of the concentration camp in which the small hospital was situated. Anna was dying there because there was no place else for her to die; Emmy Ritter convalesced and awaited execution for high treason. A resident of the United States, she had returned to her native country to sell an inherited property and had diverted the proceeds to an American bank; also she had distributed subversive pamphlets, and for these two offenses the People's Court had condemned her to death. She had, at the time of her conviction, succeeded in smuggling a note to her son in America, but now she regretted that impulsive action, for she feared the boy would place himself in danger in attempting to aid her.

MARK PREYSING, Emmy Ritter's American-born artist son, arrived in a nearby city and hopefully consulted the lawyer.

HENNING, well-known for his courage and liberal tendencies, Henning discouraged Mark, told him his mother was beyond help, advised him to see the local Commissioner of Secret Police, to whom a friend in the States had given him a card. That, Henning explained, was Mark's only chance.

Mark was surprised to see that the

Commissioner was youngish, sensitive, a bit of a dandy and, in a slightly nasty way, a wit. Expressing some sympathy for Mark, the commissioner, nevertheless, professed ignorance of Emmy Ritter's whereabouts or of her sentence and advised the youth to leave the country.

Unbending a little under Mark's pleading, he finally consented to investigate the case and to see him again in a week's time.

Mark had received his mother's note through the offices of an old family servant.

FRIEZ KELLER, now retired to the old country, and his next step was to try to locate the man. Identifying the postmark, he visited a near-by mountain village, where meeting an American-born countess, a widow, whom he had known slightly in New York. They did not get on particularly well and he was surprised when she asked him to tea on the following day. Later, Mark found Fritz in the company of another man. Fritz was alarmed and pretended not to know him, but, speaking in English, Mark gave him a rendezvous.

That night, the countess, who eked out her dwindling income by taking paying guests into her home—young women of foreign birth and good family who were topping off their educations—entertained.

THE GENERAL, an admirer of long standing, at dinner. After the girls had retired, she, thinking of Mark Preysing, asked the general what had become of Emmy Ritter. He told her that Emmy was to be executed for high treason and, at her expression of shocked disbelief, became very angry. In the meantime, Emmy Ritter learned that she was to be executed on the following Wednesday; four days

of life remained. The doctor told her that he would make things as easy for her as possible, and when she replied bitterly, explained that he had admired and looked up to her since childhood; that for years he had kept a photograph of her in his bureau drawer. For a moment Emmy hoped, then she realized the futility of the thought. There was little the doctor could do for her, and even that would be dangerous. Before he left, the doctor took a note from her and promised her that he would see that Mark received it after the execution.

Returned to the town, Mark encountered the countess—who had overlooked her invitation to him—and took her to a restaurant to tea.

They got on better this time, and later attended a concert, where Mark learned that the countess knew of his trouble and had given him her company out of sympathy for a compatriot. He was outraged. Before taking leave of his companion outside the theater, he was introduced to a

DOCTOR DITTEN, an acquaintance of the countess, who invited him to join him for a drink. Sitting in a beer hall, they conversed a long time, and the doctor, taking a fancy to Mark and enjoying his talk, invited him to dine on the following evening. When they exchanged addresses, Ditten, for the first time, caught Mark's name. Shocked, he asked him if he was the son of Emmy Ritter and, when Mark answered in the affirmative, obeyed an impulse and handed him Emmy's note. Ditten, an exceedingly unhappy man, torn between loyalty to his country and love for freedom of thought and action, was profoundly sorry for Mark, but insisted he could do nothing for

(Continued on Page 28)

What breakfast food will be first to benefit from THIS?

THE transparent curtain behind which this up-to-date young woman is taking her morning shower is made of Pliofilm*. So is the snug cap that protects her hair from wetting.

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He opened his door. In the center of the room sat a man who looked up at the noise of the door without surprise. He was elderly, with a long, pale, soft-skinned face, big ears and long, pale hair's eyes. His gray hair was stiffly *en brosse* and his high collar holding his flashy chin looked like Humpty Dumpty's collar. As Mark came in, he stood up wearily, as though he'd been waiting a long time.

"Well, I'll be damned!" Mark said. "So you're here."

"Yes, sir."

Mark looked him over again from head to foot. Then he began to feel suddenly cold and trembling. His coat was wet. He began to take it off, and Fritz came and helped him, took the coat from him and went over to the wardrobe, found a hanger and hung it up on the open wardrobe door to dry.

Yes, here was Fritz again. And Mark slipped back and stood for a moment in that compartment of time when Fritz always came just as things got too bad. Old Fritz, always insolent over the telephone, always saying he couldn't come, and not answering the telegram, but turning up just the same. And Mark remembered how he and Sabina had hated Fritz, and how even Emmy treated him roughly, as though she were suspicious of the only person who never tried to get something out of her. Fritz, icily self-sufficient and quarrelsome and efficient, and who took what satisfaction they could only guess out of being the perpetual last resort.

Mark sat down wearily.

Fritz stood by his chair. "May I sit down, Mr. Mark?" he asked.

"Sure. Sit down."

Fritz sat down opposite him and clasped his hands loosely between his knees. Always his hands remained entirely respectful. He looked very tired, but not at all slumped.

"You know all about Madame Ritter?" he asked.

"Yes, I know."

"You haven't seen her?"

"No, but I know where she is. All that's happened to her. And I know that she's to be executed Wednesday."

Fritz shook his head and clasped his hands together between his knees in a gesture of outrage and despair. He said nothing. This enormity was too much for him. It was clear that he knew her sentence already and it was something he had thought of no remedy for, so there was nothing to say about it.

"Poor Madame," he muttered finally. "Poor Madame." Then he roused himself and said more briskly, "About the other afternoon—I wasn't able to talk to you. I should have thought you might have realized that." His large, pale eyes focused on Mark reproachfully. "I was with my brother," he said.

"That was your brother?"

"Yes, and I thought it was best that he know nothing about you. Already he wasn't too pleased to have me with him."

Fritz turned almost eagerly from the hopelessness of Madame Ritter. "If he thought I was up to anything, he'd hand me over just like that!" He clicked his supple fingers. They made a loud snap. "And then where would you be?" he added. "Knowing no more than you do?"

Mark said, "I'm sorry, Fritz. You're right. Did you go to the Four Seasons?"

"Yes, I did. The concierge there is an acquaintance of mine. He gave me your address. I came just as soon as I dared. I've been here waiting for you since seven o'clock. And the landlady didn't think too much of me either."

"But what are you worried about? What if your brother does see you talking to me? What have you done? You weren't involved in any way, were you?"

Fritz said, in a dry, aggrieved voice, "I did enough to get myself a week in the jug, to lose a good job and to be under surveillance ever since. Yes, I had a good job when Madame Ritter turned up here.

I nearly lost it first by running errands and doing things for her. After the trial and after I'd spent a week in jail, I lost it altogether."

"I'm sorry," Mark said.

"Then down there in the country," Fritz went on, "my brother is a terribly suspicious man. He makes only a bare living himself now. His hutter, milk and cheese all taken from him at a forced minimum price, practically none for his own use, and everything he has to buy sky-high. And then, it's his contributions, contributions, all the time. If he hadn't a little piece of forest land with some wood to sell, I don't know what he'd have done last winter, with five children to keep. It's been a hard winter here," he said.

"It's been a hard winter everywhere."

"The room that he usually rents to a skier or an artist," Fritz said, "I've been in for the last month. No, he doesn't think much of me. Living abroad as much as I have hasn't impressed him at all. It isn't as though I'd made a success of service in foreign countries."

"I know," said Mark impatiently. "I'm sorry."

But it was obvious Mark didn't really care, and Fritz sat still and looked at him reproachfully. "I've been under constant surveillance," he said, with a sort of gloomy satisfaction. "My brother knows that. I tell you, if he thought there was any funny business he'd turn me over like that."

He got up and walked over to the window and lifted back the curtain an inch and peered down into the street. When he came back he pointed his long pale finger at Mark. "Now, if she'd listened to me," he said, "done as I told her to, none of this need have happened. But she wouldn't listen."

Yes, here was old Fritz again. Nothing changed. Always complaining. As he always liked to say, he was a free man with a tongue in his head, loud enough to use it on anyone. His tongue was his freedom. And besides, who did they

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Mark went over to the window and looked down into the rainy, empty street, full of puddles. Fritz appeared.

(Continued from Page 26) Emmy better easing her final hours. He promised to deliver a letter for Fritz, and they parted, to meet again next evening. Emmy had two more days of life.

XIV

WHEN Mark began to walk alone, he realized completely what had happened. Now Emmy's fate wasn't a matter of possibility; it wasn't just a picture in the back of his mind, a sort of dreadful spur to energy. No, it was a certainty. Certain even as to the exact day: Wednesday, early in the morning. He walked almost at a run, and if his way hadn't led directly, he'd have been lost.

Theater Street was empty and all the shops had their iron shutters down, so that it looked like a street of blank iron walls. All the lamps were blurred and out. It was a quarter to one. He had given him and stood still, feeling an old, childish, nocturnal panic, a fear of strange cities and strange hallways at night. Always they had made him feel a fugitive, and lost.

Then he slowly groped his way up. He went on tiptoe, so as not to disturb the landlady. He had a vision of her coming out to stare at him and to ask him where he had been and why he was so late getting in.

Suddenly he stopped. He was before his own door and there was a faint crack of light coming from under it. Someone was in his room. He slipped his key out. It was a quarter to one. He remembered what the countess had said to him. He felt a feeling of relief that anxiety should come now to drive away his intolerable sorrow.

Without doubt it was someone from the secret police. Then, since he hadn't been heard yet, the thing for him to do was to slip away and go somewhere else. He stood still, trying to think.

If it was the police, why hadn't they waited in the hall, so that just this thing wouldn't happen? And if it was and he got away now, what good would it do? There was no place he could go in the end without turning in his passport. He couldn't even draw his money each day without complete identification. Rather than run, it would be better to see them. He had done nothing illegal yet. He was an American citizen. Better to take the chance. He felt alert and tingling, his grief momentarily gone.

He looked like a harried old rabbit making for his hole.



If you had a Million

WE ALL LIKE to dream about what we'd do if we had a million dollars.

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DEATH IN A MIRROR

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happened to be in New York on business and if a friend, who knew the dark secret of his past, had not telephoned him about seeing a review of the production. After the show, the producer took him backstage to meet the cast. The actors, who had all taken the script pretty badly, were so touched by the presence of this brown-faced, soft-spoken, unobtrusive presence that they dried up most unprofessionally, hardly uttering a peep when introduced. Johnny was a total loss, too, between being all choked up from seeing the play and feeling like a fish out of water as Exhibit A. All he could think of to say was to compliment James Stewart—who played Sergeant O'Hara on the stage—on the soundness of his legume.

He still has plenty of brouge himself. Born in Galway, speaking Gaelic as a child, he has every right to it. But for all that, he is the same kind of good American born here as Al Stewart, Alvin, Alexander Hamilton and Carl Schurz. When he was nine, the difficulties of seraping a living for a large family out of ten meager acres of the old sod sent him to America, where his elder brother had a job in a Youngstown steel mill. As soon as he grew up to any kind of job at all, he started earning his own living. He was a grocery clerk, a kid book agent working without much success on door-to-door sales of a life of Li Hung Chang, and office-boy escort for a Youngstown lady doctor. The point there was that, back when lady doctors were as scarce as last year's sheepskins, now, they had to have male escorts while making their rounds, even if it was only an Irish kid in his early teens. By the time Johnny was eighteen, he had saved enough money to give him two years in a cash-wash water business college. Then he was a hotel clerk in Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania. In reaction to Beaver Falls, Johnny decided to enlist in the cavalry to get some action, and turned up at Fort Myer, Virginia, a cavalry post, looking for a recruiting sergeant.

But he never got into the cavalry, because the first officer of whom he asked questions was the post surgeon. Since this had looked bright and likely, the surgeon went to work and sold him the idea of enlisting in the Hospital Corps. He said convincingly that there was far more of a future in working on human beings with bandages and thermometers than in working on horses with hay and currysoms. In the last analysis, it was that choice of services that made Johnny a hero. In addition it gave him an ambition, to be a doctor; a career in an American businessman in Latin America, and a wife.

Fighting the Unknown Enemy

Whatever your service, it was a good time for seeing action. A smart soldier, quickly promoted to acting hospital steward with sergeant's rating, Johnny went to Cuba with his unit, assigned to Quincey Barracks, in the residue of Havana. Cuba taught him lots of things in short order. For instance, that he liked the tropics much more than Beaver Falls. But the Hospital Corps was the right place to be, even just how savagely tropical diseases were wrecking the American army of occupation. The war was soon over, but the soldiers had to stay, and in no

time it was a serious question how many of them were going to get back alive—with dysentery, typhoid, malaria and, worst of all, yellow fever, the traditional and superlatively deadly scourge of the West Indies, rampant.

Something could be done about the others. Dysentery and typhoid were known to come from pollution, so wholesale sanitary cleanups made sense. Quinine was a recognized specific for malaria, and Italian and British researchers had recently proved it was spread by the bites of *Anopheles* mosquitoes, so malaria could be hopefully fought. But yellow jack was still a vicious, sinister mystery, coming from nobody knew what or where and killing like the worst plague of Egypt. That was why that four-man commission, headed by Major Reed, was ordered to hunt down and stamp out the cause of yellow jack before half the Army was dead and the other half, transported back to the States, would carry the disease back with them.

Malaria first taught Johnny what the tropics can do to intrusive strangers—the pernicious kind of malaria, no ordinary, dragging fever-in-a-ger, laying him low with racking temperatures and shattering fits. Here he first demonstrated his extraordinary ability to take it. Perhaps he should have been in the cavalry after all, for he had

hit him under controlled conditions, so the doctors would know the answers right away. When pushed, however, he admits that that pretty piece of reasoning is afterthought and tries to convince you that his real motive for volunteering was his ambition to study medicine, for which association with Reed's work would be a highly appropriate start. The seeds of that had been sown by the lady doctor's medical books back in Youngstown and sprouted mightily while he was operating-room assistant for an Army commissioning named Ames, even occasionally giving an anesthetic. Every cent he could save from his \$100-a-month pay was going into a fund to start him in medical school when he got home again. Doctor Ames knew all about this scheme and, when Major Reed asked him to scout round and see if he could find some volunteers to act as guinea pigs in yellow-fever investigations, he was the first to volunteer. He went first to Johnny, figuring that the money would be very welcome. In view of Johnny's subsequent behavior, it is highly likely that, in spite of all these other reasons, downright heroism had something to do with his volunteering too. But he wouldn't admit that, not even if you hypnotized him.

When Doctor Ames propositioned him, Johnny said he'd sleep over it.



The Congressional Medal, symbol of our national debt to Johnny Moran.

the constitution of a horse. On the kill-or-cure principle, an adventurous doctor fed him the staggering dosage of 120 grains of quinine every day for a week. Even small doses of quinine affect the ears. This whopping quantity of the miraculous bark turned Johnny as deaf as a post and there was a fair chance that his hearing would never recover. But his ears eventually came back and the malaria did not, and he was presently fit again—plenty fit enough to be a likely guinea pig. Such an experience should have taught him, of course, that these tropical ailments were nothing to fool with. But, although he was just rid of malaria, he saw nothing fantastic about the idea of volunteering to step right in the way of yellow fever a year or so later.

Ask him why on earth he did it and he first tries to tell you it was only common sense. Men are dying with yellow jack on all sides—it was very likely he would get it too. In the earlier stages, diagnosis was uncertain—the high fever, aches and pains could indicate several other diseases, yet your chance of surviving was best if you knew what ailed you from the beginning. So, if he was going to meet yellow jack socially, he wanted it to

Although his Army enlistment had run out and he was now civilian clerk in Gen. Fitzhugh Lee's Havana offices, he was still rooming with another Hospital Corps boy, from Ohio, a youngster named John Kissinger. Saying that he had practically made up his own mind to do it, Johnny passed the idea on to Kissinger and they talked it over till three in the morning. Both knew precisely what they would be in for, monkeying deliberately with yellow jack. They had seen all too many boys their own size and age die of it with all the accompaniments of black vomit and batter-yellow eyeballs. But the next morning they reported to Major Reed and volunteered in triak monosyllables, on the one condition that neither of them would accept a cent for the job. That is the particular detail that would convict Johnny of statutory heroism before even the title of hero is tried.

Major Reed was flabbergasted. He had expected all kinds of trouble finding men. The money would be tempting and there was plenty of courage in the average enlisted man, but fighting courage was one thing and this cool asking for one of the ugliest deaths in the world was quite another. Yet overnight, within eighteen hours of first

broaching the idea to Doctor Ames, here were two volunteers, expressly renouncing money together.

No wonder that a certain tempted a playwright. No wonder that play, movie and recorded history all have it that, on hearing the pair's announcement, the major snapped his hand to his hat and said, "I salute you, gentlemen! I salute you." Johnny won't say that didn't happen; merely that he doesn't remember it. All he does remember is the open-mouthed astonishment on the major's handsome face.

Volunteers for Death

Once two men were known already to be in, there were plenty of volunteers—eighteen, heroes all, before the show was over. One was a Jewish boy from South Carolina, one was a former Harvard crew captain, one was a former Annapolis midshipman, and so on. The first to volunteer was a young man arrived Spanish immigrants, to whom the money sounded fine and who took no stock whatever in this *Americano* notion that mosquito bites gave you yellow fever—in which, of course, they had the backing of the medical world in general. But the first time one of their number came down with yellow jack after a mosquito bite, several of them quit, dismayingly convinced. It would take a brave man to blame them. But the eighteen stuck.

Using human beings for experiment was, of course, a terrific risk for Major Reed and his colleagues. By great good luck, none of the first batch of human guinea pigs died of the disease. When a second series of experiments, under other auspices, killed three, including a girl nurse, it had to be dropped. Alvin, Doctor Ames' son, was the first commission, was dead of yellow jack acquired during the experiments. Another member, Doctor Carroll, using himself as guinea pig, had caught it and barely squeaked through. The third member, Doctor Agramonte, had had it long ago and was immune in consequence. Only the fact that he was middle-aged, and so an unfit subject, was keeping the major from using himself. For all this fantastic risk, however, the situation offered ample excuse. Yellow fever absolutely had to be stopped with. Major Gorgas' brilliant and thoroughgoing cleanup of sanitary conditions in Havana had absolutely failed to check it. The only hope lay in the universally scouted theory of Dr. Charles Finlay, a French-Swedish physician in Havana, that yellow fever was transmitted by the bite of a mosquito, then called *Stegomyia*, which was fond of breeding and living in and near human habitations. Yet, so far as was then known, no animal but man could get yellow fever. So experiments to test the Finlay theory were required human beings for experimental animals. There it was, and Major Reed and colleagues went to it.

The American and Spanish volunteers and their assistants were herded into a quarantine camp outside Camp Columbia, near Havana. They called it Camp Lazear, after the dead commissioner—a cluster of tents and shacks on a dusty, dreary grass flat, herbed with round, fat, satiny peatroling it. Just a prison camp for voluntary prisoners, all thoroughly aware that, once inside, you would probably

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DISTILLED AND
INSULATED
... AGAINST HEAT ... AGAINST COLD

(Continued from Page 30)

come out yet first, the stretcher pointing for the nearest hospital and the graveyard just beyond that. Life was dull there in the ensuing weeks, in spite of the hovering presence of death. Johnny Moran was better off than most, for he had a kind of job as clerk for Major Reed. But he found plenty of time on his hands, even so, and killed much of it in the interminable card games that went on among the guinea pigs. His occasional winnings at poker were salted away in the medical-school fund.

His first trials as an experimental animal were thoroughly disappointing. Twice he was bitten by mosquitoes but had previously fed on raging cases of yellow fever—and he stayed healthy. It was afterward found that those mosquitoes had been too fresh from infection to be capable of passing on the disease. So Kissinger had the honor of being the first to meet a ripe mosquito and start the procession from Camp Lazear to the hospital. At that point, Johnny might have been given up as a "natural immune" and given his walking papers. But the major had a scheme for him.

"Moran," he said, "I'm saving you for my foolproof test. If you get the fever, and Lord knows I want you to, the skeptics won't have a leg to stand on."

By that time Johnny was worshipping the major so devotedly—he still is sure that Walter Reed was the finest gentleman God ever created—that he was actually hoping along the same lines himself. On December 21, 1900, the major really gave him the works. Fifteen tough, hungry, long-infected she-mosquitoes were released in a screened shack. Wearing only a nightshirt, carrying that hand mirror so he could watch proceedings, Johnny marched in, stripped off the shirt and lay down, mother naked, on a cot. The major stood outside and nervously exhorted him to count the number of bites. Singing ravenously, the fifteen she-devils circled and lit. To make sure of their working in observing range, Johnny kept his arms waving and allowed them to settle only on his chest. There he adjusted his mirror at the right angle and watched, feeling a little cross-eyed but grimly fascinated, as each mosquito hopped in with her hook, greedily hallowed with blood sucked out of him and then winged heavily away to come to rest on the muslin walls.

Winning Five Dollars

Twice more—once that afternoon, once the next morning—he went through the same performance. The bites didn't even itch. As he left the shack the last time, he ran into a fellow-guinea pig named Jernegan who had earned the right to be funny about yellow fever by sleeping every night for two weeks in an overheated room on sheets, blankets and pillowcases foul with the discharges of yellow-fever patients who had died in them. Folk, the South Carolinian, and young Doctor Cooke slept with all three in that lunate pajama party. With him were given yellow fever afterward to prove they had not been immune.

"Johnny," said Jernegan, "it's pretty near Christmas. I bet you five dollars you don't have Christmas dinner with us."

"Done," said Johnny. It was only four days at most and that was a good bet at even money. Folk was made stakeholder and, for three days and

hetter, Johnny's pulse and temperature stayed encouragingly normal. To make sure, Major Reed had instructed him to take both every hour he was awake. Christmas morning he was still feeling fine and ate a good breakfast. But at ten o'clock the thermometer showed a slight rise. At eleven the rise was way up and he was feeling seedy, with a rapid pulse. He carefully put it all down on the chart that lay on his field desk. But he said nothing to anybody. Christmas dinner was only two hours away and that het was on his mind. He knew all too well that to eat anything on top of yellow fever was suicidally risky. But for all that, when the huggle hell at one, he slid quietly into the mess tent, set down and took small but definite servings of such appropriate sick-man's diet as roast turkey, cranberry sauce, sweet potatoes and mince pie.

A vague instinct toward discretion kept him from eating heavily, but he got down quite enough to be able to say: "Come on now, this is Christmas dinner. What about my five dollars?"

Christmas Present for the Major

Not until the het was collected did he weave his unsteady, nauseated way to Major Reed and report, grinning dizzily, that he had a Christmas present for you, sir. The major heaved and rubbed his hands in candid glee.

"Moran," he said, "this is the happiest day of my life!" That might have sounded cold-blooded to an outsider. But Johnny was heartily in sympathy. "You can have any doctor you like out of the whole Army," said the major. "Just name him and I'll get him here in no time."

Johnny said the regular doctor had been through the New Orleans yellow-fever epidemic and knew as much about treating it as anybody alive. So off he packed to the hospital to have it out with yellow jack for better or worse.

A long while afterward he came out of delirium to find Major Reed standing over him and asking earnestly if he was in pain. Johnny said he certainly was. Anywhere in particular? "No, all over, just one solid, burning agony from head to foot."

"Look here," said the major, "don't he timid about making a noise if it will help the pain any. Holler all you like. Holler your head off."

"Well, sir," said Johnny from somewhere back of the mist of six degrees of fever, "I didn't go into this to make a noise about it. I think I'll just keep quiet about it."

He has been keeping quiet about it ever since. Even when it was highly inconvenient. A few years later, when he was working as a sanitary inspector under Colonel Gorgas in cleaning up the Panama Canal Zone, his Cuban malaria came back on him. Eventually he scuppered it for good and all with ten grains of quinine every day for seven months—not too much of an ordeal because he took it in good Panama rum. But in the meantime the malaria germs were sallying out of his infected spleen, time and again, to knock him out with more chills and fever. Each time he went to the Ancon Hospital and each time an overworked staff doctor would suspect yellow fever. Johnny would protest that it couldn't be that—he'd had yellow fever. "How do we know that?" was always the answer. So, rather than confess that he had caught yellow fever the process of being a hero, Johnny would meekly enter the yellow-fever ward and wait,

(Continued on Page 35)

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WAKE UP
YOUR CAR

WITH PERFECT CIRCLES

PERFECT CIRCLE

Piston Rings

(Continued from Page 33)

cooped up in netting and gauze curtains like a dangerous animal so he wouldn't go infesting any more mosquitoes. Hearty the next morning Colonel Gorgas would appear on his rounds of the hospital. Here would be Johnny wishing him good morning. And in five minutes he would be baled out and trundled off to the malaria wards, where he could ache and burn and shiver in the right kind of company till the attack burned itself out.

By that time his medical ambitions had been smothered by hard luck. On leaving Cuba, 1901, he had headed straight for the University of Virginia to start learning to be a doctor, picking it because Reed, Doctor Ames and several other Army physicians he admired had trained there. But the medals were gloried in being an actual premedical student. But then he read a splashy newspaper advertisement of some wildcat oil stock, and in a misguided effort to make his money he sold half of it. That meant he had to quit studying and go to work full time. So he gave himself a long stretch of selling life insurance in downtown New York. He did all right at it, being shrewd and plucky and a dexterous talker on subjects outside his own history. But he never liked having to bluff his way past office boys—it wasn't his style. When Colonel Gorgas, who had known and valued him in the Camp Lazear days, offered him a job helping put the fear of science into yellow fever again in Panama, the United States immediately lost a promising life-insurance agent.

As a cog in the Gorgas cleanup machine, he heartily enjoyed the battle to lick the disease that had made success impossible for the French on the same job. Teamed up with a man named Murphy, he raided Panama City with wholesale fumigation, bent on suffocating every mosquito that had had the bad judgment to set up housekeeping under human roofs. Like those Spanish volunteers, the Panamanians took no stock whatever in this sorely mosquito theory. They had always had yellow fever round, and always would have, and highly resented the insistence of these crazy Americans that every house had to be filled with evil-smelling smoke.

One of the houses assigned to the team of Moran and Murphy, however, was occupied by the family of a Cuban doctor who, having been an early Cuban patriot, had had to leave Cuba just one jump ahead of the Spanish authorities or go to Panama to represent the Cuban revolutionary junta. The doctor's pretty daughter, in charge while her parents were away, was refreshingly co-operative about fumigation. Within a few days, however, Johnny Moran's broken Spanish had developed sufficiently to enable him to propose marriage. Within three months—a lot under par in Latin-American terms—they were wedded. But the doctor's family having been allayed by a fine letter from Colonel Gorgas. Although he had been a rotten linguist until Spanish appeared as teacher, Johnny's Cupid now as fluent as his Gaelic was in his child's hands.

From then on he has been one of those efficient thousands of expatriate Americans who are the backbone of the United States' commerce with her southern neighbors. The doctor's relations presently made it necessary for him to take over a Panama City jewelry business, which was humming right along when he disposed of it in

1917 to join the A. E. F. After the war he went to South America for an American trading corporation that swapped such items as flour and machinery for coffee and hides.

Nowadays he lives in a pleasant suburb of Havana, running his oil agency with veteran skill, very fond of an earnest game of bridge and his wife's Pekingese. On the same street as his office stands the branch of the Instituto Finlay—named after the doctor who first laid yellow fever to mosquitoes—that is now trying to solve Cuba's malaria problem. The site of Camp Lazear is only a few miles beyond. But none of the guinea pigs would recognize it now. It is part of a military landing field and backs up close to the re-planned new Military City built by Col. Fulgencio Batista, Cuba's strong man. Since Batista's own mansion is almost on the site of the shack in which the mosquitoes gave Johnny the works, it is not a tactful spot to photograph.

Havana still has plenty of that breed of mosquitoes. So, for that matter, has the United States south of a line from Baltimore to San Francisco. These mosquitoes, which are holding their breaths for fear an airplane passenger, unknowingly infected with yellow jack from the endemic foci of the disease in South America, will slip by their presumptions and start the fire blazing. The trick could be turned equally well by an infected mosquito stealing a ride in a plane and escaping the air line's fumigation. But Havana has known no such disaster since Johnny Moran left there in 1901. All because Doctor Finlay had the right idea and Major Reed had the gumption and nerve to look into it and those eighteen regard-

less youngsters proved it for him with their own lives as raw material.

Ironically, the investigation has shown that the risk of those lives was unnecessary. Contrary to older notions, certain animals, including some monkeys, can get yellow fever and make fine experimental animals. If Major Reed had known that, Doctor Ames would never have had to go on the prow for human guinea pigs. But that new development merely casts a more brilliant light on the guinea pig's proven worth. There wasn't time to wait twenty-five years for experimental animals to be found. Yellow jack was killing wholesale then and there, and those eighteen fool youngsters were gloriously indispensable.

Only nine of them are still alive. Jernean, who also had a job in the Canal Zone, is the only one Johnny has seen since Camp Lazear broke up. The younger ones are all diseased and invalid, scraping along on a meager Government pension that took years of agitation to put through Congress. Since that ulcer got nasty again, Johnny occasionally wonders whether or not he might as well be considered old.

He admits that, when he does have to cash in, he could probably be buried at Arlington. But it would make a lot of people a lot of trouble to send him all that way. He thinks it will be much more sensible to put him in Colon Cemetery, in Havana, where there are already any number of good Americans he has known. The only part of him eventually to be shipped home is that gold medal. It is to go to the University of Virginia, Walter Reed's alma mater, which might have been a good doctor of him if he could have given her the chance.

THE CRISIS IN CHRISTIANITY

(Continued from Page 6)

increase and multiply is forgotten; the race begins to breed from its least distinguished sons. Politics becomes a little more corrupt than usual. The rich become richer, and lose their strength in luxury; the poor become poorer, and brood over hopes of revenge and power. Industrial relations take on a new bitterness, and end, as in third-century Rome, in unmitigated class war. Men come themselves for a while with impossible utopianism, watch the dream fade away in the gray perspective of disillusionment, and at last smile cynically at every ideal. Patriotism languishes, national unity dies.

Suddenly a sharp test comes—of economic competition, or revolution, or war; character and cohesion fail; and the more opulent nation becomes vassal to a younger, stronger, more believing state. The gods that could not hold the faith and protect the possessions of their people lie neglected and forgotten; their statues are buried under the rubbish of time.

V. The Status of the Soul

AGRICULTURAL life, subject to the humors of heaven and acquainted with the miracle of the seed, made for faith, piety, faithfulness, order, numbers, order and strength to the family as the unit of production in the agricultural life. The Industrial Revolution uprooted man from the soil and flung him into a bedlam of stone pavements and machinery; it taught him the laws of cause and effect, inclined him to think in terms

of mechanism, and made the minerals of the earth seem more important than the whims of the sky. For two centuries mathematics and physics dominated biology, and when biology came of age it sought humbly to apply the laws and ideas of physics to living things. Honest naturalists plucked flowers, killed animals, preserved them in alcohol, shipped them to a laboratory, and there, safe from myrmidon earthworms, watched them while they were studying life. Philosophers arose who explained that all things—all organisms, all deceptions, and all thoughts—were the operations of solids, liquids, and gases in the glow of physics and chemistry. The world and man, mother and child, became machines.

Succeeding well with inanimate materials, the Industrial Revolution poured forth a million inventions and luxuries. It spanned the rivers of the world with songs of steel; it lifted slim Babels of business bravely into the clouds; it vitalized the dormant fuels of the earth with a little spark, and gave man such power of speed and work as even Archimedes and Leonardo and Bacon—Roger or Francis—had never conceived; it spread its marvels over land and sea and in the air until all the earth was in the glow of physics and chemistry. Inspired engineers built ever better motors, ever taller buildings, ever faster roads, and ever more of everything. The statistics of production replaced the poetry of love.

Impetuously and zealously these accomplishments, Western civilization turned from religion and invested its

future in science. Where once men had built cathedrals to faith, they now dedicated universities to truth, forgetting Pilate; a hundred busy laboratories hedged in a little chapel whose empty nave echoed with the ghosts of dead beliefs. Able authors published "anticipations" of still more amazing mechanisms and conveniences; and popular writers conceived utopias in terms of new inventions multiplying human wealth and power. "Knowledge is power" became the religion of Western man.

In 1914 this new cult died a early death, bombed and killed and gassed and shot and hanged and adored. Europe learned what the Orient had long understood—that knowledge is not enough; that knowledge and science, however noble in origin, are morally neutral in result; that they will rob and destroy and kill as readily as they will enrich and build and heal; that progress in means is a snare if there is no progress in ends; that the growth of power without the improvement of purposes is the suicide of civilization. After the war, men perceived that new inventions can make for crime as well as for luxury, and that industrial cities can breed new diseases as fast as medicine can cure them. Since 1919, men discovered that better machinery can create poverty as well as wealth; that the multiplication of production without a corresponding rise in consumption is a calamity; that the gap between the clever and the simple, the strong and the weak, the rich and the poor; and that the application of sci-

ence to industry without the operation of Christianity in the soul is one road to revolution.

While the more imaginative portion of the middle class sought in science a substitute for religion, the more imaginative among the poor sought it in socialism. Utopia and heaven are buckets in a well—when one goes up, the other goes down. When the pagan faiths of Greece and Rome lost their hold, compensatory dreams of communism filled the air, and a kingdom of heaven was expected on the earth: when this utopia failed, the poor, who by their poverty showed no connection with the Christian faith in a happiness beyond the grave. When the "Enlightenment" of the eighteenth century weakened this belief, socialism appeared; from Rousseau's first essay to Kropotkin's unhappy death, men dreamed of perfect states in which there should be no oppression, no poverty and no war. Lenin, Trotsky and Stalin became the final repositories of this trust, as the Greeks, Maras and Caesar were the hope of the poor in ancient Rome.

But as Caesar and Augustus had to compromise the dreams of their supporters by practical necessities of life, and the corrupt liberty of the Republic could be cured only by dictatorship and the Empire, so the utopias of yesterday become the concentration camps of today. Since the simple cannot accomplish anything without the clever, and the clever will not long be clever without commensurate rewards, the obligation to build a new society

after revolution has smashed the old one leads in a generation to the growth of a new upper class.

Security is a revolving cart on an uneven road; no matter how the cart is made, some of the varied objects in it will sink to the bottom, and others will rise to the top; the potter has not made all the vessels of the same earth, or strength, or fragility.

Since clever men are not made angels by donning governmental uniforms, the weak or simple find themselves as ruthlessly used in the heaven they dreamed of as in the hell they thought they would find. Since revolutions socialize poverty, and destroy that complex organization of work by ability, which is the only real wealth, men must for a time toll harder after a revolution than the old one in its essentials and its simplicity.

If Christianity would go back to its origins, cleanse itself radically from the silt of time, and take its stand with fresh sincerity upon the personality of Christ, and the example of a life that resist it? Consider Gandhi, the greatest of living Christians; he was won to Christianity at once by reading the New Testament, and was lost to it by the same act. The same is true of the church of London. All over the world it has been found easy to interest people in Christ, but hard to keep them for any doctrinal division of Christianity. For all the world—even Christendom—has been guilty of the story of one who died that there might be among nations light and peace. What use is the world long for to today?

What we "see visions and dream dreams." We picture one after another of the great Christian denominations meeting in enthusiastic assemblies, redefining Christianity as *sincere* and *simple*, and *the church of Christ*, and inviting to their membership any person, of whatever race or theology, who is willing to receive those ideals as the test and goal of his conduct and development.

We picture such an invitation blazoned over the portals of thousands of Christian churches. We do not propose the abandonment of theology; we contemplate a congregation in which each member will be free to form or hold his own theology and philosophy, tolerantly extending a like freedom to his associates. If this seems impracticable, consider the success, the corporate spirit, and the active membership of our various religious societies, which include a generous variety of religious and political beliefs. Shall we practice this gentlemanly brotherhood in our clubs and exclude it in our churches?

We picture the rituals of the denominations retaining in like manner their independence and diversity, but stressing more and more with each year their common elements, allowing a poetical or symbolical interpretation to those who prefer it, restoring, perhaps, the weekly common meal—sacred but joyfully as a unifying ceremony, and using and inspiring, as in colorful medley of days, the music, the art, the sculpture, painting, drama and poetry. We imagine a pulpit to which many points of view will be invited, which will be opened to laymen of achievement or fine life, which will put the emphasis on the creative, the ethical but will undourageously preach the ethical doctrine of Christ.

We dream of a great union of Christian sects on this or a like foundation of common sense, common vision with its new consolidated strength, ready to meet the challenge of bizarre

cults, utopian enthusiasms and nationalistic infatuations; a church Christian enough to win back the lowly to its allegiance, universal enough to gather into one fraternal fellowship all the racial groups in America, resolute enough to give to a reunited nation a moral code that will lift it out of the corruption and violence that threaten to engulf her civilization.

We believe that such a Christianity would draw to itself the Buddhas and Kabirs, the Lao-tzes and Kagawas, the Secretaries and Zenos, the Epictetuses and Aureliuses, the Spinozas and Einsteins, the Emersons and Franklins, the Emersons and Thoreaus, the Lincolns and Whitmans, the Tolstoys and Tagores of time to come. We see the intellectual classes returning to the church, glad to mingle once more with the simplest worshippers, happy to feel a community of soul beneath a diversity of thought, to have again something that they may believe and revere, and which their hearts already find that, even if every generation should defeat it, will never die.

VII. Is Christianity Practicable?

SINCE we cannot expect human beings, in any large number or near future, to make the New Testament the actual rule of their lives, shall we not repeat the error of the utopians, and try to give life to the ideal of Christianity as the practice of the principles of Christ?

Of course; we define it rather as the sincere acceptance of those principles. Perhaps Christ ordered the full and perfect code only for the preachers of the Gospel, not for the laity; the code, for example, recognized the obligations of the citizen to the state. For the rest of us, we can only promise to do our best, and to treat all men as brothers; this effort is all that Christianity demands. To exact of all men a saintly level of selflessness that would make economic and political life impossible is to doom a religion to hypocrisy or death.

Even of those who preach the Good News of peace and good will we should not expect the literal practice of the Master's counsels. We believe that many saints will appear among them who, like St. Francis of Assisi, or Spinoza, or Ramakrishna, will live lives of complete devotion and charity; but we know our own selves too well to expect such of any man; we must presume that they will brook no restraint upon their courteous inculcation of the Christian code, and that if liberty of teaching should require it, they will leave the costly pulpit and preach the Christ along the highways and in the byways of men. We trust that a strengthened church, in its turn, will honor the freedom of the mind in science and print and in the life of the citizen; that the good and the beautiful may shine out in sages, rebels and poets as well as in prophets and saints. And we hope that it will continue to add to the glories of the Bible a second Bible, recording the finest thoughts and actions of every race of men, so that every race may be able to find in this new old fair life heroes and its ideals.

Such a church would allow each man to choose or to define his deity according to his nature and development. The philosopher will not be offended by the natural anthropomorphism of the simple soul, and will guard his lips against any skeptic word so long as his faith does not degenerate into obscurantism or intolerance.

But we shall ask the church, by the same grace, to protect the philosopher who believes not less but more, and, with senses sharpened to divinity, sees God in the order and beauty of the stars, in every form of growing life, in every act of kindness or nobility, and in every creative effort of the human mind.

Ever since Copernicus, Western man has been struggling to reconceive deity in terms worthy of the universe that Copernicus revealed. It is an epochal task, laid upon man only every two or three thousand years; in the light of its burden the many underlings who give the disorder of the modern soul. Generations must pass before the transition will be complete, before man will live again, as in the thirteenth century, on some steady level of conduct and belief.

VIII. All Men are Brothers

WE KNOW how much our pride and prejudices, our fearful habits and unwilling ignorance obstruct the fulfillment of this dream; we do not expect this second coming of Christ to take place on our awakening. But already the fulfillment has in hopeful measure begun. There are in America and Europe hundreds and thousands of clergy who are ready for the Christianity of Christ, thousands who have gone to prison to death, because they would not give up Christ for Marx. It is we, the laity, who hold them back, who fretfully insist upon our own versions and understandings, who hesitate to sit in the same pew with one whose beliefs differ from our own. It is we who are responsible if those who would welcome Christ are no longer reached by the church; we who are to blame if the bitter factions among the laity drive each other away from Christianity to the unhappy worship of wealth, or power, or the state. Because of us, Christianity is torn and weak at the very moment when it is challenged to fight for its life against the god of death.

We must give courage to our leaders to lead us, to re-create for us a Christianity that would be intelligible to Christ.

Let us lift up to them, as modestly as the bold words will permit, the most Christian of all hymns, which the most inspired of all poets addressed to the most Christian of all men:

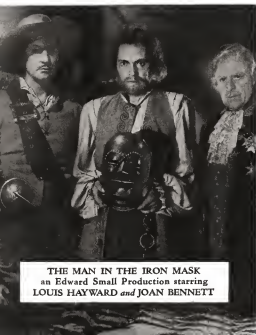
*I spirit to yours, dear brother . . .
I myself with joy, O my comrade, to salute you, and to salute those who are with you, before and since—and those to come also,
That, with me, you, transmitting the same charge and succession;
We few, indifferent of lauds, indifferent of times,
We enclosers of all continents, all coast—
all lovers of all theologies,
Compassionate, perceivers, rapport of men.
We walk silent among disputes and assertions, but reject not the disputers, nor anything that is asserted;
We hear the bending and din—we are reached at by divisions, jealousies, recriminations on every side;
They close peremptorily upon us, to surround us, my comrade,
Yet we walk unaided, free, the whole earth o'er, journeying up and down, till we make our ineffaceable mark upon time and the diverse eras,
Till we saturate time and eras, that the men and women of races, ages to come may prove brothers and lovers, as we are.*

The Mystery of THE INVISIBLE FACE



66 **T**

HE wife got me to the movie, fagged as I was from the rush all day, changing people's oil, but I



THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK
an Edward Small Production starring
LOUIS HAYWARD and JOAN BENNETT



never dozed at this one. It's supposed to be true. Twins get born that couldn't *both* grow up to be the King of France, so one poor lad daren't ever show his face—he gets sealed up for life in a tight iron mask. Whew!

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Perhaps you know him—the United Motors man in your neighborhood. If you don't, you'll find that it will pay you to get acquainted. Although he is a part of nationwide United Motors Service, he is a local, independent merchant—your friend and neighbor. For a complete performance check-up, or anything else that has to do with the efficient operation of any of the special units in your car, give him an opportunity to show you what he can do.



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Look for this sign . . .

It's right nearby



REHEARSAL FOR A FIASCO

(Continued from Page 13)

suggested that the British ambassador communicate with the President.

It took Sir Ronald two days to recover from the shock of this conversation. I don't know that Secretary Hull ever did.

The substance of the MacDonald letter and message was that the British Government did not consider itself in a position to meet the June-fifteenth payment. Yet at all costs—short of payment, presumably—it hoped to avoid an actual default. Default would cause hostility in both countries. Couldn't a request be made to Congress for general powers to deal with the debt situation, pending negotiations for a final settlement? Had President Roosevelt abandoned hope of getting powers to handle the June-fifteenth matter?

The implication was that Roosevelt had once entertained and expressed this hope.

Now, stories to the same effect had appeared in several newspapers. But if they were justified any more than was the inference in the MacDonald communications, I had not known of it. When brought face to face with the issue, Roosevelt announced to me that he had done no more than tell MacDonald that no doubt the two of them would hit upon "some way of meeting" the June-fifteenth situation. It was, he added with a shrug of the shoulders, obviously out of the question to get Congress to give him general powers.

So there we were. Hull took the position that if something agreeable to the British could not be worked out on the June-fifteenth matter, failure would threaten the Economic Conference itself. He held that Roosevelt ought to be actively sympathetic and ought to "save" the British and the conference. It was with almost ominous aloofness that he watched Roosevelt's reply being drafted.

That reply conveyed the cheerless news: Mr. Roosevelt was determined not to let any aspect of the debt question get mixed up with the issues before the Economic Conference; Mr. Roosevelt held to his policy of free debt discussion whenever the director governments desired; and, specifically, if the British Government didn't feel it was able to pay the entire amount due on June fifteenth, could it not pay a part of what it owed at that time?

The Fading Rainbow

The reaction to the overoptimism of late April and early May was now in full swing. But before a week was out, Secretary Hull's faith in international co-operation and his belief in Roosevelt's enthusiasm for international action were to undergo an even more merciless pummeling.

First there was the news that a reciprocal-tariff-treaty bill, on which Hull had set his heart, would not be sent to Congress by the President. F. D. R. had been informed by the leaders that it could not be got through. He had decided to accept their judgment. That decision came as a stunning blow to Hull.

Then there was the news of the European and American reaction to an "appeal to the nations" Roosevelt had dispatched on May sixteenth, in the hope of saving the disarmament conference from complete breakdown.

There is a story behind that spectacular gesture that calls for a little explaining.

The disarmament conference at Geneva was near collapse on May twelfth, when Hitler summoned the Reichstag for the seventeenth, to address it on disarmament and German foreign policy generally. In Paris, London and Geneva, the worst was feared. The Hitler speech, if intransigent, would be the disarmament conference's *coup de grace*. It was felt that with a strong statement by the United States could lead Hitler to take a conciliatory position, and thus prevent an irreconcilable breach.

Hitler Wasn't Scared

These sentiments, conveyed to Norman Davis by a half dozen anxious European officials, came hurtling over the cables to Roosevelt and Hull. Billy Phillips, Louie Howe and Bill Bullitt were summoned. (I happened to be out of Washington that week end.) Together, the five men decided to draft the kind of statement that might do the trick. In the form of a message to the heads of fifty-four governments, it urged the reduction and ultimate elimination of offensive weapons, advocated adherence to the MacDonald disarmament plan then before the conference, and proposed that all nations enter into "a solemn and definite [one of F. D. R.'s favorite words] pact of nonaggression." This document was drawn to me on Monday morning, May fifteenth. I was asked to go over it and pretty up the language. "Put the old organ roll into it" were, as I remember them, the exact words. And I was asked to draft the message that would prove to be a master stroke. It would frighten Hitler.

Actually, it did nothing of the kind. Hitler's speech was not truculent, but it certainly left no doubt of his position. The French were vocal in their disappointment; they had hoped for a message practically guaranteeing that we would help maintain the system of "security" they had been erecting in Europe since 1919. The English made no bones about their cautious attitude toward a nonaggression pact that might interfere with their "police work" on their African and Asian frontiers. A low roar went up from the isolationists in the Senate.

On May thirtieth, the disarmament conference, now hopelessly deadlocked after fifteen months of getting nowhere, prepared to recess—as soon as that was an adjournment in all but name.

This series of events, illuminating the palpable self-interest of the British and French and the vehement opposition to European "entanglements" in the United States, would have crushed a man of less militant faith than Secretary Hull. But there were even more grim news in store for him.

During the visit of the experts accompanying MacDonald and Herriot, there had been talk of the possibility that the dollar would be temporarily pegged when its value in terms of pounds sterling had fallen as far as it could naturally be expected to go without actual currency inflation under the powers conferred by the Thomas Amendment. Roosevelt had by no means actually committed himself to such stabilization, but the general idea

was conveyed that stabilization was a good possibility, if not a probability, though the time and level of stabilization were left open. But by the twentieth of May the behavior of the dollar began to cause consternation. Its gyrations suggested that it might depreciate too far. The American experts advanced technical reasons to support their opinion that it wouldn't. Speculative activities were responsible for the dollar's behavior, they said.

F. D. R. suddenly took the position—in private, of course—that the dollar might sink to lows that the experts hadn't conceived of. He was in no hurry to stabilize until he was sure he was going to get the best bargain to be got. With the dollar falling as it was in the exchange markets, our stock and bond prices were leaping upward and our commodity prices soaring. New purchasing power was being created in this country, he held. This must not be stopped. This was recovery—not a dangerous speculative spree!

And in Paris and London the phenomenon of the dollar's continued tumble was the occasion for a wringing of hands. The French suggested, infamously, that no plan to implement the general policy of restoring stable exchange rates and a higher and more stable level of commodity prices—the general policy which had been agreed upon in the Washington meetings in April—could be achieved until the credit and monetary policies of France, Great Britain and the United States were made known to one another in fairly exact terms.

The British on May twenty-six expatiated on the impossibility of the conference's making any progress on monetary agreements unless it was clearly understood, beforehand, just what the United States intended to let the dollar plummet. Perhaps it might be best for representatives of England, France, and a representative, or representatives, empowered to speak for the United States to meet, apart from the conference, and agree on temporary currency stabilization, at any rate. To this official plea, MacDonald added a personal one. He sincerely hoped President Roosevelt would send representatives to this meeting and instruct them definitely as to the rate at which he'd be willing to stabilize the dollar—for the time being, at least.

The Subject to Avoid

Roosevelt acquiesced, up to a point. He agreed to send over Oliver M. W. Sprague, former adviser to the Bank of England, professor at Harvard, and special adviser to the Treasury. George L. Harrison, governor of the Federal Reserve Bank, and acting for the Federal Reserve Bank, was also to go. But the President gave no definite, written instructions. Sprague was simply told to see what he could do about negotiating some sort of arrangement designed to steady the exchanges. As for the American delegation to the Economic Conference, it was told that it was free to go ahead and lay American proposals for a revised gold standard before the conference. But it was to keep its hands out of stabilization, to shun the subject as the plague.

Now, Secretary Hull was far from being as interested in monetary problems as he was in tariff barriers. But it required no great familiarity with these problems to see how the margin of possible agreement in London was being narrowed.

For any man other than Hull whom I've ever known, this would have been the last straw. It would have been the signal for a showdown with Roosevelt. It would have provoked a brutally frank examination of the vast, yawning gulf that seemed to separate the two men's objectives. But Secretary Hull's confidence would admit no setbacks, encourage no doubts.

His customary look of infinite sadness noticeably deepened. But the words that he spoke as he set sail for London on May thirty-first did not even hint of discouragement.

Our London Delegation

So, in the two short weeks between May fifteenth and May thirty-first, had the essentially schematic nature of our so-called foreign policy emerged.

It's doubtful whether a collection of the political geniuses of all the ages could have represented us satisfactorily under these circumstances. But the odds were a million to one that the delegation Roosevelt chose could not negotiate successfully on the basis of these confused, shifting purposes.

Heading the delegation was Secretary Hull, absolutely unconcerned to the adjustments Roosevelt's domestic policies were causing.

Next in rank, as vice chairman, came former Gov. James M. Cox, of Ohio, who had been F. D. R.'s running mate on the national ticket in 1920. Jim Cox, a sophisticated newspaper publisher, was orthodox, not to say conservative, on monetary questions. His knowledge of tariff problems was admittedly not extensive, but he was a low-tariff man. In general, because of his commitments to the Wilson principles of 1920, he was more or less of an interwar man.

Then came Key Pittman, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. Key was a high-tariff man. His long study of the silver problem, as high-bullied self-protection, made him not only anxious to "do something for silver" but more sympathetic than any other member of the delegation to the increasingly unorthodox monetary views of Roosevelt.

Rep. Samuel D. McReynolds, of Tennessee, chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee of the House, was, like Secretary Hull, an ardent low-tariff man. He made no pretense to expert knowledge of monetary problems.

The two other members of the delegation weren't chosen until, almost literally, the last moment. Sen. James Couzens, of Michigan, like Pittman, a high-bullied self-protection, was persuaded by Roosevelt to serve, after all attempts to induce Hiram Johnson had failed. Johnson's distrust of the Administration's internationalist tendencies was so great that he wanted no part of this jaunt. Ralph W. Morrison, a wealthy Texan, was appointed on the recommendation of Jim Farley and Jack Garner, the day before the delegation sailed. His views on tariff and money were unknown to the President.

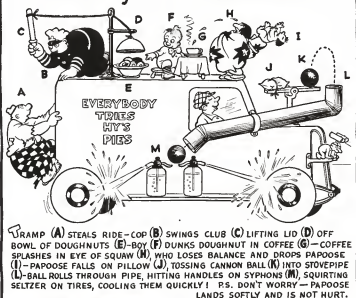
None of these six men had ever attended an international conference.

Lined up behind them was a small army of experts, advisers and clerks—Bill Bullitt, chief executive officer of the delegation; Warburg, its financial adviser; Feis, chief technical adviser; Fred Nielsen, legal adviser; Charles Michelson and Elliott Thurston, press officers of the delegation, and some forty others.

I shall never forget the last meeting of the President with most of the

(Continued on Page 41)

Rube Goldberg's TIRE Invention No. 3729



BUT HERE'S
A PRACTICAL
invention!

It was the biggest load we ever heard of—101 tons! Altogether, including truck and trailer, 135 tons of dead weight ready to break the backs of the tires. You need more than a Rube Goldberg invention to keep tires cool on a job like this. But they didn't have any trouble. Moving a gigantic transformer is just part of the day's work for this operator of 215 trucks.

We hear plenty of such stories of extra-heavy loads, of tire-burning speed runs. And the reports show that on many of the toughest hauls on record, where tires had been blowing out prematurely, Goodrich Silvertowns ran two and even three times longer than the best rubber used before!

GET EXTRA MILEAGE

Yes... there's plenty of proof that the amazing cord invention built into these new Goodrich Silvertowns holds heat in check. Licks 4 out of every 5 premature failures! Adds thousands of miles to the life of the tires!

If your trucks carry heavy loads or high-ball over the highways, you'll be surprised at the huge year-round savings of these cooler-running tires. But maybe yours is just an average operation. Then remember: during hot weather "blow-out" heat builds up faster than ever in truck tires. You need Goodrich Silvertowns—right now!

TIRES RUN COOLER

And why does these tires run cool? Because of Hi-Flex Cord, a new type, compact cord which is stronger and more elastic. It retains its strength and its elasticity throughout the life of the tire. Because it is more compact, it is possible to build

See How Revolutionary
New Goodrich
Truck Tire Protects You
Against Hot-Weather
Blow-Outs

a less bulky tire—a cooler-running tire.

Ask the Goodrich dealer to show you the remarkable demonstration of Hi-Flex Cord. He will be glad to give you, also, a dollar-and-cent estimate of how much Goodrich Silvertowns will save you... There's no extra cost for Hi-Flex Cord and the other features of Triple Protection.

READ WHAT TRUCKERS SAY

VIRGINIA—"Our truck tire costs have been reduced at least 50%. We attribute this fact to the construction of your tire, which seems to resist heat."

MISSOURI—"I put 10 Goodrich Silvertowns on one of my rigs. The four I put on the drive wheels were taken off at 47,452 miles and put on the trailer and are still in good condition."

ALABAMA—"...This set of tires ran us between 70,000 and 80,000 miles. We attribute the extra-long mileage to your new type cord which permits the tires to run cool. We were making 10,000 to 15,000 pounds!"

(names on request)

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WITH
HI-FLEX
CORD

Goodrich Triple
Protected
Silvertowns

SPECIFY THESE NEW SILVERTOWN TIRES FOR TRUCKS AND BUSES



You're looking at the No. 1 transportation of the world

DO you know that the American railroads can haul, speedily and efficiently, more than a billion tons of freight a year—more than 30 tons for every family in the United States?

Do you know that the railroads handle more than eight times the tonnage handled by any other common carrier serving the nation?

Do you know that the railroads do this job at an average charge of about 1 cent for hauling a ton a mile? And that this is far less than the average charge made by any other carrier providing general transportation service?

Do you know that the average capacity of a freight car is more than 48 tons—and that many locomotives are able to pull, in a single train, a load of 5,000 tons?

These are facts—and they are made possible because the railroads have the real super-highways of today and tomorrow, built and maintained by private enterprise.

That is why the American railroads provide the most modern transportation in the world—mass transportation by means of a single power unit pulling a long train of cars—over a steel "highway" used for no other purpose but mass transportation.

And that's the only kind of transportation which makes possible our modern world of mass production and mass distribution of the things which the American people need and enjoy.

While railroads have been doing our hauling since oxcart days, they have kept pace with the times by constantly improving and moderniz-

ing their track and equipment. The billions of dollars invested in improved facilities have been railroad dollars—not tax dollars. For railroads build their own tracks, maintain them, and pay taxes on them.

When you look at the record of the railroads and the job they are doing, you can see why government transportation policy should give all carriers equal treatment and an equal opportunity to earn a living.

ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS

WASHINGTON, D. C.

A FAIR FIELD.
NO GOVERNMENT FAVOR.
IN TRANSPORTATION

SEE AMERICA
from coast to coast and
border to border, on one
"GRAND CIRCLE" RAIL TICKET
\$90 in coaches—\$155 in Pullmans (double berth) or 2
passengers in a lower berth. Start from your home town—
visit both the New York and the San Francisco World's Fairs—and return. Your own
choice of routes; stopovers anywhere!
Get the full facts from your ticket agent about the greatest travel
bargain in the history!

(Continued from Page 39)

members of the delegation. The meeting was held for the purpose of handing them their instructions. These "instructions" consisted of resolutions to be offered by the delegation at the conference, together with some explanatory material. After they had been read, a desultory discussion took place. Baruch and I were there. There were attempts to provoke some discussion of what the policy with reference to tariffs and stabilization should be. Hull said practically nothing. The keen-minded Baruch, realizing that the President himself had not made clear what his views were, interposed a few leading remarks. But the illumination thus touched off was instantly blurred over by foggy generality. I tried to do what Baruch failed to do, and likewise failed.

Transatlantic Errand Boys

Many of those present thought they knew the President's mind. They didn't. Others, who had qualms, resolutely pushed them aside. I felt almost physically ill as we left the President's office. Baruch's apprehensions and mine checked to the last detail. And yet there was nothing for us to do except hope. A very inchoate die, a very shadowy die had been cast. But it was a die, and it had been cast.

Before Hull and the delegation left, F. D. R., sensing, perhaps for the first time, the disparity between the Hull philosophy and his own domestic policies, arranged with Hull for a series of liaison meetings to carry verbal reports between the United States and London. Warren Delano Robbins would be the first of these liaison officers. I might be the second man, leaving for London as soon as Congress adjourned and the delegation returned. A third man would follow, and then as many, in turn, as the duration of the conference called for.

In short, it was understood, as I bade Hull goodspeed on the deck of the liner that was taking him to London, that I might possibly see him there.

I returned from the dock in New York to a Washington as tumultuous as it had been at any moment since the bank crisis. Congress was in revolt over the veterans' payments. The NIRA bill was evoking shouts of "Dictator." Prices were shooting upward to alarming heights. And the negotiations over the debts, now that there were only fifteen days left, began in earnest.

Sir Ronald Lindsay now began to document the thesis that Britain deserved some sympathy from us. They had never once failed to make their payments. The total they had paid, to date, was \$1,447,270,000, whereas the French, who originally had owed us almost as much as the British, had paid only \$290,000,000. Furthermore, Sir Ronald argued, a very considerable debt was owed them by European nations. How could they forgive their debts if we were unwilling to forgive ours? And finally, his face red with distress, Sir Ronald repeated that payment would be "difficult—very, very difficult." We must understand that British pride was involved, and yet, British pride or no British pride, he had to make this admission.

I reminded Sir Ronald that Congress, in December, 1931, had declared that it was to be "against the policy of Congress that any of the indebtedness of foreign countries to the United States should be in any manner canceled or reduced." This clear-cut pro-

hibition still rested upon the President. He could not seek power to postpone payments without a tremendous uproar in an already rebellious Congress. The British countered with the offer of a "token" payment of \$5,000,000. We said "No." In the first place, the word "token" in the United States conveyed a wholly different idea than it did in England; "token," to us, meant a small worthless coin. Second, payment of \$5,000,000 looked a good deal like a token as a token was known in the United States; it was absurdly small.

The British came through with the offer of a \$10,000,000 payment. This was to constitute "an acknowledgment of the debt pending a final settlement," their note said. We replied, for the record, our lingering skepticism about the British inability to pay in full. But we accepted the offer. The way was now open to an amicable adjustment of the whole matter—an adjustment which need not be achieved. Concurrently, there were more or less graceful exchanges with our other debtors. Of these, the negotiations with the French were the most unpleasant. Since January, 1931, French had been hinting that if some "new fact" could be conjured up on the basis of which they could save their face after their default of December, the existing government might get something through the French parliament. Shortly after the conversations with Leith-Ross on "The Bunny," Warburg and Bullitt were permitted to convey to the French representatives, informally and confidentially, the "new fact" known as "The Bunny." The French assured the two that this idea would be held in the strictest confidence by the French government. A few days later a story appeared in the French newspaper containing the words of "The Bunny" to indicate that this was a deliberate plant, perhaps intended to test French opinion, but certainly embarrassing to us. Warburg and Bullitt were instructed to inform M. Henry, counselor of embassy, and the new ambassador, M. de Lablaye, that this sort of thing made decent negotiation impossible.

The French presently sent us a note stating that they'd hoped that a new "arrangement" of the wardebts might be concluded, expressing disappointment that their hope had not been realized, and announcing that therefore the French Government was "obliged to defer payment of the sum due June fifteenth." It added the droll touch that France by no means intended "to break unilaterally engagements entered into." Whatever this meant remains a mystery to this day.

In Ohioese

Our reply merely noted that the French Government "has failed to meet in whole or in part the installment due on existing debt agreements." This official reply I had the pleasure of supplementing in a private conversation with Laboulaye. With the aid of a vocabulary acquired during my boyhood in Ohio, I described exactly what Americans thought about the conduct of the French Government. It neither confessed inability

to pay nor offered payment of even a small amount on account, which seemed to us completely faithless. At last we had begun to understand the attitude of Hoover and Stimson toward the French and to admit to ourselves that they may have had the right idea, after all.

There was reference, by some of the representatives of our debtors, to the transfer problem. Since debtor nations must convert into our currency the payments owed us, it was argued, and since payment of any substantial part of the debts in gold was impossible, and since we were unwilling to accept the surplus goods and services of our debtors, in repayment of their loans, by reducing our own exports and increasing our imports, we had placed insuperable difficulties in the way of payment. The facts were, of course, that the nationals of a number of our debtors had balances and owned property in this country, which could have been used, within limits, in making the transfer, had their nations been determined to keep up their payments. And the further facts were, as subsequent events have shown, that the objections to the transfer of gold which have been made at that time were not entirely valid. In June, 1933, we had about 30 per cent of the world's monetary gold supply. We now have 60 per cent.

Most of the nations stated inability to pay. We accepted those statements after some futile effort to break them down.

The notes that flew between us and our debtors in the first fifteen days of June—and there were literally scores of them—would not have made pretty reading for those who were so sure that an era of good faith and good will in international relations awaited only a little co-operation by the United States. Only the British and the Finnish seemed to feel that simple honesty was an element in good will. The British went through the motions of earnest negotiation, Finland actually paid.

Later on, in July, still hoping against hope that we might induce our debt-

ors to take something out of their armament appropriations to pay part of what they owed us, F. D. R. decided to ask Finland to come first to discuss a possible adjustment of the debt. He felt that the popularity of Finland with the American people would assure a favorable reception in Congress of a proposal offering Finland a substantial reduction. That might enable us to follow up such a reduction to Finland with considerable debt sealings to other countries. Much to our surprise, Finland notified us that she had no desire to carry on negotiations with regard to a readjustment of her debt. She was content to pay in full. This amazing news polished off the scheme.

We consoled ourselves with the knowledge that we'd bought some rather fine insurance against further involvement in European wars.

"The Funeral Ship"

Meanwhile, the news from our delegation and our separate stabilization representatives was, from the first, alarming.

The delegation was no sooner on shipboard than it began to wobble. On Saturday, June third, talking to the newspapermen, Secretary Hull expressed the hope that discussion of tariffs would be given priority over other matters at the conference. When Pittman was questioned about this by the reporters, he attempted—successfully—to get them to play down the statement. He feared that our delegation might get too far out in front on tariff reduction and run the risk of presidential rebuke.

This deeply disturbed Hull. The other delegates began to take sides. The group made only the feeblest efforts to conceal the state of affairs from the newspapermen who swarmed over the ship. The reporters were soon speaking of it to each other as "The Funeral Ship."

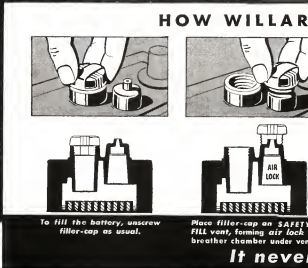
The delegation arrived in London late on Thursday, June eighth. By Saturday, the disagreement within the delegation attained ominous proportions. The conference was to be organized into two large groups—the one to be called the Commission on Economic Affairs—which included tariffs—and the other to be called the Commission on Monetary and Financial Affairs. Our delegation had been given to understand that it would get the chairmanship of one of the two. Hull was for taking the chairmanship of the Economic Commission—though he himself didn't want the post. There was strong opposition. It was reinforced by the arrival of Cox, who, after his crossing with Harrison, Sprague and Warburg, reached London late on June ninth determined to get the chairmanship of the Monetary Commission. The opposition to Hull became overwhelming when the news reached the delegation that F. D. R., in Washington, had formally announced what had privately been made known to Hull days before—that he wasn't going to ask Congress for tariff-bargaining powers.

Even those delegates who sympathized with Hull's

(Continued on Page 44)



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STOPS
DANGEROUS
CORROSION

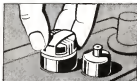
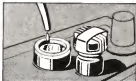
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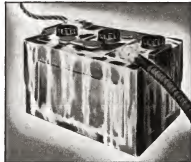
This

When ordinary batteries are over-filled the excess electrolyte surges out through the vents in the filler caps. When blown onto the wiring, exposed metal or fabric parts of the car, this acid spray causes serious and expensive damage and corrosion. Willard **Safety-Fill** protects you against this!



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If this acid remains on top of the battery it produces corroded cables and terminals... and eats away the battery cradle... resulting in substantial power losses, unexpected starting failures and added expense. Willard **Safety-Fill** protects you against this!



This

Service men are virtually blindfolded when filling batteries so located that the level of the solution in each cell cannot be seen. And it takes only one over-filling to do untold damage. Willard's **Safety-Fill** can't be over-filled—it's automatic—it's foolproof.



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COLD CUTS!



In fact, mere Best Foods Mustard-with-Horseradish where you formerly used ordinary mustard. See how much more zip it has! Inexpensive, too! Good food stores everywhere now carry this exciting new kind of mustard.



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**DELICIOUS
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Smart hostesses are serving this real French Dressing made with "Fresh-Press" Salad Oil. It tastes fresher than home-made!

**HELLMANN'S
IN THE EAST
BEST FOODS
IN THE WEST**



(Continued from Page 41)

point of view backed away. Hull stood alone.

It made matters more complicated, Sir Maurice Hankey, the famous secretary of the British cabinet—particularly famous for his self-effacement and anonymity, which has always seemed to me a delightful paradox—had informed Bill Bullitt that the French and the British had decided that the chairmen of the two big commissions ought to be the delegates of two minor powers.

Bullitt objected so vociferously to Hankey's announcement that the British indicated they would revert to the original plan of giving one chairman to the United States. But by this time Secretary Hull, dependent on the "desertions" within the delegation, announced that perhaps, after all, it would be better to let the chairmanships go to minor powers.

Fueled a heated argument on Sunday afternoon, June eleventh, at a meeting in the Secretary's rooms at Claridge's. It seems to have been a brutal verbal free-for-all, with no holds barred. It ended in no decision.

Fueled reports leaked out to the press. The Secretary, it was rumored, had talked of ending his resignation to Washington.

A cable from Bullitt was rushed over the wires to the President: "The President must reassure the Secretary, tell him of his confidence in him. A soothing, encouraging message was prepared. Its receipt in London on Monday morning, the twelfth, seemed to mollify the Secretary. At any rate, he let the delegation go ahead and insist upon getting the monetary chairmanship.

By evening the Secretary had a new cause for concern.

The President's Blue Pencil

En route to Europe, he had written his opening speech for the conference. The speech was a passionate denunciation of economic nationalism, which was decreed as frenzied, delusive and suicidal. High tariffs, quotas, embargoes, exchange restrictions and depreciated currencies were causing "hundreds of millions of people" to starve. Now the whole world was looking to the conference to proclaim that economic nationalism was "a discredited position."

This address the Secretary was scheduled to deliver before the conference on its second day, Tuesday, June thirteenth. The draft had been cabled to the President for "any suggestions he might care to make, on June tenth. But the President was knee-deep in the business of trying to get Congress to adjourn. He did not get to the Hull draft until Sunday, the eleventh.

F. D. R.'s "suggestions" were sweeping. They included a general recommendation that the speech be abridged; a series of injunctions that particular paragraphs, sentences and phrases be "toned down"; and the order that at least one passage be recast, because it was at variance with the President's campaign speeches. Added up, they thundered "Danger! Go Slow."

It was Monday evening, London time, before they burst upon the Secretary. He was too distressed to make the corrections in his speech that night. It was Tuesday morning before he could bring himself to the task. But the delay had made it impossible for the press releases to be prepared before the scheduled hour. Fifteen minutes before the Secretary was to make his

speech, MacDonald was notified that he would not speak until Wednesday.

The tenor of the speech, as finally delivered on Wednesday, was the result of that worse was still to come. For while the Secretary had religiously embodied each specific suggestion F. D. R. had made, he had entirely overlooked the broad implications of the President's cable. The speech remained a vehement attack on "bootstrap methods" of recovery. Obstacles had evidently only increased the Secretary's ardor.

And now, on Thursday, June fifteenth, another focus of misunderstanding in London began to light up dangerously. Sprague, Harrison and Warburg had begun temporary stabilization talks with Montagu Norman, of the Bank of England, and Clément Moret, of the Bank of France. Unquestionably at the behest of the British and French Governments, Norman and Moret, particularly Moret, had resorted to irritating tactics. What had been a plea for temporary stabilization on May twenty-sixth had become a peremptory demand for immediate and definite stabilization on June tenth.

Sprague, Harrison and Warburg—who had received special permission from F. D. R. to participate in these talks—finally made it clear that this was impossible. But I suspect that when the conversations began to turn on specific methods of steadying exchange and on specific rates, they allowed themselves to appear too eager. What was required was a good show of indifference and independence to force Norman and Moret into reasonable positions.

As the conversations went on, during the twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth, rumors flew through the exchanges of the world. On the twelfth, for instance, when the pound went to \$4.18, the reports were that the British and French proposed to stabilize at \$3.50. The dollar alternately swooped and soared. So did stock and commodity prices. On the thirteenth the dollar began to go up. The sterling rate was \$4.02. Stocks fell. There were rumors that stabilization at \$4.05 had been agreed upon. There were other rumors that the figure was \$4.00. Governor Cox was quoted as confirming the \$4.05 figure. He later denied having said any such thing.

In Washington, the rumor that our money had even been considered such a proposal galvanized us into action. F. D. R. at once called them that, while he felt sure the "wild" reports were sweeping, he must remind them that any stabilization proposal must be submitted to the President. Woodin. This cable was followed within the hour by a demand from Woodin for a full account of the negotiations thus far.

The replies from our stabilization negotiators came with some fears. Harrison, Sprague and Warburg had evolved a plan of co-operation between the Federal Reserve Bank of New York and the Bank of England to maintain exchange rates within a spread of 3 per cent vis-à-vis the gold franc. This meant a dollar-pound ratio of about \$4.00. Further, the plan provided that the Bank of England and the New York Federal Reserve Bank would each lend up to \$50,000,000 gold dollars to maintain the \$4.00 middle rate. There followed a strong implication that the Treasury was to guarantee the New York Federal Reserve Bank against this round-trip loan.

A council of war was summoned to the White House. Present were Will Woodin, Dean Acheson, who'd been

appointed Under Secretary of the Treasury on May third, and myself. It was decided that, while agreement on the \$4.00 middle rate would have seemed like a good trade in late April, in mid-June it was preposterous; \$4.20 would have been nearer the mark.

As I understood it, our position was that such an agreement on the \$4.00 middle rate would have seemed like a good trade in late April, in mid-June it was preposterous; \$4.20 would have been nearer the mark. As I understood it, our position was that such an agreement on the \$4.00 middle rate would have seemed like a good trade in late April, in mid-June it was preposterous; \$4.20 would have been nearer the mark. As I understood it, our position was that such an agreement on the \$4.00 middle rate would have seemed like a good trade in late April, in mid-June it was preposterous; \$4.20 would have been nearer the mark.

But that did not mean falling for the extreme demands of the French and British. It was a bluff to be taught to counter bluff with bluff.

A Jolt for the Stabilizers

That, as I saw it, was what was in F. D. R.'s mind as we worked over the reply. The proposal our negotiators sent was turned down. The President wasn't interested in stabilization at \$4.00—"at present approximate levels," he put it. And heartily wasn't interested in binding the dollar rigidly to the pound; he would not approve "close" stabilization with such small leeway as they were suggesting.

Norman and Moret, who had agreed to jolt the French and the English into the realization that we could be as tough in driving a bargain as they. He wasn't at all sure, F. D. R. said, that there was any need for such an agreement based on mutual action. For his part, he would not like to go beyond an informal statement that if the pound should go to \$4.25, say, the United States might consider some sort of unilateral action to keep the dollar from falling lower.

The reply completed, F. D. R. turned to me. I could see how things were, he remarked. One wouldn't think it possible that Harrison, Sprague, Cox and Warburg could fail to catch on to this cable on stabilization. Yet, who knew? Nobody who represented us seemed to get his drift. Obviously, it seemed that I ought to go to London. I could sail the following Wednesday.

In his press conference that morning, in response to a question, Roosevelt had said, off the record, that "from the very start, I've been saying, 'Go to London to go over sometime' (italics mine) for a week or two. He had not been more definite than this, in talking of my going, until late afternoon of the sixteenth.

We talked at great length during the evening of the sixteenth, as F. D. R. made ready to leave for a cruise on the schooner Amberjack. The trip to London promised to be a nasty chore, I said. I was reluctant to go. I suggested that we leave it this way; things might run more smoothly in London after these first few dreadful days, and, if so, it might not be necessary for me to go, if, however, the response out of London didn't improve, I would go.

Meanwhile, in the event that I should go, who would stay in Washington to keep F. D. R. informed of what was happening? Woodin was not well, and would not be coming. Nor New York for medical care. What of Bernie Baruch? He'd been originally slated

(Continued on Page 46)

For years
thought
you had
to be
that way



A few years ago men blushed at MUM

Even men with steel wool on their chests now accept the idea of using Mum. Mum is no longer thought of by males as being "for ladies only."

When I first started to preach Mum to the men of America, many men recoiled. They didn't want to be neat clean and careful. They wanted women to be that nice, but they thought men should stay wild and wooly and aromatic.

We men have always taken our refinements the hard way. As kids, we bucked at shoes, at neck-washing, at white collars, at baths, at haircuts, at clean fingernails, at toothbrushing.

But American men have now seen the absurdity of a double standard for men and women in this matter of perspiration odor. Today a man who is shiftless about it is rightly considered a black sheep. Thousands and thousands of thoroughly masculine buggers now have the fine daily habit of following their bath with dabs of Mum under each arm, and using it again before evening out. (Many also apply touches to the feet to keep loose and shoe linings fresh.)

Mum is a pleasant, fragrant cream, soothing to the skin (and harmless to clothes) which definitely veers perspiration odor for many hours without stopping perspiration itself.



If you are too bashful or too skeptical to walk into a store now and plunk down the price of a regular jar of Mum, start off today by sending your name on the margin of this page for a free sample, to Bristol-Myers Company, Inc., Dept. F189, 650-A Fifth Ave., New York City.



(Continued from Page 44)

by F. D. R. for the chairmanship of the delegation, before it was known that he wanted to go. I certainly deserved this recognition not only for his services to the party and to F. D. R.'s candidacy, but because of his great ability. Why not ask Bernie to "sit in" for me as his Washington adviser on the conference, if I did go?

Roosevelt was delighted. "As a matter of fact," he said, "I not only had Bernie in mind for that job myself, but I've already spoken to him about it. He's willing. So you can go ahead with it."

There was one other point. I mentioned the fact that F. D. R. was indebted to Herbert Swope in much the same way that he was to Bernie, so I thought it would make him happy if F. D. R. asked him to accompany me, should I go. I believed Swope, an experienced student of public affairs, could be of real assistance. Could that be managed?

I'd spoken of this during the afternoon to Louie Howe, who announced that he was "dead against" giving Swope such an assignment. When asked why he objected to Herbert, Louie just spluttered something incoherent about not liking Swope. F. D. R. smiled indulgently when told of Louie's objection. He knew all about Louie's feelings, he said. "But I like him, so let's forget about it," he added. "We'll send him word right now."

Thus preparations were concluded for my possible going—either if the news from London got better, or otherwise.

The news not only got no better but got a good deal worse.

By Monday morning, I was certain that F. D. R. would insist upon my going to London. I began to make ready to leave, although my activities were still pretty gawky. Bernie Baruch and Swope were with me at all my office hours of the day. I stayed on in the evening, clearing my desk.

Matching Hunches

At about nine o'clock I had a telephone call. It was from McIntyre and Jimmy Byrnes. Their conversation was not completely clear, but it bore on the fact that they had been talking together and decided that it would be unwise for me to go. I told them that I was sure they were right. I suggested that they join me at my hotel a little later.

Then I left the office, went to the hotel and, before going to my own rooms, stopped in at Hugh Johnson's. I want to ask you one simple question. I told Hugh, "As best as the NRA, what is your feeling about a possible agreement to stabilize?"

"All right," said Hugh, "here's my answer: An agreement to stabilize now in the lines your boy Frankie in London are suggesting would bust to hell and go the prices we're sweating to raise. Please get me. I'm for a return to gold at the earliest possible moment. But that moment isn't now."

A little while later McIntyre and Byrnes arrived at my rooms. Very seriously, now, they announced that I oughtn't to leave Washington. With the President, several Cabinet officers and most of the influential presserati away, I ought to stay and carry on as I had in the past. Besides, look at the confusion into which the London party had fallen! I could only injure myself by plunging into it. Then they asked me, "What did you mix up with? I had everything to lose and nothing to gain by going. Why didn't I persuade F. D. R. to send somebody else?"

I told them that their doubts coincided with my own. I only wished I could get out of going. In fact, I'd put the question to the President, in person, if he'd consent.

So, at once, I sent an inquiry to F. D. R., asking him if he would see me. Word came back that I should come ahead—proceeding to Nantuxet by Navy plane and there hoarding a destroyer which would take me to the Amherjæk. At three a.m. Tuesday, I left Washington. At ten a.m., off, Pollock Light, I greeted F. D. R. on the Amherjæk.

All the combined misgivings of Byrnes, McIntyre and myself I described to him as I sat beside him on the Amherjæk that sunny June morning. I asked to be excused from going. F. D. R. laughed at my fears.

I was matching hunches here. The politician whom I regarded as having super-hunches was overruling McIntyre, Byrnes and me. I yielded.

Then I reminded him that he had not yet answered a message that Sprague, Warburg and Cox had sent on Sunday, which indicated that they were somewhat chastened by his cable of June 25. I still urged him to decide that he endorse their proposed stabilization arrangement in principle. He reached for a pencil and a small scratch pad and wrote out a cable. Far from consenting to endorse the principles the three men recommended, he stood on his judgment that the importance of a hard-and-fast mutual agreement on stabilization was being vastly exaggerated, our relations in a general way, to insist that the broad work of the conference was to proceed without waiting on a temporary stabilization agreement.

In conversation, then, Roosevelt endorsed this idea. The ray was still open for some sort of agreement to calm the gold-standard countries and "steady" the dollar, if that could be contrived without the shipment of gold from this country and without curtailing the magnificent advance of American prices which had followed our departure from gold in April.

I answered that there were those who believed that some part of the advance in prices was purely speculative. I myself was apprehensive about the rapidity of the rise. I felt that action could and should be taken which would temporarily slacken it. But I also felt, with him, that the sort of agreement which Cox, Sprague and Warburg would cause a chaotic decline. If we were ingenious, there was scope for action that would permit our country to proceed but, at the same time, check speculative excesses. Did that represent his beliefs? It did, he answered.

And then he added the significant word: "You know, if nothing else can be worked out, I'd even consider stabilizing at a middle point of \$4.15, with a high and low of \$4.25 and \$4.05. I'm not crazy about it, but I think I'd go that far."

This didn't surprise me at the moment. It became inexplicable only in the light of what happened eleven days later.

I took out of my pocket, at that point, a brief memorandum Swope had prepared the afternoon before and in which I concurred. It was, I explained, background material on stabilization. The President might find it helpful in replying to any inquiries for a rigid and arbitrary stabilization.

F. D. R. took the memorandum. The whole transaction was over in a minute. I no more dreamed of its ironical

consequences than De Maupassant's villager foresaw the consequences of picking up the piece of string.

Then, looking out over the sea, F. D. R. said: "The essential thing is that you impress on the delegation and the others that my primary international objective is to raise the world price level. Then they'll see that our American recovery program is doing to raise prices, relieve debtors and increase purchasing power. If the other nations will go along and work in our direction, as they said they would when they were in Washington, then we can co-operate. If they won't, then there's nothing to co-operate about. We can't be limited by their timidity. You know what Lippmann said a few days ago—something about international co-operation being a fine idea if it was co-operation in positive, forward measures, but not if it was only to accomplish a negative stability."

Liaison Officer

I replied that Lippmann was now in London. So was John Maynard Keynes, whose 1930 views, I knew, had greatly influenced the President that month. Did F. D. R. think it would be well for me to consult with them as soon as I got to London and perhaps put them in touch with Sprague and Warburg? That might be a good way of educating our people about his monetary objectives. He agreed.

Then I said that I'd like to have my status made clear. I asked that F. D. R. get out of me a statement to the effect describing it but release it to the press.

F. D. R. took up his pencil again and wrote out the following:

Asst. Secretary Moley is sailing tomorrow for London at the request of the President. He will act in a sense as a messenger or liaison officer on this trip, giving the American delegates first-hand information of the various developments of the Conference, and conveying the President's views of the effect of these developments on the original instructions given to the delegation before they sailed.

Asst. Sec'y Moley will stay in London only about a week and will then return to give the President full information of the Conference up to that time.

The significant point is that I was to act as a "liaison officer"—not as a part of the delegation. Now, the term "liaison officer" is a technical term which means F. D. R., as one-time Assistant Secretary of the Navy, was perfectly familiar. It meant that on the mission, I was to be a messenger, not acting for him. I was entitled to communicate directly with him. I was not subject to the discipline, if any, of the delegation to which I was being sent.

So we left it. I said, then, that I regretted that circumstances had forced me to fly up. Such a sight as mine was bound to get more publicity than I enjoyed. "Oh, come now," said the President. "I've half a mind to put you on the Bernadou (the destroyer which had brought me from Nantuxet), have the Bernadou meet the Manhattan tomorrow on her way out and deposit you on the island. Then you'd know what a dose of publicity is. It would be lovely—to stop the Manhattan at sea for you."

I sailed on Wednesday, June twenty-first.

Editor's Note—Mr. Moley's next article delineates one of the most interesting untold stories of current history, the drama of the London Economic Conference, with the role, the world's leading statesmen, playing strange roles.

LOGGING FOOL

(Continued from Page 21)

Marling had gone for Bain's second tug. The Carmannah went out a few hours later. Greg guessed she was going to Powell River for telegrams and mail. She came back the second day, just too late for slack. Greg was on the signal rock watching his logs pass through when Ann Brown came out of the brush and joined him.

She said, "Hello," but after that she stood there watching the logs and saying nothing. He stole glances at her. She was wearing a skirt and sweater again. The damp air had made the curls of her brown hair tighter and smaller. Her head was covered with soft curls. There was a kind of intimacy in watching the logs together without talking. She must have had some reason for waiting up there while the Carmannah waited, but he couldn't imagine what it was. She had never made any attempt to see him before.

"Greg," she said suddenly, "why don't you go and see Hugh Bain?"

She had called him by his first name once before, but it gave him an unreasoning pleasure that she did it again.

"Why?" he asked.

"Because this can't go on. It isn't getting anybody anywhere."

"What isn't?" He knew what she meant, but he was going to make her say it in plain words.

"Your trying to block Hugh Bain."

"He's trying to stop me."

"You started it."

"Yes," he said, "I started it. I worked out a scheme for getting logs out of Shallows Arm when he said it couldn't be done. And now he's come in here to copy it and keep me from using it."

"I know it looks that way to you, Greg," she said.

"All right," Greg said. "You tell me why he's crowding me."

"Because he has a contract to cut Keith Marling's timber. He has to cut it and he has to get it out."

"How about my logs?"

"I think you could compromise with him."

Greg looked at her. He didn't know what was behind this. And when he looked at her he didn't care. It didn't matter what she was trying to put over. He wanted her. "Did he send you?"

"No," she said.

He had no doubt, looking into her eyes, that she was telling the truth.

"Then what did you come for?"

"Because I hate sitting by and seeing two loggers cut each other's throats."

"I thought you worked for Bain. I thought you were all for him."

"I am," she said. "And because I am I tried to persuade him to come to an agreement with you. I couldn't do it because you made him so mad when you kept him from going in for four days. So now I'm trying it the other way around. After all, you're young. It's easier for you to go to him than it is for him to go to you."

Greg shook his head.

"Maybe I'm a fool, Ann," he said.

"But I think you're on the square," he said.

"I don't believe I could of hooked up with Bain in the beginning. Now he thinks he's got me licked. If I went to him he'd know I thought I was licked."

"But ——" she began, and hesitated.

"He wouldn't listen. And I've got nothing to offer."

"He isn't mean," she said. "He's really very generous."

Greg laughed, because it was plain she believed what she said. "To you. Not to anybody who gets in his way."

"I wish you'd go and see him," she said.

"Why don't you come clean? You've got some reason for me seeing him."

"I feel that all this was my fault," she said slowly. "You told me, that night at the yacht club, how you were going to beat the skookum chuck, and I told Keith Marling and he bought his options the next day. I wasn't under any obligation not to tell what you told me. But just the same —"

"I was a fool to tell you."

"Yes," she said. "Only —"

"Only you wish Bain could make a profit cutting Marling's timber, and Marling could make half a million, and yet I wouldn't be on the beach?"

She nodded. "That's it," she said.

"Yes," she said. "Only —"

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ABBIE AN'S LATS

—by Raeburn Van Buren

HERE! HERE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?



MY! WAS HE MAD!



SOME TIME LATER...



INSTEAD of letting yourself in for constipation, and then trying to cure it with "quick relief," why not try to avoid it? You can, if your trouble is the ordinary kind (due to lack of "bulk" in the diet). How? By eating a crisp bulk-rich breakfast cereal—Kellogg's All-Brán. Eat it every day, drink plenty of water, and join the "Regulars" Made by Kellogg's in Battle Creek.

Sold by all grocers

Join the "Regulars" with
KELLOGG'S ALL-BRÁN

(Continued on Page 49)



“Unfair to scarecrows... that’s what it is!”

LADY: Who said that?

SCARECROW: I did. I’m going to strike. Look at your husband over there. He’s scaring away more crows than I am.

LADY: He scares me. I don’t know about the crows.

SCARECROW: Why don’t you get the guy some decent-fitting shirts? Look at his arms—dangling a mile out of those sleeves. Look at his collar—tighter’n a hangman’s noose. Lady, you oughta be ashamed!

LADY: Really I do my best! I buy him shirts that say “pre-shrunk” but you just can’t depend on them.

SCARECROW: Of course not. Any fool knows that. But have you ever insisted on the label *Sanforized-Shrunk*?

MAN: *Sanforized-Shrunk*? What’s that?

SCARECROW: *Sanforized-Shrunk*, my dear innocents, is the process that’s *patented and controlled*. In fact, it’s terrific.

The most any *Sanforized-Shrunk* fabric can shrink is a paltry little 1%, by Government Standard Test. That means that no garment labeled *Sanforized-Shrunk* can ever shrink out of fit.

MAN: Wow!

LADY: How much do they cost?

SCARECROW: Not a red cent extra. You can get *Sanforized-Shrunk* shirts and pajamas and shorts all over

town now, at popular prices. Why, most of the shirts in the stores are *Sanforized* this year, I hear.

LADY: Here’s where I go downtown, and buy George a raft of new *Sanforized* stuff, from the skin out. And that shrunk shirt goes into the ash can!

SCARECROW: Hey, what about giving it to me? With my face and his clothes, I’ll bet I can scare those danged old crows white!

Here’s something else to “crow” about—

Other things besides shirts, shorts, and pajamas now have this shrinkage protection. Look for the words *Sanforized-Shrunk* on anything made of cotton, linen, or spun rayon.



Women’s Dresses



Children’s Garments



Work Clothes, Overalls



The New Flannel Nightgowns



Work Uniforms



Pajamas, Slacks

To be sure of permanent fit...look for the words... *Sanforized-Shrunk*

(Continued from Page 47)

shallows above the skookum chuck, stretch boom sticks between, and thus prevent anyone from sluicing. Greg had planned to do that later. A booming ground would be safer and cheaper than holding a boom with a tug. But it would also be a fence, from shore to shore, against the other fellow.

"Well I sluiced once or twice," Greg said. "Then we're through."

The pile-driver crew began work the next day. Greg saw them take soundings while the battle for the skookum chuck continued. He'd expected this second tug would help, but it went out on an early slack. The Carmannah went with her. Greg felt uneasy. All this running back and forth might mean some new plan to beat him. He didn't pay much attention while Rudy shoved Bain's boom around.

"We can keep at him until his fence is built," Rudy said. "Do we sluice on that first slack tomorrow?"

"Sure," Greg said.

"It comes about daylight," Greg took his gas boat through the skookum chuck that evening to tow logs at his outer booming grounds. He passed Bain's second tug running in, and he didn't like the way the skipper looked at him from the high wheelhouse. Greg had a hunch that something was going to happen.

While he was working inside he saw the Carmannah, returning from Powell River, too late for slack. A little later the Kitimat appeared. Both were anchored in the little bay beside the rapids and would have to wait until the next day to get down the river. That was a salmon troller, close to the beach.

Greg didn't see Ann when his men ran him past the Carmannah to put him ashore. Rain fell steadily. The Kitimat was dark, but a light shone in the Carmannah's dockhouse. Greg saw the light on the beach in the drizzle. Everything seemed to be breaking against him. He didn't doubt that Bain was up to something, with all these boats and fifty running back and forth. But he was ready to settle things, and out there in the Carmannah, Ann and Marling were having a cozy time of it together. There didn't seem to be anything he could do about it.

Greg walked across to the arm in the gathering dusk and the rain, and Rudy sent a boat to pick him up.

"It'll be darker 'n the inside of a whale when that morning slack comes," Rudy said, when the Osprey started back to camp.

Greg was up at two o'clock the next morning. Rain still fell and darkness was complete. Rudy left camp with fifty thousand feet of boom, and the running logs of Bain's tug coming with a boom.

Greg was set ashore. He carried a lantern, and when he was on the rock he saw the lights of the second tug coming from Bain's camp. That tug would be without a tow. She was larger than the Osprey. She would catch her bow on Greg's boom and push the Osprey to one side. Rudy wouldn't stand for being pushed around, and the shallows with a big ebb running across, was no place to get into trouble with a tug.

The roar of the skookum chuck died. Greg kept looking at his watch and at the lights of the tug. He didn't like the way the lights acted. One tug showed first the red and then the green light. It was circling close to Rudy.

Sam Lawler joined Greg on the rock. "Pretty black," was all Sam said. "Saw a large flashlight that showed the dying swirls of the flood. Greg watched the arm anxiously. Two

tugs were sweeping to one side. It looked as if Rudy were getting the worst of it.

"With two tugs, you ought to get some logs out," Greg said.

"So we figured," Sam said.

Greg looked at his watch and waved his lantern. He knew it wouldn't do any good. Rudy was out of position. The thirty-range light of Bain's first tug was in the right place. Bain would be getting sluiced now. Sam Lawler directed his flash at the skookum chuck and waited confidently for Bain's logs to come.

No logs came. Rudy was far to the east, clearly defeated. The ebb was beginning to rumble. Greg heard Sam swear.

"Thought you were going to sluice," Greg said.

The ebb was churning around the center rock. Sam directed his light on it, and suddenly the water was filled with logs. They came lunging into the shallows. "What happened? It didn't pass through there. They couldn't. There were too many of them. They piled up against the center rock and the shores. More logs came to pile on top of them. 'What did those logs sluice so fast?'" Sam Lawler roared.

Greg knew the men on the boom couldn't push out the big logs so quickly. He could hear the great timbers huddling down upon those already lodged at the turn. He could see them lifted and shot higher on the center rock. He guessed all of Bain's logs had been released at once.

He walked away. Sam could find out for himself what had happened. Greg could find out that the skookum chuck was jammed, that no one would ever get logs through it again. Greg had seen enough by Sam's flash to know that.

When the first light came, Greg saw the entire tangle of logs lift as the mighty current surged beneath and around and through it. It would keep on doing that for three hours, jamming the logs higher and wedging them more and more. Bain's logs would be a run of logs. Hugh Bain had cut out the biggest timber, getting the most out of his fallers' work. There were no three-foot logs in that jam. None was less than six feet through at the butt.

Dawn had come when Greg reached Shallows Arm. The Osprey was anchored in the little bay with its boom, and Rudy and Neil were coming ashore in a small boat. Bain's tugs were anchored in the center of the two skippers were rowing to the beach.

No one spoke as they walked down the gorge. Bain, Greg, Rudy, Neil, the skippers of Bain's two tugs, Sam Lawler, all had worked with the huge timber of the Pacific Coast. But none of them had ever seen anything like this. If those great logs had been cordwood, the skookum chuck could not have played with them.

The men gathered near the lower end at the twist in the skookum chuck. Hugh Bain whirled on Rudy Dykes. "You did this?" Bain said. "You broke my chain with that damned tug."

"I didn't go near your boom!" Rudy shouted. "Your tug was pushing me around! Ask your skipper!"

"That's right," the towboat captain said.

"And now my tug's caught in there," Rudy rushed on. "You did that, Bain."

"Gordon's tug snapped a chain," Bain said. "Go look, Sam."

"Go with him, Neil," Greg said. "Bring the chain ashore."

The others waited, staring at the jam. The logs were becoming quieter

now. The skookum chuck was not roaring so furiously. Greg drew Rudy aside.

"The skipper," he said. "I'm sorry. The Osprey stays in Shallows Arm till she rots. Insurance cover that?"

"Bain will pay for her if it don't," Rudy said.

Bain studied the jam. His towboat skippers joined Greg and Rudy.

"Can this be cleaned out?" one asked.

"No," Greg said.

Neil and Sam came back. Greg could see the chain they carried. It had a toggle at each end. It had not been broken.

Hugh Bain examined the chain, and then he whirled on Greg.

"So this is the dirty way you fight!" he shouted.

He started toward Greg. His fists were clenched. His shaggy white head was thrust forward.

"You cheap Siwash hand-logger!" Bain roared. "You wouldn't take my offer, but now you know all there was about loggin'. You thought you could beat me with kid tricks. But when I beat you, you couldn't take it. You knew, soon as that pile driver come in, that you were licked all the way. You dumped a half million feet into the skookum chuck. You couldn't win, so you wouldn't let anyone else win."

"How could I slip a toggle?" Greg said. "I was here with Sam. And I own forty million in there. Would I tie it up?"

"You don't own it!" Bain said. "You couldn't own anything!" Bain shook his fist in Greg's face. Greg set his teeth and thought, "So great it might carry him to any length. 'I'll see that you never log on this coast again!' Bain rushed on. 'I'll put you on the beach! I'll break you!'"

Greg gripped the towboat, nothing seemed to matter now.

"I couldn't be any broke than I am," he said.

The owner of the pile driver came running down the gorge. He was a big fellow, three hundred pounds. The skippers of Bain's tugs realized suddenly that to protect their owners they must get evidence. Rudy joined them. Hugh Bain found himself confronted by angry men. After all, they pointed out, it was Bain who had started the fight, Bain's logs that jammed the skookum chuck.

Greg drew Neil aside. "That toggle was slipped," he said. "Who did it?"

"Bain was all set to make money. But if it wasn't us, it had to be Bain."

Neil looked at the jam. "All I know," he said, "is that Paul Bunyan would faint if he saw this."

The roar of the skookum chuck had almost died. Greg saw Ann Brown and Keith Marling hurrying up the gorge. Marling was carrying the logs. Ann stopped beside Greg.

"What happened?" she demanded.

"Everything," Greg said.

Marling was talking to Bain. "Can this be cleaned out?" he asked crisply.

"No," Bain said.

"Then you'll be owing me five thousand dollars next week."

"For what?" Bain said.

"Penalty," Marling said. "You know the contract. You were to deliver two million. Now I lose three dollars a thousand."

"You lose a lot more than that," Bain said. "Read that contract again. Read the last of the clause."

Greg saw Marling's poise disturbed for the first time. The man looked quickly at the log jam and then at Bain.

"Man, not the Almighty, caused this," Marling said.

"Then man caused every shipwreck and every flood," Bain said. "Who breaks the tides? And didn't the tide jam these logs here in 'er tight the Almighty himself couldn't get 'em out?"

"Gordon didn't have any trouble. You argued."

"No office logger can tell me my business," Bain said.

"Was this an act of God, Gordon?" Marling asked.

Greg grinned. He grinned at Bain because he understood now. Bain couldn't make delivery of logs on schedule and was liable for the penalty. So Bain had jammed the skookum chuck, intending to fall back on the act-of-God clause. Only something had gone wrong. Instead of releasing a few extra logs and causing a jam that would look bad, Bain's crew had let everything go and caused one that was bad.

"You wouldn't know," Greg said. "I'm no lawyer."

"No court would decide any other way with a tidal rapids like this," Bain said.

"Only," Greg said, still grinning, "it must have been a man who slipped that toggle."

"Will you testify to that, Gordon?" Marling asked.

"Sure," Greg said.

"If you tell the whole truth," Bain said, "you'll testify which one of your crew did the job."

"Bain," Greg said, "you know damned well you had one of your men do it."

Bain started for Greg, but Neil and Sam Lawler stepped between them.

"Nice little act," Keith Marling said. "I begin to understand."

He turned and hurried across the gorge. "You'll see the Kitimat speeding down the channel toward town."

✱

The towboat skippers and the owner of the pile driver got together to talk of suits and evidence. They questioned every man on all three tugs and established that no lumberjack was on either boom of logs at the time the logs in Bain's boom were released to jam the skookum chuck. They discussed several theories of how it had happened.

The general opinion was that somebody had sent a man out in a rowboat to the black dark to slip that toggle. The skippers of the tugs Bain had hired and the pile-driver man were sure that Greg Gordon had done it. Rudy Dykes insisted furiously that it was Hugh Bain.

Ann Brown did not go back to the Carmannah. She was busy taking notes and names. Greg saw how worried she was. She was doing everything she could to help Hugh Bain. And he heard her.

"If the flood tide would wash out a small jam the first day, why wouldn't it wash out this one?" she asked.

"Too many logs," Hugh Bain said.

Neil Snow, who had been studying the jam, drew Greg to the lower end.

"No flood will take this out," Neil said, and he pointed to the water below the logs. "There just won't be any flood."

Greg looked toward the arm. The level of the water there was much higher than below. Yet only a small part of the usual tide was flowing through.

"The jam's backed up the ebb," Greg said.

"And it'll stop the flood too," Neil said. "This has damned the rapids."

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"Flood can't have any force until the water outside is higher than inside."
 "Sure," Neil said. "There'll never be enough current to wash this out." The ebb ceased flowing at last, but long after the time for slack. And when the flood finally did start in toward the arm, it was nearly spent and only gurgled among the logs.

"What do you think dynamite would do?" Neil asked.

"Dynamite won't do any good," Greg said, "until all the loose timber is cleaned out. How you going to get near the key log in this big stuff?"
 Bain ratched dynamite the next day. Sam Lawler waited until the ebb was supposed to be at its height and there should be some pressure from above. He used half a dozen sticks. He shattered one log. They saw the splinters float away. But he didn't move the jam.

Late in the afternoon Sam tried a larger charge beneath the cliff on the east side, where logs had been jammed in tightly. The blast didn't move the logs, but it loosened rocks. A crack showed in the cliff.

"Shake it up some more and it'll take a miner instead of a river pig to break this jam," Neil said.

Hugh Bain and Sam went out on the jam. They held long discussions and peered down into the water. It was the first log jam there'd ever been in salt water. It was probably the first jam in all history of logs so heavy.

"They don't know the first thing about jams," Neil said.

"If they did loosen the key log with powder, nothing would happen," Greg said. "They've got to clean off the breast, or a jam won't haul."

"We could clean this out. With a sky line."

Greg looked at the great Douglas fir behind him, and at the cliffs across the skookum chuck.

"Gear wouldn't stand it," he said. "You could lift a free log, but you couldn't loosen one that's bound."

"Then nobody can clean this out."

"Nobody," Greg said.
 Greg had seen jams as a boy. Neil had worked on many jams on the St. Croix and the Cloquet. There had been no glamour about it, no excitement, just hard work while the entire crew picked away at the lower end, rolling logs out, carrying them, using only men's muscles to get down to the solid breast, the core of the jam itself. When every loose log was out and the crew had gone ashore, the foreman had gone down under the breast with a peavey. He twisted the key log loose, and with its loosening the entire mass started to move. The foreman got out if he could. Greg's father hadn't got out the last time.

"There's no way to clean out below the breast," Neil said. "Powder won't do anything."

Hugh Bain sent the Carmanah to Powell River for more dynamite. The next day he tried it again. He sank a box of powder on the east side of the channel, deep among the logs and above the lower end.

"Bain ain't really tryin'," Neil said. "He knows it would take all summer to blast those logs out, and by that time he'd have a rock dam instead of a log jam."

"Sure he knows it," Greg said.

"What I can't figure is why he bothers with it."

"Bain's trying to make it look good. He caused this jam to get out of the penails Marling is timing."

When the dynamite was set and wired, Bain and Sam Lawler came ashore.

"All we need is to open that side and let water through," Sam said. "Then the current will do the rest."

The blast was terrific. It shattered some logs and loosened others, but they settled right back again. And it split off one section of the cliff and left another piece hanging.

"One more blast," Greg said, "and you'll block the skookum chuck forever."

Even Hugh Bain had to admit that. He had another box of dynamite, but he didn't dare use it. He and Sam said the best thing over. While they talked a gas boat came up the channel from Far Inlet. A little later a man walked up the gorge. He asked for Hugh Bain and Greg Gordon, and he served each with a summons and complaint in an action brought against them by Keith Marling.

Greg couldn't make anything of it, and Bain did not bother. Ann looked over the papers quickly.
 "You're sued for two hundred thousand dollars," she said. "Keith charges you conspired together to deprive him of his timber holdings in Shallows Arm."

XVI

ANN felt, as soon as Greg Gordon entered the lawyer's office, that he would not be much help.

He grinned at her and he grinned at Hugh Bain, and he looked at Mr. McWhorter, the lawyer, with amused curiosity. If he was sunk, he didn't show it. He seemed to think the conference was funny.

"I'm so glad you've come," Ann said quickly. "We had to go ahead without you."

She introduced Greg to the lawyer. Mr. McWhorter was a tall thin man with cadaverous eyes to whom the law was plainly a grave and weighty business.

"What proof can you suggest, Mr. Gordon," Mr. McWhorter asked, "that you and Mr. Bain did not enter into a conspiracy to deprive the plaintiff of his property?"

"Plenty," Greg said. "Hugh Bain told me and my foreman he'd put me on the beach."

"You would testify to that?"

"And a lot more. I can testify that Bain brought his men to my camp one dark night and beat up me and my crew and chased us ashore."

"Good heavens!" Mr. McWhorter said. "You're just grinning charges!"

"No," Greg said. "Bain was only trying to drive me out and I wasn't taking it lying down."

"Really, Mr. Gordon," Mr. McWhorter said, tapping his fingers on his desk in obvious distrust. "I doubt the possibility of entering such a defense. I think the less said about it the better."

Greg Gordon merely grinned that infuriating grin of his. He apparently didn't care whether they had any defense against Keith Marling's suit.

"I was just about to explain when you came in," Mr. McWhorter went on, "that while I am convinced there was no conspiracy between you and Mr. Bain, Marling has a case here."

He tapped the papers with a long forefinger. "He alleges that Miss Brown enticed him into the scheme of buying up options at Shallows Arm and suggested to him that I, Bain, would be the best man to act out this timer if you, Mr. Gordon, succeeded in getting logs out."

Ann felt her face getting red. "I didn't do it," she protested.

"No," Mr. McWhorter said, "but you'd have to testify in court that you told Marling how Gordon planned to

get logs out, and Marling will testify that this was what induced him to buy options. A good solicitor will have no difficulty in suggesting the rest to a jury. All they see is a pretty girl and a young man and, knowing the young man has lost his investment, they'll fill in the picture."

"That isn't the only unfortunate feature of the case, Mr. Bain would ordinarily have a defense in the act-of-God clause. But Marling will be able to show that both Mr. Gordon and Mr. Bain knew the danger of a jam said and previous to this case, and thus not to put too many logs through at once. The fact that each of you accused the other, before witnesses, of doing it with malice aforethought will look bad to a jury. I am afraid Mr. Bain is liable for those penalties."

Ann Brown saw Hugh Bain stir irritably in his chair. He hated litigation. He'd always depended on himself in emergencies. But now he had to depend on a lawyer.

"How are we going to lick this case?" he demanded.

"Just a moment, please," Mr. McWhorter said. "There are other complications. The law states that those of the two tugs you chartered and that are now imprisoned in Shallows Arm will most certainly sue."

"Let 'em," Hugh Bain said. "If Marling wins, there'll be nothing left." "That's the point," Marling will undoubtedly ask for an injunction restraining you from disposing of any of your assets."

"What's that mean?" Hugh Bain asked.

"It means," said Mr. McWhorter, "that you cannot operate or remove your logging camps, that you cannot sell or otherwise dispose of any property, that you must keep your money from your bank deposits."

Hugh Bain got up. Ann felt that all the fight had gone out of him.

"No chance, eh?" Bain said.

"You would have the best defense in the world," Mr. McWhorter said, "if you could break that jam. Keith Marling wouldn't have a leg to stand on. But you would have to do it fast, before he gets an injunction that ties you up."

"Those logs will be there until they rot," Hugh Bain said.

He put on his hat. Ann looked at Greg Gordon. Greg, too, stood up. "That's the way," said Hugh Bain. "We'll start fighting each other, and Marling is the bird who wins."

"Whether he wins or not," Hugh Bain said, "they'll all want to get out. They'll all want out together. When they passed on the street Hugh Bain said he was going back to the Carmanah at the yacht club. Ann stood beside Greg Gordon, watching Hugh Bain go down the street. His wide shoulders sagged. He was a beaten old man. Ann couldn't bear it. She looked up at Greg Gordon. He grinned that infuriating grin at her.

"I hope you're satisfied," she said fiercely. "I hope you know this is all your fault."

"My fault?" he said, and his grin got broader.

"Of course," she said. "From beginning to end you've done everything you could to break Hugh Bain."

Greg Gordon was still grinning. "Ann," he said, putting his hand on her arm.

"I don't want to talk to you again!"

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



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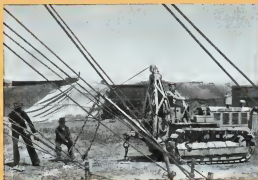
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ESCAPE

(Continued from Page 28)

turn to the minute they got in trouble? Who repaired things, and repaired them perfectly? Who else was at a given place at the exact moment required, who summoned up unlooked-for knowledge? That they didn't love him made no difference to him at all. All he wished to be, in his small scale, omnipotent.

"Yes," he said, "I said to Madame Ritter at the time—it was the day before the arrest—I said, 'Madame, you've got your money. If I was you I'd take the night train; go as they say in America, while the going's good.' She said, 'Very well, Fritz; you get the tickets. I'll go tomorrow night.' But it was too late then."

Mark said wearily, "How did she happen to run into Rieger?" For what did all that really matter now?

"I ran into Mr. Rieger. He was just going into the Regina-Palace. He knew me right away. We talked for a moment, and I said, 'Mr. Rieger, Madame Ritter's here.' 'Is she?' he said. He seemed very much surprised. 'I'd like to see her,' he said. So he came and they talked about the house. Then, later, they went and looked at it. And I went with them. I suppose, by the way, Mr. Mark, that he deposited the money?"

"Oh, yes, he deposited it. Very smart of him to think of that trick, wasn't it? Or did you think of it?"

"We both did," Fritz said calmly. "I told Madame Ritter she couldn't hope to get the money in America any other way."

"That day she was arrested, Fritz?"

"The twentieth of January."

"And how soon after that was the trial?"

"I don't know when it began. Two weeks after her arrest I was taken by secret police out of the house where I was working. They spent all one night asking questions about Madame. I hadn't a moment's sleep for twenty-four hours. Sort of a third degree, you might say. They kept me." Fritz spoke with a cold poignancy, but his eyes gleamed with hatred.

"What did you tell them?"

"I said I had gone to America with the family more than twenty years ago and worked for them steadily as long as there was money to pay me. I said I got paid less and less. And finally I left Madame Ritter's service in disgust and went into business for myself."

He screwed up one eye and looked cunningly at Mark.

"But I was really too clever for them," he said, "and I'll tell you why. I knew they wanted me to testify against Madame and were really soundly on my side. I was sure I'd be likely to say, 'Very wily, these fellows are.' But then, I wasn't born yesterday myself. I gave them the impression that I had been very put upon by Madame and had left her dissatisfied with her treatment and the wages received, and even ready to get even with her if I got the chance."

Mark had never heard Fritz talk so much before, not even in his most glib moments. What an opportunity this was! Everything was here—bad news, reproach, the stupidity of others, and his own superior cleverness. His eyes gleamed with a frosty animation and slyly he laid his finger against his nose.

"You see, Mr. Mark, I only wanted the chance to testify. I knew, once I

got in court, I could give her a clear bill of health, if anyone could."

"Did they let you?"

"Well, yes, they did." The glow diminished in him a little. It was clear that, though the idea had been a good one, it hadn't worked. "I said all I could, but it was no use. You know those things are," he said darkly.

"They were determined to have it their way."

"It was a secret trial?"

"Yes. I was only there one day, in the forenoon. I got the idea the trial had been going on for several days. Well, I said my say, and a few days later they sent for me again. Of course, I was still in jail, and they told me I was free to go if I'd leave the city and keep my mouth shut. I said I'd like very

afterward. But I thought, if they got hold of her note, they might think it had got out by means of someone else." Looking at Fritz, at his face, growing each moment more familiar, Mark found it hard to realize he had been with Emmy, had seen and taken actual part in these terrible moments. Fritz had a gift of reducing all things to a common triviality.

"How did she seem, Fritz?" he asked. "Was she worried? Did she seem frightened?"

Fritz shook his head. "She looked pretty bad," he said, "very pale. Yellowish, you know. I should say she felt sick. She had a pain, I believe, and asked for some aspirin, and someone went out and got it for her. She wrote the note on the aspirin paper."

That's allowed, sometimes, you know, even with criminals. I went from one bureau to another and I signed all the papers necessary and got it settled. Of course, they were to notify me. When they didn't, I began to wonder. Whatever their faults, they're usually very honest and they don't do such things. So I thought perhaps she was very sick, or even that they'd decided to commute the sentence."

"They haven't," Mark said. Fritz said slowly, "Well, anyway, Madame Ritter didn't know about any prison time left. You can rest assured of that much."

Then quite suddenly he gave a queer creaked sob, almost without changing his expression, staring straight ahead of him. Mark could hardly believe he'd heard it. Then Fritz took out a large handkerchief and blew his nose.

"There's no doubt they'll give me the body," he said. His eyes were suddenly inflamed without a tear having come from them.

"What'll you do then?" Mark said.

"I'll take it to the country. I'll give it decent burial on my brother's place, if they'll allow that. I'd have to have a permit for that. If not, in the cemetery. I can get a permit for one or the other. This takes a lot of papers. You can't even get buried now without a lot of papers."

"But what will your brother do? Will he let you use his place?"

"He will for money. He needs it, as I said. I haven't any. But now that you're here, perhaps you've got some."

"I have," said Mark. "Enough to do whatever's necessary. Count on me for the money."

"There was no more for them to say, and suddenly Mark yawned nervously. He was shocked by his yawn and smothered it. It seemed too natural a thing to do.

"The trouble with money," he said, "is getting enough at a time. I'm living on very little, but I can only draw out so much a day. If we need any large sum at once, we'll have to take it at the regular rate of exchange."

"It won't be much," Fritz said. "We're all very poor here. A little goes a long way."

Fritz sat dejectedly, his pale eyes on the floor.

"Yes," he said finally, "they'll call me up sometime between now and Wednesday. Or send me a notification. I gave them the address of a friend of mine in town, Ebers, who married a niece of mine. He has a cleaning-and-dyeing establishment. I'll arrange to have a truck. The coffin, of course, they'll supply. If you like, I can order a better one; with bronze handles, say. And I'll take it down on the train. Then I'll use my brother's sledges to load it to the farm."

"Don't talk about it now," Mark said. "I can't stand to hear any more now. Come back here tomorrow. No, tonight, I mean. It's Monday already. I'll have the money for you then. I'll go down with you, of course."

"Of course," Fritz said, "when it's all over, they oughtn't to deny you that. But it might be better if no one knew who you were. They don't want any of these things. I don't know what they could do, but they might do something."

"The police already know my name and who I am."

(Continued on Page 54)

THE RAIN ROAD

By FRANCES BRAGAN RICHMAN

*DID you see the long, long road of the rain,
Slopin' so steep to the heavenly plane,
Slantin' from the drippin' earth up to the skies?
Slantin' from the sinful earth up to Paradise?*

"Bang!" crashed the thunder, and "Whee-e-e!" wailed the wind!

Lord, I'm a sinner—I do confess I sinned!

"Zip!" flashed the lightning, the sky turned white;

The Lord looked out of a window in the night.

Down came the little angels, row after row,
Skippin' down the rain, like the little angels go,
Holdin' hands tight, just to keep 'em on the track,
Runnin' down the rain road, and never lookin' back.

Down on my knees I was prayin' out loud,
Heard the thunder boundin' on cloud after cloud;
Down fell my tears like the rain out of heaven—
Down fell my sins and my sins was forgiven!

*Did you see the long, long road of the rain,
Slopin' so steep to the heavenly plane?
Up went the little angels, hand over hand,
Climbin' up the rain road to the Promised Land.*

much to leave the country. My sister, Minna, you know, is in service in England and I thought I'd go and stay with her for a while. But they said I wasn't to leave the country under any circumstances, so I said then I'd go down to my brother's. Then they said to me, 'Madame Ritter has been found guilty and condemned to death, and if you don't want to get into similar trouble, you'll keep your mouth shut.'"

"But the note?" Mark said.

"Well, at the noon recess, as I was leaving, I slipped into the little room where Madame Ritter was waiting. She had said she wanted to speak to me, and she said, in a rather theatre voice she has sometimes, quite loud, so it could be heard, 'Thank you, Fritz. You were always good, Fritz,' she said. Then she took my hand in both of hers and slipped the note up my cuff. I had an awful time keeping it there. I managed to get it wedged up under my flannel undershirt. Luckily, they never searched me before I left."

"Why didn't you write me yourself?"

"I didn't dare do that. Not even before they told me not to. And still less

"She was sick. She nearly died in prison. They operated on her. But they took her out to the camp to die. I talked to the doctor who did it."

"Oh," said Fritz. He showed no surprise. Perhaps nothing could surprise him any more. But he also disliked to have it appear that he was not completely informed. He liked to explain, but he hated to be told.

Then Fritz exclaimed, "But of course that's why she's still alive. I was wondering about that."

"What do you mean?"

Fritz said soberly, "I thought about it a good deal, and I decided there was no one in the world to do anything for Madame Ritter but me. It isn't as though she'd kept all her powerful friends, like those she used to have when we first went to America. Madame Ritter doesn't seem to be able to keep important friends. It isn't even as though you, Mr. Mark, had become a successful person either. Poor Miss Schuna, what could she do? No, I said to myself, it's all over and there's only one thing I can do. So, when the police told me about the death sentence, I asked if I could claim the body.

Case #487

The Case of the "Pick-a-Back" Twins

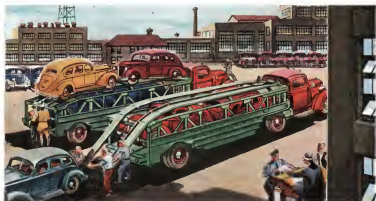
—a true story from the files on Gulfpride, the motor oil that cuts consumption between drains



1 "Maybe your Gulfpride Oil will save me money," said a Memphis, Tennessee car dealer, "but you'll have to do better than claim it. You'll have to *prove* it. And we'll use these two 'pick-a-back' trucks as guinea pigs in a little experiment."



2 So, off to far-away Detroit rumbled the pick-a-back twins. In the crankcase of one was the car dealer's regular oil; in the other was Gulfpride. So far it wasn't too tough on either oil. But what about the trip back, with each truck 11,740 pounds heavier?



3 Detroit. Each truck shouldered four shiny, new cars on its back—same make, same model, same weight. Then, driving at identical speeds, they rumbled off for Memphis, 800 miles away. With both oils taking an equal amount of heavy punishment, could either show a clear-cut superiority over the other?



4 Back in Memphis with a thrifty moral for every driver! For while one pick-a-back twin had consumed 28 quarts of the competitive oil, the other had used only 12 quarts of Gulfpride—less than half as much! Said the delighted car dealer, "We'll use Gulfpride in all our trucks and recommend it to all our customers."



Take a tip from this Memphis experiment. Fill up with Gulfpride, keep a record of your oil consumption, and see how much *less* oil you add between drains. Notice, too, how much less you spend for engine repairs.

For you can take this as a fact: *There is no other oil like Gulfpride.* Gulfpride is made from 100% pure Pennsylvania crude by Gulf's patented and exclusive Alchlor process—a process which removes up to 20% more waste.

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(Continued from Page 52)

"Do they?" Fritz shifted uneasily in his chair. "Do they know how you found out?"

"No, of course not."

"I suppose you went straight to the police when you got here."

"Yes."

"They'll guess it was me."

"Why should they? They may think she has other connections they don't know about."

Fritz got up again and walked over to the window and held back the curtain a crack.

Mark, looking at his hawk, said suddenly, "You can't think of anything else?"

"What else, sir?"

"Anything. Some way to get her out now, while she's still alive."

Fritz turned around, surprised, and dropped the curtain.

"Do you mean you and me to try to get her out?"

"Who else? There's no one but us, as you say. But you said everyone's poor. Perhaps money would do something."

"That's quite impossible," Fritz said. He didn't even think it over, spoke at once in a flat final voice, and he looked at Mark with a certain contempt for having thought only of the childish thing.

"Why?" Mark said. "You can always do everything, Fritz. You're the one who always helped us out. Don't you remember you could always do what no one else could? Think of some way to get her out, Fritz."

Fritz was disturbed. "This battery coming from Mark upset his natural calculations."

"I don't know what you mean, Mr. Mark."

"Think of something," Mark urged. "It hasn't occurred to you before, all alone and with no money. But I'm here now to help. And we've got money—plenty of money. We can't sit back here like this and plan to carry her out dead in a box. With bronze handles. We've got to carry her out alive, Fritz."

Fritz looked at him with startled eyes. He was wondering if the strain had been too much for him. Then he crossed the room and picked up his shabby overcoat, so old that it had belonged to Mark's father.

"I'm going now, Mr. Mark. It's very late. I'll have a lot to do to-morrow. I'll come tomorrow night—tonight," he corrected himself.

"Come about eleven. I may be out." Fritz hesitated. Perhaps he wanted to say a consoling word. When he went to the door, Mark followed him. They shook hands. Fritz's hands were cold and dry and old.

Mark went over to the window and looked down into the rainy, empty street, full of puddles. Fritz appeared, his overcoat collar turned up, his hands in his pockets. He scurried head down at an angle across the street. Mark could see his pale ears flaring below the brim of his hat. He looked like a harried old rabbit making for his hole.

Mark turned back to his lighted room. But mysteriously he felt consoled. Old Fritz was here. Old Fritz, the insolent and the complaining and the garrulous. It's hard to live down a reputation for omniscience.

xv

THE countless began to think what she'd have to do today. The girls' studies left her free of them during the morning. But there was the food to be planned, letters to be answered, and a

telephone call about the language lessons from the new girl. After lunch she would take them to the Historical Museum.

Toward noon she went downstairs. Her drawing room was filled with pale light from high windows, and the old needle-point chairs bloomed in it, frail, coral and green and yellow. On the old white-and-gold consoles the light strands, two falience artichokes of turquoise color, Juli had filled the vases with freesias and narcissuses and huge sprays of forsythia, and these were reflected in the long, dim mirrors. Oh, what a charming room! The gray Persian got up from a chair and came to rub against her ankles. She moved about, readjusting the flowers, pulling some forward, changing the positions of the vases.

A bell rang somewhere in the house. She drew back uneasily. She could never accustom herself to the sound made by a hand as yet unknown. *How servants must dislike bells*, she thought. But of course it would be nothing—a package for one of the girls, the postman. Juli came to say it was the general.

He never came in the morning. He assumed that no one knew or could know anything about them. No one treated her in public with greater respect, and he was very proud of never doing anything, not the slightest thing, that might suggest intimacy with her. Something must be wrong.

He came in, however, quite radiant with good humor, freshly shaven and in a sort of ruddy overglow of apparent health. The whole room danced for a moment on the glass of his monocle, and only the swollen vein beside it showed her that his health, if not his good humor, was an illusion.

"My dear," he said, kissing her hand, "I thought I'd surprise you. Are you busy? Have you time to see me?"

"Of course. Sit down. But you never come in the morning. It is something of a surprise."

"A pleasant one, I hope."

"But naturally." He was in uniform, and she remembered that this morning he had had to take the visiting marshal to the airport.

She guessed that he had made a success with the marshal and that was the reason for his good humor. He was writing a book on war; a further application, he told her, of the principles of *unsemita* of the late war. Probably he had managed to bring the subject with the marshal and had succeeded in interesting him. If he had, it wouldn't be long before he'd find an excuse to tell her.

"They said so," he said. "How nice your room smells. Flowers I see. So many of them. May I smoke?"

"Of course."

He lit a cigarette and leaned his head back against the chair. He looked like a great cat who has found exactly the right tension for each muscle. He looked across at her under his lowered eyelids. "You are flowerlike yourself," he said. "I've not seen you so blooming in a long time."

"I slept well."

"But you're not being very hospitable. Aren't you going to offer me a glass of schnapps?"

She reached out for the bell, but Juli, who had anticipated this, appeared just then with the tray and set it down beside him. He looked at Juli with approval. When she had left, he said, "An excellent servant, Juli, excellent."

"You seem very pleased with life this morning," she said.

"Why shouldn't I be? I'm here with you, and a lot of trouble I had to get here too. I got up an hour earlier than usual, so as to be quite ready after he left. I saw him off at ten. Very tiring it's been too."

"I'm sure it has."

"All day yesterday making this inspection! He's a devil for detail. And then the official dinner last night. Not a free moment. I hadn't even a chance to telephone you. But you didn't expect it, probably. You knew I'd be busy all day."

"I supposed you would be. How was he? Was he boring?"

"He's a remarkable man. Remarkable," he said emphatically. "It's the first chance I've had to talk to him really since the war. He's got a great character and great power."

He waited a moment, listening for her approval. Nothing came, and he said, with a modesty she knew he didn't feel, "We talked a little about the book. I had the pleasure to get some of his ideas, and they were most interesting."

Still she said nothing.

The general tapped out his cigarette impatiently. "You don't like him, I suppose?"

"He's too fat."

"What a frightfully silly thing to say! Of course he's fat. That has nothing at all to do with what I've just been saying, which is that he's a powerful and original fellow, with a keen mind and a great personality."

"Is he?"

"What's the matter, Ruby? Anybody would think you wanted to irritate me. You must remember that the marshal suffered terribly during the war."

"Didn't everyone? And don't people ever suffer between wars?"

"See how him makes an effort to control his irritation. He took a deep breath and smiled, showing all his fine strong teeth. Then he said, 'I mean, he's always been a peculiarly sensitive patriot. Some men have a special sense as patriots, just as others have as lovers. Those suffer more.'"

"That makes me quite sick," she said.

She couldn't understand, herself, what made her talk like this. She was feeling, actually, exceptionally well, so free from the down-dragging dread that was always worst in the mornings. No, she didn't feel any irritation at all. Certainly not with him. She was swimming along in a pleasant light-headedness, not thinking at all of what she said, speaking quite naturally for once. Her naturalness was so unfamiliar it made her a little giddy.

"See how he had to back this time and watched himself. He shut his lips tight, and, looking around for something to handle, saw the gray cat curled up beside his chair. He reached down and rubbed it expertly behind the ears. The cat half closed its eyes and purred. With his other hand he took a long swallow of schnapps, put down the glass carefully, and, as though on purpose, turned his head to the best angle, so that the light brought out the Roman-emperor modeling of his nose and forehead and lips. He relaxed into beauty, he and the cat together, both of them looking at her with heavy, dreamy eyes."

"Well," he said, "and what did you do? Were you bored yesterday?"

It was just as though the bell rang again in the house and her well-being came in one startled leap to the heart. *Nervous and alert, she thought. I oughtn't to have put him in a bad humor.*

"No, as a matter of fact," she said, "I wasn't."

"So? How did you manage to amuse yourself?"

"Well, in the morning I took the girls to church. We came back by the Garden and had a coffee, and there I met Bob and Lotte, who had tickets for the concert."

She knew him so well that though not a muscle flickered and his eyes didn't change, she saw exactly what was in his mind. Why he'd come and what he was going to say. How stupid, and how dangerous, for both of them, that she hadn't taken the trouble to see it before. Of course, Bob and Lotte had been talking to him. But when had they had a chance to see him? At the airport, where Bob was leaving for the north. When they brought her home last night, he said he hadn't decided whether to fly or go by train. But probably he'd flown, and at the airport, seeing Kurt there, especially seeing him with the great man, he and Lotte would certainly find an excuse to join him. But then, perhaps Bob went by train after all, and Kurt knew nothing. No, it was wasting time to pretend that. She'd much better concentrate on how to smooth it all out, make it seem unimportant, and even wearisome and banal.

"Did they offer to take you?"

"Where?"

"Why, to the concert, of course. You seem to be still half asleep, my dear."

"Yes, they did. But I don't care terribly for them. I thought they'd spoil the music for me."

"You didn't go, then?"

"Yes, I went. I went with an American friend of mine who turned up rather unexpectedly."

"How very nice! And did the American friend not spoil the music?"

"No. But he wasn't so much of a musician as I'd thought. It's a mistake to go to a concert with anyone who doesn't know his own way. I was simply a young man I met once in New York. Probably Bob and Lotte told you. We all met outside afterward and Bob and Lotte brought me home."

"The young man is visiting here?"

"I suppose so. I ran into him quite by accident and he asked me to tea and then we went to the concert. I don't expect to see him again. I rather hope I don't."

"That would be too bad. You don't often see your American friends. Why not see him again?"

"What if he should ask his name? Should she make up one for him? What name?"

"I don't really think there would be any point in seeing him again," she said. "He's leaving away."

"Too bad," he said. "I see the fellow would have done better to be a musician. You used to be always picking up musicians. I'll never forget the long-haired viola player you found who was going to write the great symphony."

He laughed amiably. "What a bore he turned out to be!"

"Yes, didn't he?" She smiled and dropped her eyes and sat silent.

He shifted around in his chair and laughed again, presumably still thinking of the viola player. Then he took a drink of schnapps.

"Well," he said teasingly, "we won't talk any more of your American. I didn't come to talk about him anyway. As a matter of fact, I came to suggest something. I want to get away for a while. I had the most fearful headache all day yesterday. Aspirin wouldn't touch it. Even today I've got some of

it. It's nothing serious; just that I've been working too hard. I thought I'd take a week's leave."

Gone for a week. She looked up, trying to show quick anxiety and regret. "That's too bad!" she exclaimed. "Are you following your regime? I suppose with official dinners you couldn't. Do be careful, Kurt." She labored her voice into a show of concern, but her heart was lightening again, rising like a balloon. She shot a sidelong look to the window. A lovely day, and what was that other thing that had made her so happy?

"I thought I'd go to Kitzbühel for a week," he said. "You remember that little Golden Goose Inn where we had such a wonderful day once?"

"Of course, I remember it," she said tenderly, only thinking in a skimming, hurried way of the day he spoke of. It had been a wonderful day, but she was going to be released from such days for a week, and for a whole week would be free and empty and light of heart. "Of course, I remember it," she repeated.

He leaned forward, resting his elbows on the chair arms. He adjusted his monocle so as to see her more clearly.

"As I came here," he said, "a brilliant idea struck me. I said to myself, 'I must get away all right. That's obvious. But why go alone? Why can't Ruby come with me?'"

Never before had he suggested such a thing. Always it had been he who was careful, who reminded her of how easily they might be compromised and what the consequences of that would be.

"Why, you must be mad!" she exclaimed. "You and I can't go away anywhere together."

"Why not? No one need see us. You could go by train, I by car. You stay at the Golden Goose, I stay somewhere else. We had a day there once, more or less by accident. Why not have seven?"

"I can't leave the girls," she said.

"Get someone to stay with them."

"Who?"

"He went up and came over and stood behind her chair. He put his hands around her neck and drew her head back against him. He dropped the monocle from his eye, leaned over and pressed his cheek against her knot of hair. "Let's go up to the country house. Take your precious girls with you. I'll stay at the inn. I'll ski all day. It'll do me good. Let's leave at once."

"How soon tonight?"

"Tonight or tomorrow. I'd better leave tomorrow and you tonight. You'll do that?"

"Why, yes," she said slowly, "I can manage that. I'll tell the girls it's the last of the season. It will be too."

He kissed her and then straightened up. "I'd better go," he said. "It's nearly lunchtime."

"Will you stay for lunch?"

"I'd better not, especially if I am to appear up in the country. You're not worried about that, are you? They need hardly see me up there."

"I think we should be very careful," he said sharply. "After all, they're not to know."

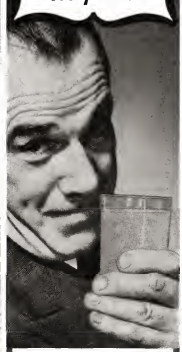
"We'll be careful. But you do want this week, don't you?"

"Of course I do."

She stood up too. As they walked to the door, he stopped her and, first looking toward the door, put his arms around her and kissed her. The kiss, smelling a little of schnapps, had, to her who knew him so well, a tension and reserve. He shouldn't have kissed her. She was asked to side these.

In the hall, Julie waited, holding out his overcoat. As he put his arms in the sleeves, he said calmly, "Oh, by the

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way, your American friend couldn't be that young Ritter boy, by any chance?" She stared at him and couldn't say a word. He took his gloves from his pocket and put them on slowly.

"What does he call himself? Not the mother's name. The father's, I suppose, but I can't remember it. But of course, it couldn't be he. I don't imagine you'd know anyone like that."

He went down to his waiting car, and Juli closed the door after him.

The countess walked slowly back to the drawing room. She went over to the desk and stood looking down at the papers on it.

There would be a lot to do if she was to get off tonight. The old sickness and fear were making her tremble again.

XVI

THE day after the doctor had talked to Emmy was Sunday. He didn't come that day. After all, she thought, it's Sunday; she must have some rest. But Monday morning he didn't come either. All morning she kept turning her eyes toward the door. At each sound in the hall she was quite still, so as to listen. It was a fair, slightly misty, spring day, after the rain that had fallen all the night before.

"It's a lovely day, Anna," she said. "Can you see what a lovely day it is?" But Anna was much worse. During the night she had had another hemorrhage, a bad one, and now she lay on her back, her eyes closed, and only once or twice did she speak in a faint whisper. When their noonday soup came, she only turned away her head.

"You'd better eat it," Hermann said. She stood looking down at Anna, then she shrugged and took it away again.

In the middle of the afternoon it began to rain. The narrow room grew so dark Emmy could hardly see to the other bed. The sheets and blankets were damp and great patches of damp appeared on the walls. She was so cold she couldn't even doze, as she usually did in the afternoon.

Suddenly Emmy said aloud, "Well, he's gone back on me."

Now that she had said it, it didn't seem so bad, really. There was so short a time before the end that, perhaps, it didn't matter. She knew now how much he had helped her. He alone, of the people who had been with her at the trial and of those in the prison, had been willing to let her feel like a human being. Even if he wasn't here now, he had helped her to keep intact what was necessary for the end.

There was still the end to be gone through. So as to be strong and prepared, she began to go over it all in her mind as it would be. *I'm asleep, she thought, I'm dozing, and it's very early, before daybreak. And suddenly I hear voices down the hall and I wake up with fear, certainly with dreadful fear, and the first thing I think is: It's here. Someone will be in and say, "It's time," but I'll already have said it to myself. It will be very dark and very cold, and I'll get up and be dressed. What will I wear when I came here? The brown suit. So then I put on the brown suit. Hermann helps me put it on, and Anna lies there and watches me with frightened and pitying eyes, not saying anything. And then two people take my arms and I walk. Perhaps the doctor is one of them. He holds my arm and I walk. I walk—how far must I walk?*

Not to be able to see a detail clearly worried her. She tried to imagine the corridor outside the room, the other rooms. But she had been carried in unconscious. She didn't know what it was like outside this room.

Anyone, there'll be a car waiting. Black leather seats. They'll pull the blind down. There'll be a damp, nasty smell of tannin. No one will speak. The noise of the car starting in the cold, and a smell of gasoline. As it goes out, Anna will hear it. She'll say, "There she goes; there she goes. Poor Emmy!"

"I'll feel a little car-sick, so early in the morning and without breakfast. And cold, of course—horribly cold. Wherever, at that time, Mark and Sabina will be having breakfast. No, not breakfast. What was I thinking of? There's the difference in time. What is the difference in time, five hours, plus one? Or two? Make it six hours. It'll be the night before. Or is that right?"

But maybe Sabina already in the West. And maybe Mark went with her. Anyway, at some time—perhaps just now—he's saying, "You know she hates to write."

But she always does, or she sends cables orograms. She's not just silent like this."

"But they probably censor the mails. And sometimes the censors don't mail them; they steal the stamps."

"Do you think anything could have happened?"

They'll look at each other and be afraid to say it.

Well, anyway, I'm in the car. I'll know when I'm in town, because there will be more cars passing. The horn will blow more often and we'll make steps for the lights. Are the lights on that early? It's a good thing there's no seeing out of the windows—might see a house I knew I had a car in time once in a while. Just one that was very familiar to me, or perhaps mother's house.

Then here we are. I get out and take a step or two on the wet pavement. I'll still be raining. I'll have to wear a coat and a lovely spring dress. No, it must be raining. And then a door closes—and then what?

Then what? I don't know. But I know. I must make it up. I must live it now and die it now, and have it over with. But I really don't know how I will feel. It's always the thing you can't imagine that happens. Will the doctor stay with me? Will they put a headmaster chief over my eyes? Will it take very long? Oh, what was that other thing I was trying to think of?

Late in the afternoon Emmy fell asleep, but even in her sleep she was conscious of horror, and of cold in her body that was a part of the horror.

She opened her eyes and the doctor stood over her. She could hardly see him because of the staring light bulb behind his head. It was as though a cord into the center of the room and it had no shade. Outside, the cold rain was still falling and the window was quite dark. She turned over on her back, trying to get away from the light. "It must be late," she said; "I'm freezing."

He spoke sharply to Hermann, who waited in the door, "You will get a hot-water bottle," he said, "and an extra blanket. Two extra blankets."

"But, doctor—"

"You do as I say," he said. "If this woman dies, do you know what I'll do? I'll have you put to death on purpose. To escape execution, I'll tell them how friendly you've always been."

"Friendly!"

"Yes. Always giving her little attentions."

"But, doctor, it's you—"

"I heard a phonograph in the canteen as I came by!" His voice was high and angry. "Where do you get a thing like that? Who gives you so

much money? Is it Madame Ritter? I think you've been accepting bribes!" "Dear God!" Hermann exclaimed.

Two blankets and a hot-water bottle, I said, and keep it hot all night too."

With a loud groan, Hermann went out.

Against the light, the doctor's hair was tousled and little drops of water shone on it.

"You've been in the rain," she said.

"Did you walk here?"

"Not here. But I've been walking. I suppose in the rain."

"You didn't come this morning, or yesterday either?"

"I had other things to do. I have to have some time to myself, don't I?"

"What's the matter today?" she said.

"Why should anything be the matter?"

"Your voice has changed. You sound nervous and excited. You're always so calm."

"No; I'm all right. And how are you?" "That cretin would let you die of pneumonia."

"I'm all right, too, I suppose. But I'm old. You try so hard to save me, don't you? You've been good. I was thinking, before I went to sleep, how good you've been. You have saved me in a way too. You've helped me to die intact."

"Don't let's talk about that," he said.

"There's no use talking about it now."

He sat down on the edge of the bed. His hands fell rigidly to his sides. She could feel the tension of his body along the bed. It's hard on him, too, she thought; a decent fellow; really a romantic fellow.

"Anna, much worse," she said.

"She had a hemorrhage last night."

"I know. I looked at her before you woke up."

Emmy looked over at Anna lying with her closed eyes that made bluish hollows in her face.

"I thought she was going to die last night."

"She won't live long," he said.

"How long?"

"Maybe only a few hours."

"Poor Anna!" She looked at her and felt ready to cry. But it didn't matter about Anna either. Everything came to her in the end. "I want you to know," she said, "that I don't really mind it now. Hardly at all. I feel as though it had already happened, and as though my children already knew about it, and as though the tiny break that I make around me is already filling up."

"Would you like to see a priest?" he asked.

"Why should I see a priest? You know I'm not very religious. I can die without one. It's raining very hard, isn't it? I hope it keeps on. No. Bach and Leonardo and Spinoza have all died, haven't they?"

"And so have a host of criminals and idiots."

"Yes, I was going to say that. The consciousness of being Spinoza and the consciousness of being a criminal comes to an end. And the consciousness of being Emmy Ritter will stop too. That's all there is to it."

He watched her intently, as a physician watches, but also as the young man who had kept her faded photograph. He leaned closer and took her wrist.

She went on dreamily, but his whole attention was on her pulse, and he seemed to be listening to it as though it spoke for her.

"Evil and death are too easy to explain. Even Bach and Leonardo and Spinoza, even the sudden, heightened consciousness. People try to make the kind of God they want, and those men made the kind of consciousness they wanted. But there's still something left to explain. Something small and maybe not important. Why is Anna so gentle and patient and uncomplaining? Why are you so kind to me here? Those are the things I can't explain. And you can't either."

"Don't always keep trying to explain," he said roughly, letting her wrist fall. "It can't matter to you any more."

"Well," she said with a faint smile, "it matters for about thirty-three hours."

He got up and stood looking down at her, and his eyelids lifted with a flickering, indecisive motion. Suddenly he went to his black bag, bent over it and stood looking into it. His back was turned to her and for a long time he stood absolutely immobile.

Suddenly he made his decision, snatched up his bag and turned around. He came back to her head, and she was startled by the change in him. His eyes were shining with a bald, wild elation.

He said, "Now, Madame Ritter, I've told you that I want to make things as easy for you as I can, and I have something here that'll produce a complete relaxation of nerve tension. I want you to take it."

She watched him fumble in the bag for what he wanted. "I think you need it," she said, "but I'll take it. What is it? A shot in the arm?"

No, it's taken by mouth. A tablet." He held it up. "I want you to take one now and one every three hours. You have no watch, but you can more or less guess at the time." He took out his watch and looked at it. "Six o'clock," he said. Then he lifted her head suddenly and put the tablet between her lips. She swallowed it obediently and lay back.

"One every three hours," he repeated. "Do you understand?" He dropped the remaining tablets into an envelope. "I'll slip this under the mattress," he said, "so Hermann won't see it. She's such a fool."

His eyes, which ordinarily looked so directly, evaded her. He bent his head, so that she only caught the glint of them.

"What are you doing?" she asked. He shrugged his shoulders.

"What are you doing?" she repeated. "Will you do as I say?"

She watched him, more and more troubled. He didn't seem to be the young man she had known before, and on whom she had begun to depend. "I wish I knew why you want me to do this," she said. "Is it a drug to deaden things for me?"

He put his hand up and pressed the skin of his forehead back and forth.

"Can't you leave this to me?" he said. "You've made the sort of life you wanted, broken laws when you thought it was necessary. Now you let me make the sort I want."

"I think you're upset," she said. "You don't seem yourself."

"Well, it doesn't matter now, does it? Will you take those tablets or won't you?"

"I suppose I will."

"I don't believe you."

"Does it mean so much to you?"

"Yes, it does. See here," he said, taking her roughly by the arm. "See here. You've told me to be a man. To think and act for myself. Now I'm doing it. I've been in prison too. This is prison for me as much as it is for you.

Now I tell you this: I don't choose to have you die that other way. Is that enough?"

She slackened her arm, so he let it go. She looked up into his blue, sparkling eyes. "Are you killing me?" she whispered.

"Shut up," he said. "Here comes Hermann."

She came stamping in with two blankets over her arm and a hot-water bottle. The doctor took the bottle from her and felt it. He put it inside the covers next to Emmy's side and Hermann spread the blanket.

"It's my own bottle," Hermann said. "There weren't any others."

"You remember what I told you," he said hullyingly. "Warm all night, see? That means you keep awake, if necessary, and I don't care how you do that. A fine business! It'll be for you if they come here Wednesday morning and you have to say, 'I let her die. She'd rather die here than there, so I let her have her way.'"

He went on scolding her. When Emmy was tucked in, he picked up his bag. "Scream for her if you want anything," he said. He pointed his finger at Hermann. Hermann turned and scuffed off down the hall. "Good night, Madame Ritter," he said. He closed his bag with a snap. "I'll be back sometime tomorrow."

He gave her a brisk salute, clicked his heels and went out. Emmy lay still. The rain poured against the pane and it was quite dark outside, but the room was full of sharp edges in the light of the electric bulb, and she was getting warm again.

So it was to be this way. It was to be this death. Coming slowly. Loosening, one by one, each tight-drawn hand. All alone. No brutal eyes or hands; no crystal-sharp world and its indifference; gently, in a warm bed. Frightened, if that must be, but free to be frightened unashamed. Wrapped only in what was most comforting. Let tears soak down if they must. Knowing so surely that among those people was at least one friend. One man courageous and clean of all cruelty. God save them for the sake of one just man. Yes, at the last he had given the best of all. Hope. It's all that can be asked. To die hoping.

She felt no effect from the tablet she'd taken. She spent what seemed three hours waiting for it to begin, but nothing happened. Then she felt under the mattress, got another out and swallowed it.

Hermann had forgotten to turn out the light. She forgot it even when, quite late, she came in with hot soup. She was in an ugly mood, because she had been frightened. She pushed Emmy up in bed and stood with her arms on her hips, watching her dip the black bread slowly, and tremulously lift the spoon to her mouth. Feeling quite well and hungry. Emmy ate her soup. She felt no drowsiness or dullness at all. On the contrary, she felt better than she had since coming to the prison, almost exhilarated. She wanted to talk to someone; to Anna.

"Anna," she whispered, "how do you feel?"

Anna opened her eyes, and Emmy saw the whites of them turning in her head. They were glazed and unseeing. She seemed to listen, but she couldn't answer.

In a moment, Emmy whispered again, "Anna, are you better?" and this time she didn't stir. Her breathing was so faint it was like a feather lifting in a faint draft. She seemed to be suffering no pain. If she was dying now, it was so peacefully that it came



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also gently to the beholder. And who could doubt that Anna, too, was better off?

As she eluded there imperceptibly, Emmy began, even against her will, to feel more and more alive. Yes, with Anna dying and herself dying, too, she felt indifferent to their deaths. She felt a mounting energy grow up, it seemed irresistible. Her blood began to flow quickly and her breath to come fast and strong. She felt she couldn't stay in bed. A vivid nervousness itched in her, to be moving, to throw off this inactivity, to get up, to go down the hall, for instance.

She lifted her covers to get up, but her heart gave a leap, and a trembling weakness seized her all over. She fell back, hugging the hot-water bottle, stilling the sudden chill that had struck her.

After all, she couldn't move. She was not really strong. But once quiet, the illusion of energy began to rise in

her. *Shall I think of the end again?* She tried to. But no, her mind wandered from it. As though she had years to live, she began to make plans. What they might do with that money, where they'd go, how they'd live.

All night she lay under the staring bulb, half asleep, half awake, but thinking only of life, never again of death. When she remembered, she took a tablet.

Toward morning, Hermann came, puffy-eyed, her whole face swollen with sleep. She wore a flannel dressing gown like a matron's and she looked, with her short, straight blond hair, like a prize fighter leaving the ring after a bad bout. Emmy burst into a gay, nervous laugh at the sight of her. Hermann had come with a fresh hot-water bottle, and to turn off the light. As she put the bottle against Emmy she looked curiously at her.

"What's funny?" she asked. "Why do you laugh?"

Emmy said nothing. She'd already forgotten Hermann. Soon she fell into deep sleep without any dreams.

Only half awakened when her coffee came in the morning.

She slipped it, lying on her side and drowsing. Mechanically, she slipped the last tablet into her mouth and swallowed it.

Some time after that she lay in a half consciousness, not knowing whether it was day or night, and then something began. Outside, she thought at first, but no, then it was inside. Deeply inside. A breath in the rhythm, a lapse, the breath stopping, then going on again. In the muscles, through the veins, a sudden and awful pause, then the renewal, hurried, breathless with pain.

What's happening to me?

She sat up, and at once she began to vomit violently.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

WHATTA MEN WANT, ANYWAY?

(Continued from Page 11)

"How do you happen to be such a good drawer?" Beadie asked curiously. Old things were always happening around resident-buying offices, but this was one of the funniest.

"I was—I mean I'm going to be a sculptor. I work at it nights. I'd like Eddie to help me. During the day I make bras. Bern's Re-Formes. Corrective brassieres. That's why I came in this morning. To show my new line." He turned again to Dee. "You know of course, that you're thrillingly beautiful."

"Me!" cried Dee, pink rushing down her cheeks. "Oh, but I'm so big. I'm always going to diet and then I don't." "Don't! Venus, if you'll remember, was a woman of rather ample proportions, judged by modern standards." "Venus! Wasn't she the god of love or something?" asked Beadie quickly. "Or something!" He turned back to her, mouth stretched in a wide, pointed smile.

"He's doling—looking. I mean it, really he is, she told herself. *Soot of English. That treed suit and everything.* Suddenly she knew she was wanted to get him out of the room, away from Dee, who was staring at him. She said: "Look, I'll introduce you to Miss Cates. This isn't her day to see bras, but if I can't be there, she will."

"Thank you very much, Miss—" "Miss—Beadie Moss." "And I'm David Bern." He looked at Dee.

"Kelley," said Dee, cheeks very pink.

"Delight," Beadie added. "Can you imagine?"

"I can—I can indeed," he smiled. Walking down the aisle of the offices, observing that she came just to his shoulder, feeling very little and "kub-ute," as Alf Goldfarb often said to her, Beadie learned that he had been in business six months. He was designer, manufacturer and salesman for Bern's Bras. His father had been Irving Bern, manufacturer of corsets and bras until the day in 1923 when he had plunged to his death from a forty-fourth-floor office window. He, David, had been studying sculpture in Paris, and had come home to find everything gone but a small sum for his mother. New York was a great change from Paris, but something that had eluded him there ought to come to him here.

Since he had to earn a living, it seemed natural to start in the business his father had founded. "I know the body, of course—that's helped."

Know the body! Beadie looked at him suspiciously. Maybe he was going to tell a dirty story. They were always telling those tales, but his voice looked too serious. He seemed O.K.

At the door to Erna Cates' office, Beadie had her spectacular idea. She would invite this unique and different young man to the Adair.

"What you can see in this game is social contacts," she said quickly. "Our club here is going to have an affair March twenty-first, and I'd be pleased to have you go with me, I really would."

For a second he looked startled, and then he thrust out his hand, his big hard hand, and caught hers in a winning grasp.

"I think that is the nicest thing anyone has tried to do for me. Thank you and thank you."

Back in her office she found Abe Sincere with Dee, discussing some order. Sometimes she thought the reason he was so nice to her was that he was sweet on her. *My goodness*, she thought virtuously, *someone is always trying to start something in this business.* With *Miss Sincere in Palm Beach*, I think that's a real record.

Going directly to her dictating machine, she picked up the note, but before turning on the connection she said to Abe: "Miss Mintz, of the Bird Island Apparel Shop, just fell in faint over those last style-show numbers I got her. And yesterday if I didn't go out and get some more just like them. Ike Gruboy said to me, be said, 'Leave us a fixture when you go, will you? I see the kub-ute'—I mean the kub-ute." She said loudly into the horn: "Miss Ionie Mintz, buyer, Debbie Frook Corner—"

Seems to me you're doing quite a lot of blowing on that horn, Beadie," Abe Sincere said, laughing a little.

"If you don't blow your own horn in this business, I don't know who'll do it for you," she said, thinking: *That'll add him.* I'm pretty quick on the comeback.

Abe looked at her, and then walked out of the office.

"Well," said Beadie to Dee, "he certainly was queer about a little joke."

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clear he wanted his buyers to get the best possible prices without any strings attached.

"I'll count on you both, then," Erna said, leaving.

"Oh, my, that tall!" Beadie laughed, watching the retreating figure. "She should wear do's from Re-West's!" "I like Miss Cates!" Dee rose, picked up her mail and walked toward the door. "She minds her own business."

Suspecting that Dee was being personal, Beadie threw up her hands and inquired dramatically: "Sometimes I just wonder what I got in common with these other women around here."

"Henna!" Dee stated, ready to get out of range quickly.

At that moment a tall and very blond young man rushed up, put his arms about her and whirled her back into the office. "Look, both of you. I've just seen the most magnificent face going down the aisle. You've got to help me find it."

"Face!" Dee and Beadie echoed.

He shook a bright bang of hair out of gray eyes. "Here, give me a piece of paper and a pencil." "I'll show you." He snatched both from Beadie's desk and began to draw with swift short strokes.

He was thin—terribly thin—his shoulders and his face, especially through the mouth. His hands were big and muscular, the square nails clean but unpainted. Not like those of Seventh Avenue, which were smooth, the nails glittering with colorless polish.

The face that came to life under his pencil was Eddie's. "There! That's what I want. Strength through defeat. Tenderness. The kind mouth. The veiled weary eyes." He held it off at arm's length with half-closed lids and shook his head. "Not quite right yet, but I'll get it." His free thumb made some queer gestures in the air, as if he were drawing it again.

"You didn't know about Eddie?" Dee asked slowly.

"No, of course not. What is there about him?" He looked at her intently. Beadie had the queerest feeling (doing that, after all. Almost as if she were in another room).

"It's wonderful, you seeing that in his face. Eddie's our office man. He's had a sick wife for twenty years. No one has ever heard him complain."

Abe Sincere stopped at their office the following morning. "You going to The Affair, Dee?"

"I don't know," she said, looking up from her mail. "I really haven't any-one much to take. I hate to buy a new dress just for the dinner, and my black crepe is sort of shot."

"Now, take me," Beadie said enjoyably. "I know I'm going to go and wear the best outfit I can get. The young kids around here, they never will stop talking about the pink velvet I wore last year. Bettie, that little secretary we had, said to me, 'Miss Moss, if I had your style I'd die happy.'"

"Who was that good-looking young fellow I seen you with, Beadie, yesterday?" Abe Sincere asked, underlip thrust out reflectively.

"Isn't he sub-wee? He's the son of Irving Bern."

"No! Irve Bern's boy?" Abe came into the room. "Why, Irve and I used to be good friends in the old days when resident offices were just holes in the wall. A fine man on brawls, Irve. Too bad he went that way. Too bad."

"I'm going to bring David to The Affair," Beadie announced. "I want to give him a chance to meet folks. I don't know, I'm always doing things like that. He's gone into the same business as his father."

Abe Sincere looked suddenly sour. "Too much lollygaggin' round this place mornings," he said, and left.

In his office he sat down at his big mahogany desk, looking curiously shrunken by its shining expense. Too bad about Dee not having a fellow. He remembered her as she was when she had come to ask for a job of filing in the Unit Control, a big girl with thick blond braids wound round her head, and face so thin that she had looked all eyes. She had been only thirteen, but had told him sixteen. Her size and gentle poise had fooled him. Her father had been out of work and the Kelleys needed money badly, he found out later.

He had never been sorry that he had taken her into the organization or advanced her in a few years to coats, the youngest buyer in the market. Yep, a nice girl; sweet, but no softy. A flick in her tongue when she needed it, and she could fight for prices in a way you'd never think. Abe sat tapping his fingers, one, two, three, four, double thump with the narrow thumb. Good-looking boy, that Bern kid. Like Irve when he was young. Irve had been honest, kind and a fine money-maker; lacking, though, some little iron in his system when things turned against him. But the boy—square chin, good jaw. . . .

He called to Mollie Levy, his secretary, who sat in the outer office: "Get me Milton Goldright at Acme Dance Frocks." After eight years, Dee had earned a bonus and, by golly, he'd make it a good one!

When Milton came on the phone he said: "Listen, look, Milt, I want to buy a black formal for a big girl. Size eighteen, I heard her say once. The prettiest one you got. No schmeer. Good fabric. Good line. You know." "Thuh. Very silveryetty? That's good."

"It's a Wee-o-nay?" He looked off into space with a superior twinkle. Well, Milt might not be able to pronounce the French dressmakers, but his big square hands had a way with fabric that had made history up and down Fifth Avenue. He would do wonders for Dee.

"It's color is Prince's Plume? But, Milton, I said black. This girl only wears black."

"Oh, it is black. Just a name?" He shook his head. That was the style game for you, calling white, Vanilla, and black, Prince's Plume, just to say something different. Voice very gentle, head tilted. "Milton, how much?"

He winced. "Look, listen, Milt," he purred, manzaging a little laugh. "I said one dress; not for the Roxey Chorus or anything like that. It's a gift for a nice sweet girl in the office. I feel towards her like she was a daughter."

"Oh, you would?" His face brightened. "O.K. I'll send her in . . . and a fitting, Milt . . . no extra charge . . ."

The twenty-five off that Milt had offered was what he gave dress buyers when they ordered for their personal use . . . let's see . . . that would bring it down . . . he figured happily.

Beadie, trotting along Seventh Avenue the next day in totes-high-heeled patent-leather pumps, thought a good deal about her date for The Affair. Inquiries in the various wholesale houses had brought out some interesting information about David Bern. His business had been started on capital borrowed from a friend of his father's, and until the business could pay it back he'd live on scant calories, so he said. Morris Reinstein had commented: "A nice clean young fellow, and he's got ideas. His Three-Occasion Bras box is a honey, and his stuff comes through beautiful, just like the samples."

Beadie thought: *Well, I could do worse if he is just starting out. With his sort and my style sense, we could go to town on bras.*

She had just changed the name of his product to The Beadie Bern Bras, as something with a great deal more personality, when she met Dee, carrying an enormous box.

She said: "The only way I could get this order out was to carry it back myself to the office."

"My goodness," said Beadie. "I'm disgusted right up to my ears. Who's gonna thank you for making a regular pack horse outta yourself?" Looking at Dee's flying yellow hair and pale lips—she never used enough lipstick—she thought to herself: *How could he have called her beautiful? He ought to see how messy she looks now.* She said: "Look, Dee, I'd sort of like to see David Bern's showroom. I think maybe the boss'd like us to look him up, on account of he knew his father. Wanna go with me? I'll blow us to a cab."

"Well," Dee said doubtfully, "if it doesn't t'ke too long. My feet hurt so from walking, though, I'd really be glad to sit in a cab for a few minutes. I'll go fifty-fifty on the fare."

In a building on lower Broadway, twenty stories up, they found David Bern in his shirt sleeves, sitting at a drawing board. "How good of you! How very good of you!" he cried, springing up and shaking their hands.

The great room was bare, and yet it had something, Beadie decided, turning slowly about. High ceiling and walls were painted a golden yellow, floor dark brown. Booths for the buyers were decorated with sketches of women striding down the Avenue, teasing, dining and dancing. Arching over each sketch were the words: "Bern's Three-Occasion Bras."

"It'll be luvelien when you get a rug down," she said. "I just got a new one for my bedroom, and it comes up between my toes, like—oh, I don't know—mud."

(Continued on Page 61)



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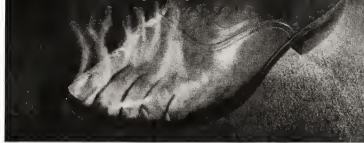
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And anger began to rise in Beadie, a hot choking anger that confused her steps—she was ordinarily so fleet-footed. She thought: *Here I went to all this trouble to take him, expensive new outfit and everything, and he isn't even nice to me. And that Kelley, that two-timing, double-chinned side of a mountain, getting an expensive dress like that. I'd like to know how she got enough money to go around buying fifty-nine-seventy-five dresses, and in my houses too. Did she ask me to get it for her? No, she snuck around in the back doors of my manufacturers, asking for favors.*

Out on the floor something was happening. Dee couldn't get three steps without someone cutting in. Abe Sincere was there, too, shuffling his feet, pointing first one finger and then another, under the impression that he was doing the Big Apple; not even knowing that it was out and the shag was in, Beadie thought scornfully.

No one offered to cut in on David for a single dance. Not a soul. And after all, you couldn't dance a straight program with a man, especially when all he could do was the waltz and the two-step. She had taken six lessons in the rumba and could go like anything. She gestured to Murray Zeist as he went by, raising her eyebrows and shaking her head. Nothing happened.

She said to Bertie, the mailroom boy, who was there with his sister, a mousey little person in a last year's chiffon number: "How's for a trade?"

He said: "Sorry, my next's with Miss Kelley."

So did Otto, in the Hose. And Ezra Bowen, the comptroller. They were all very sorry, but Miss Kelley—

She said desperately: "Mr. Bowen—Ezra—is a very important man for you to know. He has loads of contacts. I won't hurt you to be seen with me." He didn't say anything. She looked up. His eyes were over and beyond her, on something she couldn't see.

At eleven they were still dancing together. No offers to break. She kept talking, smiling brightly, so that everyone would think she was having a wonderful time. Somehow she could just smell out a new style... remember Skoporek's Firecracker Dresses... she was the first one in the market to send out a distribution... maybe she should have been a designer... His comments were pleasant but brief. They didn't give her a thing to go on. At twelve she said, with something like a sob: "I have a perfectly awful headache. I guess I'll have to go home."

David stopped short in the middle of the floor. He said: "I'm terribly sorry." It sounded horribly like a sigh of relief. "I'll get a cab for you." She said airily: "Oh, never mind. I'll just run along by myself." She wanted to get away from him. For some reason the beautiful evening had gone to smash. "Night," she tossed to him over her shoulder, and moved slowly across the floor. A wave to Murray. A nod to Ezra. And to any questions... that terrible... terrible head—oh-oh! She'd carry it off, so she would!

Eddie Sincere, seated once more at the head table, called: "Eddie, a word with you."

Eddie approached his thick leathery ear.

"Everything seems to be working out O.K., huh?" said Abe Sincere. His left lid drooped over so slightly. Suddenly, Eddie blinked both of his.

In the corner near the orchestra, David and Dee were standing close together, the stars in her eyes matching the dazle in his.

Abe said, "Just the other day I was showing Sonny's report card to Dee. She said she thought it in."

Suddenly the rose, horrified. Streaking toward the two was Beadie, head down, hands clenched, high heels digging into the floor with every step. Abe Sincere groaned: "Oh, my last air."

Eddie said: "Oh, my gosh, but Miss Moss looks mad."

Beadie's voice rose above the orchestras: "You—you—" she said to Dee. She raised her hand.

Abe Sincere called: "Beadie! Oh, Beadie!"

She looked about, startled.

He signaled the orchestra to stop. Terrified, Beadie thought, *Oh my goodness, I almost—* Her hand, coming to rest at the back of her neck, smoothed up an imaginary lock of hair. She said to Dee: "You—you really must promise me to look after Mr. Bern, won't you, dolling?" and turned to Abe. He

nodded. "I'll do my best," he said. He was almost twelve-thirty, and we've got to be out of here by one. Have to pay the orchestra overtime if we stay, and I guess the club treasury can't take it. I know I'm going right now, and it would give me a lot of pleasure to escort the best-looking outfit here home. In a taxi... Beadie!"

He bowed, a little man with great dignity, and, coming out from behind the table, took her hand and led her from the floor. He could feel her trembling. Poor Beadie! But the wound wasn't deep. It would heal quickly. He'd bet on that. Maybe he could find her someone who would like her clothes and laugh at her noisy talk. But not Irve Bern's boy. Un-uh! During the straight program the horn had apparently blown loud enough to scare him in exactly the direction he had longed to go. He'd been looking perfectly O.K. He had liked the talk he had with him in his showroom the day before. Head in the clouds. Feet on the ground. With a girl like Dee, he couldn't go far. He'd throw him some orders. You bet he would.

"Now, where is it you live?" he asked.

"At Four, One-ninety-third," Beadie answered in a muffled voice.

"Oh, way up in the Bronx!" he said pathetically.

Beadie Moss came close to the mirror in her bureau. It was too short for her to get a full-length view of the shining red dress, but by stretching up she could see the bustle at the back, an enormous loop of fabric.

She said: "The best-looking outfit they've pointed out, the best! Proud." "My slippers match my bracelet. My handkerchief matches my dress—!" Turning her head slightly, she could see the sleek back line of her hair and curls on top. "The Queen of the Crown." La Vogue Beauty Shop had called this new "do." "I look charming. Simply charming," she added thoughtfully.

Tomorrow the office would be buzzing with the fact that Abe Sincere had driven her clear to the Bronx, an unheard-of extravagance. All the way he had talked business. Things weren't the way they used to be. Open orders you could get for ten, twelve thousand now! It was slick, pick, pick. She hadn't had a chance to let him know how she felt about Dee, and maybe just as well. If anyone asked her about David, she was just being nice to him, that was why she had invited him. She could laugh it off—laugh!

Suddenly her face twisted. "Whatta men want, anyway?" she inquired plaintively.

COD AND CANVAS

(Continued from Page 18)

More Norsemen followed Thorwald, recorded their adventures in sagas, and then left New World plunder for that of the Old. Six hundred years later the Chevalier Champlain skirted the Cape and made a map, still extant, of the Viking's harbor. He called it *Le Beau Port*—the beautiful harbor. And then in 1623, just three years after the founding of Plymouth, a group of fourteen fishermen and farmers from Dorchester, England, founded at Cape Ann the first settlement in the Massachusetts Bay Colony and the up-and-down Colonial history of the town began.

Gloucester's early years were an unhappy struggle against poverty, the French, intruders from rival colonies and, finally, the British. The Revolution brought misery and privation to Gloucester; her fisheries were practically destroyed, her vessels engaged in privateering or rotted at the wharves. After the war, the port turned its eyes toward commerce, and the early 1800's saw a boom period when a great Gloucester fleet ferried New England products to Suriname, the Caribbean isles and circled the world in the East Indian trade. Then that, too, died with the growth of the ports of Salem, Boston and New York, and Gloucester's merchant fleet disappeared from the seas.

The Civil War brought Gloucester its longest period of prosperous years. For the war and the wave of foreign immigration which followed gave the harbor what it had so long awaited—a domestic market for its fish. And as its fishing fleet grew, provincial fishermen from Nova Scotia, Cape Breton and Prince Edward Island filtered into town, and the Portuguese arrived to enrich their compact little colony on "Portagee" Hill.

A City of Tragedies

These were Gloucester's heroic years, when its great-sailed schooners dotted the Grand Banks and the Georges and its trawlermen made their courage and hardihood a legend. It was a period of mounting tragedy, too, for, as the fleet increased, so did the casualties at sea. For years it was a rare month that did not take its toll of Gloucester fishermen. Two gale-swept days of February, in 1877, accounted for thirteen vessels and their crews of 143 Gloucestermen, and when the fleet came straggling back, the town added fifty-three more widows to its legion of women in black. Two hundred and twenty-two men were lost that winter, but the fleet which set out for the spring catch was larger than ever. South for mackerel, to the Banks for ground fish and to the northern waters off Greenland for halibut they went, racing home under full canvas to dump their loads on the town wharves and set out to sea again. Gloucester boats, built on the ways at near-by Essex, manned by Gloucestermen and driven hard by some of the world's finest sailing masters, made Gloucester this country's most important fishing center during the late years of the last century.

It was a self-contained industry. On the wharves which raised the harbor more than a score of fish companies processed the catch, drying it or salting it down for market. Just outside the town were the glue factories and the

fertilizer plants which utilized the end products of the sea harvest, and scattered around the bay were the cooperage yards, the sail lofts and the supply houses which fed material to the hungry Gloucester fleet. Everything the industry needed was there, on Cape Ann, in those days—everything but the market for salt fish. And no one worried about that. It looked as though Gloucester, after two hundred years of trying, had hit its stride at last.

The Age of Elegance

While the fishing fleet was making Gloucester prosperous, the beauty of the Cape and the harbor was attracting the outside world. Long before the end of the last century, the annual wave of summer vacationists had ushered in an age of elegance ashore. Victorian mansions and gabled cottages studded the coast line; on Eastern Point a coterie of Chicago millionaires entrenched themselves within a group of pretentious estates, while on the harbor's western shore several large hotels were built to accommodate a regular and "select" clientele. Magnolia's shopping street became the Fifth Avenue of New England. At Bass Rocks, on the eastern side of the Cape, the Siamese, Chinese and Japanese legations built their summer headquarters, and near by, on the shore road, Holy Row housed a battalion of Episcopalian ministers.

Magnolia Beach was the scene of daily trotting races, in which gentlemen raced their favorites in the most genteel tradition. Four-in-hands and tallyhogs jingled along the pine-lined roads, and bright carriages rolled through the country lanes which spread like winding streams across the Cape. Whole families, complete with their stable and their darky chore boys, arrived at the elegant Oceanside in June, and stayed till the season's end. It was all very fine and very fashionable—a Newport-onece-moved straddling a thriving, lusty town which was busy making a fortune in fish.

Gloucester was proud of this colony which doubled its population in the summer months. It blended nicely with the great white houses built by the retired captains of the Indies trade; it brought a quiet and decorous distinction which spread like a patina over the shiny new wealth rolling in from the Banks. Gloucester even spared a tolerant smile for the occasional dilettante who set up his easel on the water front and sedately sketched the harbor scenes. Art, to the Gloucester of those great days, was among the trivia of life, summer visitors a pleasant diversion, the price of salt cod the mainspring.

That was Gloucester forty years ago. That was Gloucester, a town of a thousand personal tragedies, but of one great collective triumph over the sea. That was the Gloucester whose hero was Howard Blackburn, a trawlerman who, after becoming separated from his schooner during a blinding snowstorm on the Banks, dipped his hands in sea water, froze them to the oars, and rowed five days and nights without food or water, carrying a frozen dory mate, to the Newfoundland shore. That was the Gloucester upon whose wharves were landed, on an average,

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FISK

TIME TO RETIRE
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SHE PUT OUT TO GO

(Continued from Page 15)

"Go fetch me an ole broom, honey." When I came back with it, I caught her kneeling on the floor, praying.

After dinner, Grandma declared she was the boss as far as the dishes were concerned, and she washed them. When the muddering clouds finally spilled rain, Granny ran out to take the clothes from the line. Grandma had them in. They were sprinkled down, and she was busy ironing.

As the weeks went by, Granny settled some. Of course, there was the trouble over the chickens; Grandma taking up for her hens and rooster, and the brood of freshly hatched biddies; Granny defending Rover, swearing that the old hound was protecting her flower beds when he chased them. When the dog and the fowls and the two old ladies got mixed up in the front yard, feud shots were fired with voices.

From the beginning, Granny had wanted to buy the chickens. Grandma refused to sell. Eggs would fetch her more profit in the long run, she figured. When Granny needed them, she bought the eggs. Other weeks Grandma trudged three miles to the village to market them. Every now and then she spent a nickel and bought Bobby and me five sticks of candy.

Summer left and the fall leaves came and fell. One morning when it was almost winter cold, Sid, the hired man, drove Granny and Rena off to visit some ailing kin. That night Grandma remains by the fire in the big room with Bobby and me.

"Reckon I'd better tell you young-uns a story," she said. She seemed to figure around in her mind a moment or two and then she looked up at Grandpa's picture.

"You two didn't know yo' grandpaw, did you?"

"No'm," I said, not caring a thing about him.

"Fity," she hid her hands under her sleeves and began.

"My folks and him neighbored for a summer onet. Yo' grandpaw was a young buck then, and valley-raised; my family wuz mountain-bred. I used to see him at church. He wuz six feet two—a laughin' boy, he wuz. When he let out, you thought you heared thunder thun'ed friendly."

She paused and listened. I heard a spawing in the burning logs.

"I'll wuv that fire's-a-poppin' snow," she predicted.

She didn't praise Grandpa much as the story went on, but the old, mustache man in the picture faded and I saw a great high mountain with a laughing young hero sitting astride it.

"And when he rode," Grandma almost sang it, "he drove a span of dapple bays, curli-bitted, so he could holt 'em. Under his hand they traveled fast as a streak of bright slow lightnin'."

It was impish the way Grandpa started Sid coming into the big room. One night when he was at supper—hired men always sat at the second table—she called him.

"Come in the big room, Sid, when you air done. I'm a-needin' advice offen you."

Granny was upstairs. Rena was sitting under the soft light of a kerosene lamp, doing needlework.

"Take off your apron and uncross yo' legs," Grandma whispered. Rena primped a little and a haze of prettiness surrounded her.

Sid came in just as Granny charged dovstairs. His big body that swung so free outdoors moved awkwardly in the house. But the smile on his brown face was easy, and youngness flowed right out of him.

"Sid"—Grandma sounded concerned—"my old Dommerueck hen is down with the pip. What would you do fer her?"

Sid always stuttered with a laugh before he spoke. His beginning over, he said, "Wily, Miz Blossom"—he never failed to compliment her with the marriage title—"I'd grease her head with a tetch of lard, and change her feedin'."

"I'll up and try that tomorrow," she came to her feet. She had never heard of the remedy before.

Sid started out.

"Come back here, man," Grandma called. "I ain't through with you."

Sid leaned against the doorjamb and answered, "No'm," and "No'm" to questions I knew she could answer better than he. Granny broke in and issued an order to Sid for the morrow. He took the hint to go.

Grandma held her after him: "Sid, did you ever raise goats?"

He turned again. "Plenty of 'em, ma'am."

"I've sorter got goats in the back of my mind."

"Nary a goat will ever come on my property!" Granny roared.

Grandma paid no attention. She motioned toward the sofa. "Set, Sid, and tell me about 'em."

"I'd just soon stand, ma'am," he said. She finally got him down, sitting on half of a chair near the door. Twirling his hat and picking at a patch on his knee in turn, he talked like company until bedtime. Once during the visit Sid looked at Rena as if he had never seen her before.

Every evening after supper Grandma kept thinking of questions, until Sid learned to drop in without being called.

The first time he came without invitation, Granny rared when he went out. But her own liking for having a man sitting around the house kept her from stopping him when he came again and sat on the chair off by the door. One evening Granny went to see a sick neighbor. The minute she had gone, Grandma thought of a story that needed telling. Bobby and I followed her upstairs. When Granny came home, she found Sid and Rena alone, sitting together on the sofa.

The next morning Granny accused Sid of stealing one of her hogs. He got so mad he quit her and walked off without his satchel.

That afternoon Bobby found the hog wedged between two rails of the pasture fence. He drove the animal home and ran in, shouting the news to Granny.

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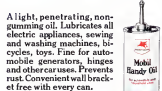
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Her face reddened like a beet. She blustered around, hunting for her shawl, declaring with every breath that it couldn't be her lost hog. When she went out to make sure, Grandma got up and followed. I stood at the big room window and watched. It was a March day. The high wind looked yellow as it tossed the skirts and hair of the two old women standing face to face down by the barn. Their arms were swinging, too, but it was anger that blew them. Grandma was rowing so loud her words split right through the house boards.

"You git word to Sid you found y' pork, or I'll wring y' infernal neck," Granny tried to send word, but not a neighbor or a storeman in town knew where Sid had gone.

Rena fell puny again after that and didn't have strength to roll up her hair. Grandma would go into Rena's room at bedtime to paper up the curls for her. I knew by the creak on the stairs that Grandma stayed late to talk.

One night in my sleep I heard my name called. I opened my eyes and saw a white figure with a candle standing by my bed. It was Grandma in her long-sleeved, high-necked sleeping gown. Her feet were bare.

"Come on," she said. I followed like I was. Quiet as a ghost, she led me down through the house, into the kitchen, and out the back door to row of unbanistered steps that led up to the shed room where Sid had slept. Inside, she closed the door. Holding the candle, she told me to go through his clothes pockets and look for letters. I found one in his Sunday coat.

"Read hit," she said. "I've out-grown my spees." I began: "Dear Sweetheart—" "Don't go no further," Grandma ordered, "sept to rit the town hit come from and the name that writ hit."

It didn't have any home place stated and the signature was "Babsey." Grandma took it from me and tore it into tiny pieces while she swore me to eternal secrecy. In Sid's satchel I finally found an envelope that had a woman's name and a street address in Kansas City.

"That'll do, honey," Grandma said. "We'll jest write him keer of Kansas." She brought from the pocket of her nightdress a sheet of paper, an envelope and a pencil. There, with Sid's cot for a table, I wrote at her dictation:

Dear Sid: The hog is found. Come back and git your apology.

The next day she put off to town. I knew she went to mail her message. It was a long time before she got her answer.

The five years that had led me, and even Bobby, toward growiness seemed to leave Granny and Grandma untouched. They still referred to each other as "her" and addressed the other as "you." Maybe Grandma did sit silent longer, and more often stand in the porch doorway, looking wistfully down the road.

Once when I stood, both hands shading her searching eyes, Granny assailed her: "Set, and be at home. Whoever promised to fetch you has long forgot."

Grandma smiled. "Reedy feet air prancin' some'er's. The sound rides to me on the wind."

One sleet-beaten night, after I had finished my homework, I crept up to the attic. Bobby was already there, on the floor, curled like a cat around the oil heater that gave the low-cellinged room an under-the-covers snugness.

Grandma sat on her bed, tense in the reliving of the scene as she told how she had dealt with a catamount.

"Bobby's next as I scrambled down beside him. Quietly we waited. We could see Grandma rowing through memory to pick up a telling that would top her last.

She had begun to smile over some recollection when a foot sound on the stairs broke the spell. It was Rena, dragging herself up like Rover making the steps when his rheumatism is bad. Her voice held a hankering for company when she asked: "You and the children mind listening, Gramma?"

Grandma just held out her hand to Rena and moved to make place on the bed for her.

"Well," Grandma pretended to puzzle, "I've done told all I know, lessen I make up."

"Tell about Grandpa," Bobby demanded.

"Shucks, I told you 'bout him last night."

"There's always something new about Grandpa," I added.

"Oh, I know all about paw," Rena threw in.

I knew what Rena wanted to hear and I felt a strange new akinness with her as I suggested, "Maybe a growup would like to hear a love story."

"Fiddlesticks!" Bobby jeered as he hauled a foot back and let me hear it. I slapped him, and Grandma threatened to "whoop" us.

"Do you know any love stories, Gramma?" Rena questioned, sounding hopeful.

"A passel of 'em," Grandma said. Her hands under her sleeves patted her arms. That was a sign she was pondering. Bobby groaned, rolled over, and pretended to go to sleep.

"I must tell you," Grandma began, "about a young gal that lived in hollerin' distance of me back yonder in the hills. She wuz a mighty purty little thing, about the size and not much older than Paulie, ther."

That made me shiver with a queer delight.

"She had a shack, a pa, brother, and some livestock to look 'a ter. Her ma had crossed the river. We play wuzen we wuz young 'uns and growed up together, but her name I plumb disremember." She paused and studied a moment. "Hit comes to me that the boy she keered fer called her 'Deddee,' and I revolved her pet name for him, which I'll tell you when I come to hit."

She pictured again the camp-meeting ground that was perched right on top of the mountain, a good half mile up from her father's cabin. "Hit wuz whar the valley folks snook up to cool in the heat of summer. The old people and them approachin' age took time to sing and pray a heap, but the young folks wuz thar to frolic."

Rover lumbered up the steps and squatted down, but Grandma didn't see him. Her eyes were always on the place she told about.

"What I aim to tell you come outen Deddee's own mouth to you. One Sunday she went to church by herself. Her folks wuz poor believers. On other days she worked in the cornfield and couldn't go to midweek preaching. So that Sabbath, under the arbor, she wuz a-singin' a-b-havin' and a-listenin'. All at once she felt bound to turn. Across the aisle a young fellow wuz

a-studyin' her, not impudent, but kinder worshipin'. She looked quick back at the preacher, but her ears wuz deaf to his sayin's. She didn't need no more of his heaven. She was a tremblin' outside, and a-singin' in. That thar dark-headed boy with the tenderin' eyes wuz King, the man had bin born to wait for.

"A've church, all the way down the path to her home, she knowed he wuz a-followin' at a respectful distance. He didn't much as cough till she reached the gate. Then he swung his hand 'bout to the ground, a-bowin'."

"Fair lady," he loved, "I come to pay court to you. What's yo' highest man kin that I may ask his lief?"

"She pointed to the barn, whar she hearded the sizzin' sound of her pa a-whettin' his ax on the grindstone. The boy out around the house. She jest stood, a-staggerin' standin'. In her heart she named him 'King.'"

Grandma closed her eyes and made one she was resting. Her eyes rolled on his side and stretched. His tail thumped to the time of the falling hail on the roof until Grandma began once more.

"Her pa let 'em keep company. Word got around that King and Dee-dee wuz a-settin' up together. Bright nights they courted in the yard. Dark of the moon they set in the cabin. He laid purliest speech to her a woman's ears ever heard."

For a moment I thought she was trying to recall the words of King's wooing, but as she did, she left them unsaid.

"They put off their marriage till his twenty-first birthday, due in the fall. He done that a-knowin' his valley-raised pa wuz agin his union with a mountain girl, but he didn't let on to her. He did low to her that they'd keep it to themselves that they wuz promised. One lone thing the girl kept from the boy. She didn't tell him she couldn't read nor write."

"Dee-dee was marriage-grown and couldn't read," Bobby interrupted, proving he wasn't asleep.

"Even a queen ain't born a-knowin' how," Grandma scolded. "Readin's somethin' everybody's got to learn, and Dee-dee hadn't got around to it."

"Bobby started to snicker. I pinched him quiet and Grandma went on.

"That wuz in the campgrounds a valley girl with her folks. I recollect her name, but for Christian reasons I'll call her 'Sal.' Sal took to visitin' Dee-dee, and she fell to tellin' Dee-dee her love secrets about a man in town she aimed to marry. Womanlike, Dee-dee let out some of her. Sal a-hopin' she'd die if she told. One day Dee-dee named the day when her weddin' wuz a-happenin'."

Grandma took her tale-telling pause, but she held it longer, as if she were tired.

"And what then, Gramma?" Rena couldn't help asking.

"That night King didn't come. The next night Dee-dee footed hit by herself through the skeerin' dark to preachin'."

He wuzn't at church and none of his folks wuz, neither. She went home, worried sleepless, afearin' him sick.

"The mornin' a-comin' a man rode a horse up to her gate. He handed his hat fetchin'. Hit wuz a letter from King, the very tetch of hit told her."

"Dee-dee asked the carrier to wait and she set out a-runnin' every inch of the upward way to Sal's hilltop tent. Sal wuz a-washin' her gold-eyed hair. She towled her head quick and read the letter to herself. Dee-dee a-dyin' in her waitin'." Then Sal give Dee-dee a

sympathy hug and cried a dish of tears afore she worded the letter out loud."

Grandma stopped. She seemed about to leave the room to get something she suddenly remembered that she had forgotten.

"What you want, Grandma?" Bobby asked.

"Nothin'."

Her weight settled on the bed and she continued, "Seeh wuz the lines Sal read: 'Send word you fergive me. Pa's took me home. He aims for me to marry another girl and I'm bound to mind him.'"

"The low-down skunk!" Bobby interrupted.

"Hush!" Grandma's eyes flared with a sudden anger, and then they dimmed like a candle going out. They were turned again to her far-off seeing.

"Sal writ down just whar Dee-dee said: 'I ain't a-keerin' no more, and Dee-dee sent hit to King. Sal begged her to tear up King's letter, but Dee-dee wanted his handwritin'. The words wuz unreadin' to her eyes, but he had tetchted the paper. She could lay the letter whar her heart had bin.'"

Grandma sighed as if the story were finished.

"Did he marry the other girl?" Rena asked, thinking, I knew, of Sid.

"When summer come agin King wuz at the big meetin', and him and Sal wuz wed."

"The husky stole him from Dee-dee," Rena almost hissed.

"We oughten to judge," Grandma rebuked.

"I'll say it was good riddance for Dee-dee to get shid of a puny cuss like him," Bobby declared.

There was defense in Grandma's tone. "And so her folks tried to console her, but ten years later Dee-dee found out —" Grandma hushed suddenly and looked wonderingly at her hands in her lap.

In the yard the wind went down, and the fall on the roof stopped as if the out-of-doors held a breath to catch Grandma's next word. The purr in the flame of the heater was the only intruding sound.

At length she looked up. Slowly the old eyes came back to us and she shook her head as if she were surprised to see our waiting faces.

"Shucks," she laughed, "I'm so plumb wore out I'm a-wanderin' in my mind, a-comin' up talk."

"But what did Dee-dee find out?" Rena cried.

"I ain't a-join' to tell you till another night."

My romantic love of sorrow made me beg. "Please, Grandma, tell us what Dee-dee did when she heard King was married."

"She went into the house and sat through the night like she has not through the years, a-waitin'."

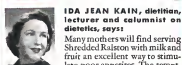
"Waitin' for what?" Bobby asked her.

"Oh, I don't know, honey." She got up and shooked us with her hands. "Go on to bed afore I git me a switch and we'll yo' hides."

The next night Rena was bedfast with a headache. Grandma sat in the big room, watching Bobby and me play dominoes. She didn't know the game. I felt her interest was feigned to keep her eyes off Granny, who sat crocheting, sucking in her mouth with every certain stitch. Finally someone yawned. The rest of us did, too. Then a loud rap startled us wide-awake. Bobby opened the door, and

(Continued on Page 69)

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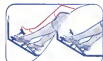
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(Continued from Page 67)

Sid stepped in, strong and easy, like he was walking through the yard. His face was browned, his body lean and trimmer. He waited for no greetings and made none. His eyes looked straight at Granny, rabbit-seared in her chair. "I just come outen Mexico," he began, without a trace of his stammering laugh. "I stopped at my sister's in Kansas City and found Miz Blossom's five-year-old friend."

"We wuz all sorry, Sid," Granny sounded like she was taken with a spell of palsy. "I—I tried to get you word —"

"I didn't come for no apology," Sid interrupted. "I come to see Rena."

Granny's voice steadied. "She's asleep, sick."

"All right, Miz Yates," Sid answered. "I'm stoppin' down to Farmer Owens'. I'll come back tomorrow."

Granny got up. Two cords jumped out in her neck. She nuzzed up the crocheted piece, clenching it. She spoke in the tone she used to order a hired man. "If Rena wants to see you, she'll send for you. Don't show yo' foot in my yard less'n she does."

"She'd better send afore midnight, ma'am," Sid threw at her, and walked out.

Granny just stood looking at the place where Sid had been. Her mouth worked like she was trying to get a bit of food from between her teeth politely. Suddenly she turned on us, her eyes blazing as she threatened: "If any one of you tell Rena Sid wuz here, I'll—throw you outen the house." Then she strutted up the stairs.

Without a word, Grandma got up and followed.

I couldn't help leaning my ear against Granny's door when I had to pass it on my way to bed.

She was arguing: "He ain't her equal to marry."

"I don't know about that," Grandma replied, "but he's equal to makin' her happy."

Anger made Granny sound choked. "Delia Blossom, I've give you home and bread, but if you try to interfere —"

"I've worked for my home and bread. You air the body that's a-interferin'."

"No daughter of mine will ever marry a hired man."

"Lay finger to stop hit, and I'll tell Rena, I'll tell Lona's young-uns, I'll tell the neighbors, what's in this here bosom letter of mine."

"What letter?" Granny whispered.

I heard old paper gently crackling.

"Read hit to me," Grandma ordered.

"I won't—I won't!" Granny was crying.

Granny's voice rumbled like a bad cloud. "Then I'll say hit to you from heart like Kurt learnt hit to me ten years 'afer yo' 'bin' tongue spelt hit out."

"Kurt couldn't read!" Granny shrieked.

"He could when he come back from soldieri'n." Grandma's tone was like the swish of a whip. "And if you kin dead a word I've let call in Rena or Pauline to disprove hit."

"Don't—don't," Granny begged.

Granny's old voice grew tender as she read from memory: "Deedee, honey: Pa got word that me and you wuz promised. Last night he hurried me home without time to see you. The

day 'afer my birthday I'll come a-ridin' behind the dapple bays to make you my wife. Wait for me, and keep for me forever, like I'm a-keerin' fer you, King."

Granny was sobbing. Between the gobs of hurt sound, I could hear: "Oh, Delia, I'm sorry! I was sorry then, but I had to go. When you come to me in your old age I took you on you."

"Don't pity me," Grandma lashed. "I've bin happier with my recollections of him than you ever wuz with his body."

Granny split a sob to fume: "You eain't take that satisfaction from me!" But the feud had been fought and won. Grandma stated her terms: "The one satisfaction I'm a-demandin' is Rena's marriage to Sid."

At high noon a week later they were married in a little church in the village.



I followed like I was. Quiet as a ghost, she led me down through the house, to a row of unbanistered steps that led up to the shed room where Sid had slept.

You wouldn't have believed that it was drudgefooted Rena that stood straight and glowing under that white dress and veil.

During the ceremony Granny cried. Grandma sat patting her cotton-gloved hands together and whispering so the whole church could hear. "Ain't hit purty?" She laughed with Sid every time he laughed before he answered the preacher. She nodded her head with each vow, and said, "I will," out loud with Rena.

When the bride and groom were off on the train and we were ready to start home, Grandma wouldn't get in the car.

"You all go on," she said. "I've got some eggs to sell."

"You ain't got no eggs," Granny snapped.

"I have, too, in my pocket," she hooted, and dodged off through the traffic.

It was cold dusk when she came home. She backed up to the fire to warm, delved into her under-skirt pocket and brought out some change. She counted the coins and handed them to Granny. "Here's half a dollar and a cent I owe you."

"Fer what?" Granny asked in surprise.

"Hit's money I borried offen you t'other day, with a copper fer interest."

Granny stiffened away from her chair back.

"You mean you put yo' fingers in my purse?"

The charge seemed to slip out on a whirlwind breath. "You refused to buy Rena bridal shawl?"

"Why, Rena told me —" Granny began to shout, but Grandma out-voiced her: "I told Rena Sid bought 'em, and he did offer, but her pa wouldn't 'a' considered that proper." Granny east-ward her neck. "How much did them clothes cost?"

"The price of a black silk dress I aimed to git to go away in," Grandma retorted, "but I'm satisfied to put out in my shift, a-knowin' Mr. Yates' daughter wuz married party."

"Scrap from my table fed them hens," Granny whimpered, and broke into loud sobbing. Grandma spat in the fire and then hollered, "Oh, hush! A'er this you kin have my eggs!"

Summer was flush now. One night after supper we all sat on the front porch. A full-moon inched toward midnight. Its almsday brightness laid its fingers over everything it touched. The gateposts looked like sculptured marble figures.

Now and then a car went by on the road below, and the dust that followed took the form of beating silver wings.

We had been silent for a long time when Grandma spoke, "My nose itches. Somebody's a-comin'."

"Don't you itch up nobody fer me to cook fer tomorrow!" Granny barked.

Grandma laughed. "When my company comes, I aim to go off with 'em."

The night drew us into its quiet again and not a soul was talking when Grandma started us with a whispered "Flush." Without-moment breathed in the word. Vainly at a stir we listened and caught the faint sound of horses' feet running on the road.

The steps grew louder until a span, drawing a buggy, passed like a streak of light lightning. The moonlit dust made a halo around the horses.

"Why, who's gone back to buggy riding?" Rena asked.

"Ole man Gurney," Sid drowled. "He bought a young mare yesterday and he's breakin' her in to drive double."

When the hoofbeats were nearly out of hearing Granny spoke as if she couldn't help saying what she said: "Somehow them horses remind me of a pair Rena's pa used to have."

Suddenly age seemed to overtake Granny and wizen even her memories. It was as if she needed Grandma's recollection to quicken her own when she questioned: "Remember, Delia?"

Granny didn't answer. I looked at her, she sat leaning back in her pondering fashion. The moonlight sliding through the vines paled her face and smoothed her skin. She was smiling some. Her hands were not folded in her sleeves to hide their oldness.

Only a second Granny waited, but it was a lonely spot of time.

"Delia—Grandma —" she called, friendly.

Grandma held her stubborn hush. Then, all at once Granny was on her knees, sobbing like an aching mourner, and I knew that, for Delia Blossom, the span that had passed were the dapple bays. Grandma had put out to go.

THE WITCH OF WOONSAPUCKET

(Continued from Page 9)

of going to Archie and asking him not to pour it into the kid too badly; though a lot of difference it made if he went out three and two, or nine and six. But Archie was too mean, any way. So I just went into the locker room, down to the crying corner where the guys who had failed to qualify were gathered. I felt at home there.

Were you ever around a golf tournament on the way when they play those two eighteen-hole, sudden-death matches? Brother, it's a shambles. The corpses of the famous dead lie piled eight high in the locker room, and those that survive come out of the course with a look of madness in their eyes. I lost Whitey Brompton, one of our best men, to an unknown pro from Alabama who hit the ball as though he had a witch, and Reggie Ring, another of our topnotchers, and the tough lunk to meet Crabby Wilson, when Crabby was red-hot. And I just did pull Freddy McKee through in extra holes in the afternoon. Extentment? Plenty of it.

Yes, and Archie was star in the tournament when the day was over. He beat Archie Crobb one up on the nineteenth hole, and in the afternoon took over Nelson Rohm, the creaky Midwest pro, one up on the eighteenth. I saw it happen—nobody did, for that matter, but the seer who went with them, because they had no gallery. But from what the seers told me afterward, Elmer just had all the luck that can happen to one guy at a time. Crobb had him dorny on the fifteenth. On the sixteenth, they were both on in two, but off the pin. Elmer had to make a bare have a chance to stay in the score. So he jumped the putt and rolled four feet past the hole. He sank the one coming back, but it was too late then, because Crobb shoved his putt to within eight inches of the hole for a sure ball. The old guy waited for Elmer to get to the ball and then he scored the victory. Elmer didn't say anything, so Crobb took his time studying the putt, while the kid stood off to one side with a funny expression on his face, staring at Archie. Crobb then putted carefully, so that he couldn't miss; and then, when gum, the ball shot off in the funniest way and finished eight inches to one side of the hole. Archie glared as though he couldn't believe it, and took a five to Elmer's four. Elmer squared the match on the eighteenth, and won it on the nineteenth with a birdie.

In the afternoon round, against Nelson Rohm, he was cooked again. They were all square on the eighteenth. Elmer topped his drive, took an extra one in the rough and lay four on the edge of the green. Nelson hit a daisy, and had the easiest kind of a pitch to the pin for a sure four or a possible three. The seer said Elmer's fate must have been thinking of that train ride back to Iowa, from the horrified way he stared at Nelson while the Midwest pro measured the distance and got ready to give him the ax. And then apparently for no reason at all, Rohm hit his niblick shot right up onto the clubhouse porch. He had to play it from behind a pillar, and bounced it into some shrubbery and from there to a bunker. Elmer took a nine on the seventh. Elmer won the hole and the match with a six. Funny, huh?

I went to look up Elmer to congratulate him. That girl, and luck, were sure working wonders for him. I found Mary, but she hadn't seen him

since he had come off the course. She was a little troubled because she said he had walked right past her without looking at her, but I smoothed that out by explaining that when a guy comes off the green after winning a tough match, he sometimes doesn't know his own mother.

Do you know where I finally found Elmer? In the washroom, staring out the mirror, with a devil's scornful expression I ever saw on any human face. Funny, too, that he didn't seem to see me come up behind him, because when I clouted him on the shoulder with a "Good work, kid," he jumped as though he had seen the devil, and went to yell. He came down on his feet, but his knees were shaking.

He said, "Ow—I—uh—er—th-thanks, Mr. Fowler," and he turned and ran right out of the building.

And one after the other, my guys got themselves kicked out of the tournament. You remember who met in the finals, don't you? That's right, the pros. And Brown was star in the tournament. Elmer had walked right through Alex Giddy, Crabby Wilson and Chubby Craig, three of the toughest in the business. I didn't see the matches because he was busy trying to root out stars through, but they said those three played the worst golf in their lives. Giddy got an attack of hooking and parked five tee shots out of bounds. Crabby Wilson couldn't putt for sour apples. He three-putted seven greens. And Chubby Craig, the greatest iron player in the game, actually got to shanking. Elmer, on the other hand, apparently couldn't do anything wrong. He was a Broyer, and he got into trouble with his tee shot, he'd blast the next one so close to the cup he could blow it in. It was the talk of the tournament.

Yes, and there was some other kind of a Broyer, too, and I couldn't run it down. The pros were off Elmer. They were giving him funny looks, and not speaking to him or kidding with him any more. And they used to love him. But the strangest thing I heard late Friday was that when Elmer's match with Chubby was over—he beat Chubby 8 and 7—Craig refused to shake hands with him. Instead, Craig said, he waved one list in front of Elmer's face in a funny way, and snarled some word at him, and then turned and walked off the green. I thought maybe I'd better find Elmer and see what this was all about. But I couldn't locate him any more, so I went to the clubhouse. Hours later, as I was getting in the car to drive home, I saw a figure sneaking out the back door of the clubhouse. By its size and a flash of light on yellow hair, I knew it was Elmer. At the same time another figure suddenly came up the path. I knew that one, too, dark as it was.

She said, "Elmer, dear, I've been looking for you. What—what is wrong?"

The boy stood there in the dark for a moment. "N-nothing. M-mary."

There was a long silence. Then Mary began to speak again, "Elmer, this afternoon after the matches were over, I found Elmer going through a crowd in the car. Two of the golfers were walking just in front of me. I don't know their names, but they were two who had been put out. They were saying that you had taken them out, so to them, it told them who I was. One of them said,

'Ma'am, we're sorry, because it's true. He admitted it. If you don't believe it, why don't you ask him?' and then they both walked away. Elmer, I am asking you now. Is it true?"

Did I listen for Elmer's answer? Yes, brother, you bet I did. At last he stammered, "M-m-mary—gee, Mary, I—I—I can't say anything. I can't—I can't."

So there it was. It seemed like hours before Mary said, in sort of a small, hurt voice, "I—I'm sorry, Elmer. I guess that's all, then."

And then she turned and ran. Elmer went out an awful glow, turned and went back into the clubhouse. Me, I wasn't more than six steps behind him.

I slid alongside him, put my arm around his shoulder and said: "What's the matter, kid? Why don't you get it off your chest?"

He gave a couple of shudders and finally said, "Mr. Fowler, I want to go home. I want to default tomorrow and get out of here. I want to get out tonight—now—right away."

I said, "Oh, come on, Elmer; you can't do that. You're going great. You can't leave now. If you do, it'll cost you your job, and what's more, you'll be branded a quitter."

He shook his head and groaned, "I don't care. I just want to get out of here." Suddenly he stopped, hesitated and then blurted out in all a heap, "Mr. Fowler, I've done something awful. I—I—I'm a witch."

"You are a what?"

"A—a witch, Mr. Fowler. I—I cheated. I put a hex on Mr. Crobb, and I put a hex on Mr. Giddy, too, though I didn't mean to, honestly. Mr. Fowler, and I guess it got Mr. Craig, too—though I didn't put it on him. I gotta get out of here, Mr. Fowler. I just gotta. Can't you see?"

He said, "Kidding. He was so much on the level that there were tears in his eyes. I said, 'Listen, kid, why don't you tell me what this is all about?' I don't believe you're a cheat, and I don't believe in witches, and I—I didn't mean to do it, Mr. Fowler. I didn't believe in it either, but I was desperate. Mr. Crobb had a 'gimme' to win the match, and I was out of the tournament, and my job, and I couldn't make a dime. Mary—Otherwise I wouldn't have said the words, Mr. Fowler."

I saw I had kind of to nurse him along, so I said, "What words?"

"The words in the book."

"The book?" I asked. "The book?" "The book I found in Mary's house. It's old like. They have a lot of things there from before the Revolution—pictures and arrowheads and guns, and books, printed in the old kind of English. There was this one book I just looked into."

It was tough getting the story out of him because he was really unstrung. But it finally developed that he had found a copy of something called *The Plague of Wytheches in the Y Colonies*, by the Reverend Hallelujah Snite, printed in Boston in 1699, and he had read the thing out of curiosity, and found some words in it which according to the Reverend Snite, the witches of Old Salem used to summon Old Nick for a party.

"Just what were the words?"

"Do I have to say them?"

"Go ahead."

He put it a little, and finally came out with some balderdash that sounded

like "Abroghd ahrimanes abaddon," and then looked around him, frightened, as though he expected to see Old Harry snap to attention out of a cloud of sulfur.

"So what happened?"

"Well, I was in this jam and was practically out of the tournament, and then I remembered those words. I had to do something, Mr. Fowler. Mr. Fowler, I couldn't get an eight-inch putt. So I said them."

"Out loud?"

"Oh, gee, no! Just to myself."

"Could old Archie see you?"

"No, sir. He couldn't see me at all."

"And Archie blew the putt? Wow!"

I just couldn't hold it in any longer, and had to let go with a dozen guffaws that shook the locker room. "Kid, it's the discovery of the age. You can't come down for me. Will I give it to that louse, J. Sears Hammett, of the Fairgreen Company, the next time I play him a five-buck Nassau!"

But the kid wasn't laughing. He said, "But you don't understand, Mr. Fowler. It's no joke. I didn't believe it, at first, so, when Mr. Rohm had me on the hook, I said them again, and Mr. Rohm put his niblick shot into the clubhouse and scored a seven."

I played Mr. Giddy I guess I must have said them once more, and the devil made him hook five tee shots, and by then I was so scared I swore I'd never use them again. I didn't say anything when I played Mr. Wilson, but there Satan was just the same, keeping Mr. Wilson's puts out of the cup, and when I'd pull a six iron out of my bag, I'd hear him say, 'Wrong club, sucker; it's a five iron. You're supposed to be from right to left.' I've raised him and I can't get rid of him. He must want me awful bad, because he's working overtime. I can't make a bad shot. And I've lost my girl on account of

I said, "Listen, those guys would have blown those shots anyway. Didn't you ever jab at a six-inch putt and see it stay out? All that stuff is a lot of hooey, anyway, but if it's too good and make you think you can beat those guys, what the hell? And anyway, they don't know about it, so —"

"That's one of the worst troubles, Mr. Fowler, they say. I told them yesterday before I played Mr. Craig."

"You what? Why, you say?"

It seems that the kid was scared and worried because he knew, from his farm upbringing, that Beelzebub doesn't do that. "I don't want to tell you," he asked old Crobb whether he had felt anything when he made that putt, and of course the old guy, ready to grab at any alibi, had said, "Yes, yeah, yeah."

And Rohm then chimed in and said when he mis-hit that niblick shot, it was just as though somebody else was swinging the club, and Giddy recalled that coming down the seventeenth fairway he had actually said, "This damn driver of mine must be bewitched." And Crabby

and the match when Crabby shanked all day had finished it.

"They're in the grillroom right now, holding a meeting over it, Mr. Fowler," concluded Elmer. "They're going to have me barred anyway. Let me go back to Chevelle. Mr. Fowler, Satan's moved into my golf bag."

I said, "Listen, kid. You stay here until I get back. I'm going to that meeting. You do as I say, understand?" And I went busting into the grillroom. There was a big crowd of the pros there, and Archie Crobb was saying, "All those favoring to expel Elmer Brown and bar him free the final, say—?" when I walked through the door and finished it for him.

"Say what? Are you guys nuts? What's the matter with Brown? Can't you birds take a licking without crying?"

Crabby Wilson said, "We can when it's on the level."

And Nelson Rohm shouted, "What are you doing in here, Fowler? This is a closed meeting!"

I said, "I'm not going to let you railroad one of my guys out of this tournament for nothing."

"For nothing!" yelled Crabby Wilson. "He put the whammy on me! Every time I'd go to putt, my eyes would water so I couldn't see the ball."

"He admittit himself he called on the de'il. He's a witch," said Crobb. "I haven't missit a wee putt like thot in thir—"

I said, "You're a fool, Crobb. There aren't any male witches."

"Awel then, callit him a wizard; it's a' the same."

"I'll say he's a wizard the way he plastered you five straight holes after you lost your nerve."

"What about his telling me he put a spell on me before I hit that shot to the eighteenth? The ball went up into the clubhouse, didn't it?" said Nelson Rohm.

"Yeah," I said. "He told you afterward. I suppose you never missed a green in your life before. Sure, the kid's a little screwy, like all you birds, but—"

Angus McDougal chimed in here. "A mon has no right to do wi bogies in a gowf match. The de'il's in his bag."

I said, "O. K., boys. You do what you want, but I'm going out and dig up a couple of golf writers and give them the story of how a lot of grown men who got licked by a green kid had to work up an alibi for themselves."

I thought that would do it. There were a lot of sensible guys there, and they talked it over, and finally agreed to go ahead with the tournament.

I went back into the locker room and got Elmer and said, "Son, you'd better get all that nonsense out of your head. They were meeting to consider the course for next year's tournament. You come on home with me and get a night's sleep, and tomorrow you'll pin Angus' ears back for good old Mallow."

He shook his head. "Aw, w, what's the use, Mr. Fowler? I don't want the job any more. I've lost Mary. She thinks I'm a cheat, like the rest of them do."

So I piled into him about quitting and gave him a ten-minute speech, winding up with, "You can't let this thing lik you this way. Go on out there and prove that you can whip—"

He interrupted me suddenly. A change seemed to have come over him. He jumped up and said, "I'll win, Mr. Fowler. By crickey, I will. I can make good. I know how."

I took him home with me. I wouldn't have been so pleased if I'd known what he really meant.

So, the next morning, we went out to play the final match against Angus Mc-

Donough, with me carrying Elmer's bag. I had to caddy for him. Elmer's regular boy met me down by the caddy pen, and he was on his way out, headed south.

He said, "You gotta excuse me, Mistuh Fowler. Ah ain' gonna carry dat bag no mo'. De debil's done got it. Ebby time Ah give a club to Mistuh Brown de debil be say to him to take another. Ah heerd de voice, an' seen de smoke comin' outen de bag. No, uh! Ah ain' touchin' it no mo'."

All the other caddies had disappeared. I picked up Elmer's clubs and went to the first tee. Elmer didn't even notice that I was carrying for him. He was like a guy all wrapped up in something. Angus turned his back on him and so did Angus' caddy, who was none other than Dutch Steubner, another Faingreen pro. That witchcraft story had got all the caddies scared.

I was glad when we got started. There were about a thousand or so in the gallery, and they must have felt there was something in the air, because they were sort of hushed when they moved off after us, following two nice drives that split the fairway; Elmer's some forty yards past Angus. Angus knocked a four iron onto the green, about fourteen feet from the pin. Elmer pulled a No. 7 out of the bag.

I said, "It's a six, kid. There's an up-slope in front of the green. If you don't reach, it'll stop the ball dead."

Do you know what that fool kid did? He put his hands over his ears. Then he said, "Stand behind me, caddy."

I got it, all right. He meant, "Get thee behind me, Satan." Then he hit a perfect seven iron. Only, as I said, it was a six-iron shot. The ball hit in front of the green, hesitated and then rolled back down the slope. And his chip hit the bank and stopped outside of Angus' ball. Elmer had to putt first, and rolled to within a foot of the cup for a fairly sure five. It was Angus' turn to putt. He took a long time over it, and then hit one that certainly was a dilly. I never saw a worse shot on a green. He must have lunged at it. It wound up seven feet past the hole, to one side. Angus stared at it as though he couldn't believe it. Then he turned angrily on Elmer, but before he could say anything, Elmer went over to Angus' ball, knocked it away with a "That's good," and walked off the green. There was a murmur of astonishment from the crowd.

I said, "The devil did you do that for, you sap? Now you're one down."

"No, I ain't," said Elmer softly. "I'm one up. On that feller you just mentioned. And I'm going to whip him all the way."

So that's how it was going to be. Yes, and that's how it was too.

When I brought him in to the clubhouse at the end of the first eighteen holes, he was exactly fourteen down. He underclubbed, he overclubbed, he conceded putts, he took penalties. The people in the gallery were sore as pups, gambling and threatening to demand their money back or complain to the officials, but Angus was tickled to death, and so were the other pros. They acted just as though they had it coming to them.

The newspaper boys kept barging up to me, asking, "What's he doing—throwing the match? What's the idea?" and I'd yell, "Oh, leave us alone! Didn't you ever see a guy in a slump before? He'll be all right after lunch."

But of course that last was hokey. It was all over. I could have killed



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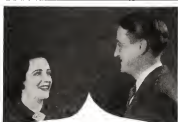


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GET ALL THE FACTS—MAIL COUPON

Elmer, except that, for the first time since it all started, he seemed halfway happy and some of the fear was gone from his face. I left him alone in a corner of the grill drinking milk, and went out by myself. I was too sick to eat. I had my hands stuffed down into my pockets and was kicking at things.

So that was how I came to haul that lumpy elephant out of my pocket, because after a while I got to feeling it there, sort of hard and funny shaped.

I said, "You're a fine mascot, you are! You're supposed to be lucky, eh? You're nothing but a Jonah, and here you go," and with that I took a Bob Feller wind-up and heaved it as hard and as far as I could into a clump of bushes.

There was a gasp, and somebody said "Ow!" I ran around to the other side of the bushes to apologize to whoever I had beamed. You guessed it. It was Mary Summers. She was sitting on a log. There were tear stains on her face. The elephant was lying at her feet.

I said, "I'm sorry. Where have you been, Mary? Elmer—"

She began to cry again. "Oh, Bill, I'm so miserable. I accused Elmer of cheating, and left him without giving him a real chance to explain. I don't care what he's doing, I love him. And I saw what he was doing this morning. And instead of helping him, I— Oh, Bill!"

So then I told her the whole story. And sometimes she laughed and sometimes she cried and made little gestures with her arms, as though she were taking the absent Elmer into them. I wound up. "The poor kid is off his nut. He thinks he's sinning by saying those words, and had to atone for it by throwing the match and beating the devil that way, even though it cost him his job and the chance to marry you, and Angus, the old goat, behaves as though he had it coming to him, with the other pros egging him on, because, by blaming it all on Elmer, it gives them an alibi. The reporters are hot on the trail of the story, but if it goes out, the kid'll be ruined. The officials are going to call a meeting in the clubhouse before afternoon play. Maybe they'll disqualify him."

The girl took a deep breath and straightened up. She said, "Bill— we've got to do something. Right away." "I know, but what? Maybe it's too late."

She was staring down at my elephant. Suddenly she pointed at it with that "I said, 'That's my elephant. I carry it around in my pocket.'"

"What for?"

"For luck. But the luck was all bad, so I heaved it."

She picked it up, gazed at it for a moment, and then handed it to me.

"Put it back in your pocket, Bill. Maybe it will turn out to be the best friend you or I ever had." She glanced at her watch and gave a little gasp. "Oh! There isn't much time. Hurry, Bill! Go to that meeting. Don't let them leave. I'll be there at two."

I went back to the clubhouse, but quick. The afternoon tee-off time was 2:15. At ten minutes to two the meeting was called by the officials. It was attended by Elmer and myself and Angus and Dutch, and all the pros that Elmer had beaten, and half a dozen others. Old Bill Wattley, the chief referee, didn't waste any time. He was boiling mad. He lit into poor Elmer and said that what he had done that morning was a disgrace to professional golfing. He lit into Angus, too, and the other pros, said that he had heard a lot of silly stories, and

meant to get at the truth before he decided what action to take.

Nobody wanted to say anything at first because they were a little ashamed. I guess, but finally old Archie Crobb spoke up and said, "Meastrate Wattley, 'tis only right he should g' back to us what he tookit for foul means. He's admittit he's had to do wi' bogles and bedchauls and the sperrits o' the pit. I no hae misst a wee putt like that in thir-ty-ty—"

Elmer suddenly got up, big, lanky and miserable, and interrupted. "Aw, gee, Mr. Wattley. Let me default and get out of here and care what the rest say about me. Mr. Crobb is right. I didn't deserve to win. I—"

"Oh, yes, you did, Elmer," said Mary Summers. She had opened the door and come in a very quick. It was just two o'clock. She had a book with her. It was old and yellow, and I could see it was the treatise by the Reverend Hallelujah Snite.

"Oh, yes, you deserve to win, Elmer," Mary repeated, and then looked the whole crowd over coolly.

"I know the whole silly story. All you gentlemen who are so righteous, did you ever hear this: He that is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone?" Mr. Crobb, turn out your pockets!"

Nobody moved. "What—what did you say, lass?" said old Crobb.

"I said 'Turn out your pockets,' Mr. Crobb. Put whatever you have here on the table. At once."

Old Crobb did. He was hypnotized. His hands came up from his pockets full of junk which he hid on the table—some balls, some little roll of tape, pocketknife, half a dozen tees and a little rabbit's foot set in silver.

"Now you, Mr. Wilson," her voice rising, "and you . . . and you . . . and you . . . all of you. Out with them."

By jeebers, they were all hypnotized. Even I turned mine out before I knew it. And then Mary was at the table, picking out objects from each pile and swaying them toward the center—the rabbit's foot, punched coins, cat's eyes, a piece of heather in a locket, framed four-leaf clovers, miniature horsehoses, a little worsted Ninette and Rintintin, a curiously shaped stone or two, chunks of carved wood, a little silver devil on a ring, pairs of dice, medals, carved elephants, a piece of jade, and a silver pig.

She said, "Bill, what is that?" "You call these?" she said.

They all grinned sheepishly, and Archie Crobb said, "Eh, lass, what's wrong wi' a mascot?"

"Wrong? Do you know where the word 'mascot' comes from?" said Mary Summers. "In old French, the word 'mascot' meant a sorcerer or witch. There isn't one of you who doesn't carry a talisman on your back."

She flipped open. "Do you know what it is? It was written by a half-crazy, superstitious ninny about a pack of harmless, innocent old women who were drowned and stoned and hanged and buried miles from here, here in Salem, a monument to ignorance and stupidity. Do you know what that spell is that terrified all you big brave men so that you couldn't hit a little golf ball? There it is. It was used by a lot of poor, ignorant, self-deluded wretches to curdle milk,

And it never curdled anything but your dispositions. There, read it, and see if it is any worse than that collection of ridiculous junk you carry around with you, this twentieth century, to ward off bogles. Grown men, all of you. Very well. You're all even now. Put your nasty things back into your pockets and try to act like men, and not a lot of little, cowardly old women." Elmer Brown, you go right up and take that man, golf out in the woods there where everything is fresh and sweet and clean. And— and—" She hesitated suddenly, and her lower lip began to tremble—"and I don't care whether you win or lose I'll marry you because I love you, and I don't care if we s-s-s-stare! Oh, Elmer!"

And she was in his arms, crying, and all the pros were around her, patting her on the shoulder and apologizing, and trying to make up to Elmer, and Mary kissed Elmer as though nobody was there, and then she turned and raised up his arms with his fists clenched and shouted, "I've won! I've won! I've licked it! And now I'll lick you, too, Angus McDonough!"

When I was glad I don't have to describe that last eighteen holes for you. You read about it. The greatest comeback in the history of golf, they called it. And that Angus was playing too. You don't catch him giving anything away. But nobody could golf like that kid played. He'd never really hit a ball before as hard as he could, because of his size and strength which might rob him of control. But now he had the control.

There were more than fifty people on the tee when we started, but by the time we turned the ninth, there were two thousand galloping on our heels, and Elmer, who had turned in thirty, was lower in the green than the other. Elmer's bag past the clubhouse from the ninth green to the tenth tee, a messenger boy handed me a telegram. It was from A. R. Mallow, who must have been in the tent in the match on the radio. It said:

TRUST YOU HAVE NOT MADE MISTAKE OF LETTING BROWN GET AWAY FROM US IF HE WINS RAISE SALARY TWELVE HUNDRED A YEAR STOP A R

You read how Elmer squared the match on the seventeenth and then slipped up on the eighteenth to let Angus halve him. Then Angus got into trouble on the nineteenth and was only on the edge of the green, while Elmer was on in two, but with a nasty, curling, downhill, ten-foot putt. Angus chipped into the cup from off the edge for his four, and the crowd gave a faint cheer. And a crowd of certain four would keep the match open for Elmer another hole. A three would win it. But the putt was downhill, and if it missed the cup, the ball would roll on and cost him the match and championship if he missed coming back.

Elmer knelt down and studied the line. He studied it from every angle, inspected each blade of grass in the sand to the hole. Everybody knew that he was going to go for the cup and the match. He bent over his putt and waited to steady his nerves. And then I saw old Angus McDonough do a funny thing. He walked a few miles from the clubhouse and hauled forth a little scrap of paper, studied it, glared at Elmer's back, and his lips moved, then he looked back at the paper again. Somehow, out of the corner of his eye, Elmer must have seen him, too, for he straightened up all of a sudden, grinning.

Then he said, "The words, Mr. McDonough, are, 'Abrogath ahrimanes abaddon,' and they don't mean a thing if you haven't got the golf to go with them. Watch this!"

He leaned over and stroked the ball, and I shut my eyes. Then I heard a gentle "Bonk!" as it fell into the cup,

MY FLIGHT FROM STALIN

(Continued from Page 7)

At the railway ticket office in Leningrad I ran into an old friend and comrade. "Well, how are things?" I asked him.

He glanced about, and answered in a subdued voice: "Arrests, nothing but arrests. In the Leningrad district alone they had arrested more than seventy per cent of all the directors of factories, including those of munitions plants. This is official information given to us by the party committee. No one is secure. No one trusts anyone else."

In Moscow I put up at the Hotel Savoy, as we had surrendered our apartment to some fellow officials. The purge was in full swing. Many of my comrades had disappeared. It was risky to inquire into the fate of the victims. Many of my telephone calls to friends went unanswered. And those who were still about wore masks on their faces.

One of my closest friends, Max Maximov-Unschlicht, a nephew of the former Vice Commissar of War, Unschlicht, occupied, with his wife, the room next to me. For nearly three years Max had served as the chief of our military intelligence in Nazi Germany, one of the most perilous assignments in the service. He had recently married a girl from the provinces, a gifted painter, who had come to Moscow to study and as she was at home most of the time, I kept my personal papers in their room.

I was in the habit of dropping in upon the Unschlichts in the evening, and we usually stayed up and talked until the early hours of the morning. I was eager for news. Max's uncle was already in disfavor. He had been demoted from his powerful army post to the impotent office of secretary of the Central Executive Committee of the Soviet Union. Daily, friends and associates and relatives of the Unschlichts were vanishing. Among these were many ranking generals and commissars.

"Why did they arrest General Yakir? Why did they seize General Eidemann?" I would ask Max such questions in search of light on what was going on in the country.

But Max was a rock-bound Stalinist, and he defended the purge without giving satisfactory answers to me. "These are dangerous times for the Soviet Union," he would say. "He who is against Stalin is against the revolution."

One night I returned to my hotel room very late. I went to bed without knocking at the Unschlichts' door. In the dead of the night I was awakened by a noise in the corridor outside. It must be the OGPU, coming for me, I thought. But I was not disturbed. At seven in the morning there was a knock on my door. As I opened it I faced the wife of Max, Regina, tears streaming down her cheeks and terror in her eyes.

"They took Max away! They took Max!" was all she could say.

It appeared that Max had been arrested the evening before, just as he reached the lobby of the hotel upon returning from his office. During the

and everybody was yelling and screaming and dancing, and Mary Summers was in the center of it all, with her arms wound around big stupid Elmer's neck.

Boy, did I kiss that little old good-luck elephant of mine! Wouldn't it have been hell if I'd left it at home?

night the OGPU agents raided his room, searched it, and incidentally took my personal papers along with the rest of the seized material. Early in the morning the manager of the hotel told Mrs. Maximov-Unschlicht that she must vacate the room within an hour. Regina had no relatives in Moscow, she had no money. And it is impossible to secure living quarters in Moscow on short notice.

I endeavored to dissuade the hotel manager from evicting her, but he remained adamant. His attitude toward me seemed to have changed. Was I not a close friend of Max? The expression on his face seemed to say that he did not regard my own position as firm as the day before.

I telephoned to a mutual friend of ours, a high officer of the military intelligence, whom I had met but two evenings earlier in Max's room. I asked him if he could do something to prevent Regina from being thrown out on the street.

His manner was curt: "The OGPU arrested Max. Therefore he is an enemy. I can do nothing for his wife." I tried to argue with him, but he made it clear that it would be best for me, too, not to meddle in the affair. And he hung up the receiver.

I then telephoned the OGPU officer in charge of the arrest of Max, and demanded the immediate return of my personal documents. I had decided to act resolutely in the matter. Surprisingly enough, the OGPU officer was magnanimous.

When I explained to him the reason for my keeping the papers in Max's room and expressed my readiness to walk over and get them, he replied: "I'll send the package over to you by courier at once, Comrade Krivitsky."

Within half an hour I had my papers. During the day I helped to arrange matters for Regina so that she could return to her native town that night.

I gave her the suitcases, the necessary funds. We had learned that it would be useless for her to remain in Moscow, as she could not visit her husband or help him in any way. It was then forbidden at this time to send food or clothing parcels to political prisoners.

My first task, upon reaching the office that day, was to prepare two reports on my relations with Max. One of these was addressed to my superiors in the War Department, the other to my party unit. This was in accordance with an unwritten law requiring every member of the Communist Party to file a full history of his or her relationship to anyone charged with political misdeeds. To fail to submit such a report would have been tantamount to an admission of guilt.

The spy hunt was sweeping the country. It was the first duty of every Soviet citizen to look for traitors, according to Stalin. It was he who had warned that "the enemies of the people, the Trotskyites and Gestapo agents," lurked everywhere, pervaded every field. Yezhov's machine of terror



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interpreted Stalin's call of vigilance to run: "Aeueu one another, denounce one another, if you wish to remain among the living."

The espionage mania made people denounce their friends and even their nearest relatives. Crazed by fear, people became obsessed with the hunt, and, to save themselves, they offered victims and more victims to the Ogpu.

In less than the first five months of 1937, there were 350,000 political arrests made by the Ogpu, according to official figures disclosed to me by the chief of the special section in charge of the purge. The prisoners ranged from field marshals and founders of the Soviet Government to minor Communist officeholders.

In the midst of this tidal wave of arrests and executions, I went about my business, and reported to Yezhov on pending matters abroad which required settlement before my return to Holland. To be sure, there were those among my associates who could have told me I would be expected to leave the country. Nevertheless, I applied for half a dozen additional and highly trained agents, whom I needed to augment my staff abroad. A number of graduates of our secret schools for the training of men and women in military-intelligence work were sent to me to be interviewed.

One of the operatives recommended to me by my director was personified as an American woman by the name of Kitty Harris, originally Katherine Harrison. She had been described to me as the former wife of Earl Browder, Communist leader in the United States, and, therefore, an exceptionally reliable. At that time I needed a woman agent to be stationed in Switzerland, and the holder of an American passport was particularly welcome.

When Kitty was introduced to me, presenting her papers in a sealed envelope, it appeared that she was also stopping at the Hotel Savoy. She was about forty, dark-haired, of good appearance, and had been connected with secret service for some time. When Kitty Harris spoke well of Browder, and particularly of Browder's sister, who was then in our service in Central Europe.

I approved the assignment of Miss Harris to a foreign post, and she left on April twenty-ninth. Others whom I had selected were similarly dispatched to report to my collaborators in Western Europe. It became clear that the purge, and even the arrest of Max, had not affected my standing. Surely Yezhov would not have let me pick and send agents abroad if he had any intention of purging me.

Retreat From Moscow

Yet the purge was tumbling about us all like an avalanche. One of my veteran translators, a woman who had been in my employment for many years, was seized by the Ogpu. It was almost impossible to replace her, as the work required a person of exceptional reliability, possessing a perfect knowledge of many languages. When I inquired for the cause of her arrest, I was told that her husband, a Communist employed as a director of a Moscow factory, had been taken in, and his wife was then rounded up as a precautionary measure.

"But what's the use of my keeping a dozen men abroad at great expense to gather information for the Politbureau when I haven't got a secretary to make it any sample if I am called upon to go to Stoukisi, the chief of the

Foreign Division of the Ogpu. He only shrugged his shoulders. He could give me no aid in finding a substitute.

About the middle of May I ran into an acquaintance of mine who had served as Soviet military attaché in Rumania. He was a towering and jolly fellow whose sense of humor did not desert him even at this moment.

He stopped in his tracks when he saw me on the street, and cried out: "Am I seeing things, or is this Walter? What, they haven't arrested you yet? Never mind, they'll get around to you soon enough." And he roared with laughter.

We had quite a chat. The fellow reeled off, by the dozen, names of army officers under arrest. As for himself, he had no doubt that his turn would come at this time. This time Marshal Tukhachevsky and his associates were already in the net.

I had come to the Soviet Union for a brief stay. Two months had elapsed without my return. I was not at all sure it would be likely that I would be allowed to leave the country at the crest of the Red Army purge. I wired to my wife in Holland to get ready to return with our child to Moscow.

On May twenty-second, the day when the fate of War Commissar Voroshilov himself was hanging in the balance and when his fall was momentarily expected, I was summoned by Mikhail Frinze, the Soviet ambassador in Yezhov. He told me that my departure had been decided upon, and that I was to leave that evening. My associates interpreted this as a token of the official confidence which the Kremlin had in me.

However, when I reached Bielo-Ostrov, on the border of Finland, and caught sight of the familiar figure of the local commander waving a telegram in his rushing toward my carriage, the thought flashed through my mind: *He has orders for my arrest.* Many others had been arrested just when they were ready to cross the border, and they myself. *The thousands of prisoners seized by the Ogpu are as innocent as I.*

The train came to a stop. The commander extended a hearty greeting to me. The telegram from Moscow in his hand was just a routine message telling him of my coming, to assure the assistance which was due to officers of our secret services passing through on false passports.

I carried the passport with which I had left the Soviet Union in 1933. It was Eduard Miller, Austrian engineer. This passport was kept for me in the Soviet Embassy at Stockholm, for my journeys from Sweden to Soviet Russia only. Upon my arrival in Stockholm, I picked up there the passport on which I resided in Holland. There I would once more become Dr. Martin Lessner, Austrian art dealer, of Celebesstrasse 32, The Hague.

Although shaken by my experiences in Moscow, I was returning to my post, determined to give to the Soviet Government the same unflinching loyalty with which I had served it during the preceding eighteen years. I had no thought of going back upon the trust reposed in me by my government. My wife, my immediate staff, my superiors believed as I did, that my career would continue.

But it was not to be. I arrived in The Hague on May twenty-seventh. Two days later, my old friend and comrade, Ignare Reiss, came to visit me. He had for years worked in our secret services abroad. He was known under the

pseudonym of Ludwig. At this time he was using the passport of a Czech named Hans Eberhardt.

Reiss had been severely troubled by the purges of the Old Bolsheviks and by the "treason trials," and was determined to break away from Moscow. He had awaited my return from Soviet Russia impatiently, and came over to Holland for a rest. He wished to get firsthand information from me on the events back home. My answers to his numerous and probing questions clearly made a shattering impression upon him. He was a thorough idealist who had enlisted in the cause of Communism and of world revolution. Stalin's policy appeared to him more and more as an evolution toward Fascism.

The Red Tentacles

Reiss and I were bound together by many years of perilous underground service, and there were few confidences between us. He spoke to me of his crushing disillusionment, of his desire to drop everything, to go off to some remote corner, and to forget the past and the present. I mustered all the familiar arguments, and again dwelt upon the old theme that we had not been made to run away from battle. The Soviet Union was still the sole hope of the workers of the world, I insisted. Stalin may be wrong, Stalin may one hour lose the Soviet Union, but the Soviet Union will remain. It was our duty to stick to our posts.

Although Reiss was convinced that Stalin was leading the Soviet Union to catastrophe, he said: "The Hague will be the understanding that he would hide his time, watch further developments in Moscow, and delay his contemplated break with the Soviet Government."

I saw Reiss again in Paris, where I had been in contact with some of my agents. At seven o'clock in the evening of Saturday, July seventeenth, I met him for a few minutes at the Café Weber. He was eager to have a last talk with me, to give evidence of a matter of supreme importance to him. We agreed that he should call me at eleven the following morning to arrange for a meeting. I was stopping at the Hotel Napoleon.

Two hours later I received an urgent message from my Paris secretary, Madeleine, to meet Spiegelglass, the assistant to the chief of the Foreign Division of the Ogpu, who had been sent to meet me in France. He had come on a mission of the highest secrecy.

I met Spiegelglass at the Paris Exposition grounds, and I could see at once that something extraordinary must have happened. He had produced two letters from Reiss that had day turned over to Lydia Grozovskaya, an Ogpu agent attached to our trade mission in Paris, for dispatch to Moscow. Reiss had been sure that his letters would not be opened in France. He did not know that he had been under suspicion and that Spiegelglass had plenipotentiary powers. Spiegelglass had opened the two letters. Yezhov had given him complete authority to purge the foreign services, and to stop at nothing in this undertaking, not even at kidnapping or assassinating suspected agents.

"Yes," remarked Spiegelglass, pointing to the letters in his hand, "we even suspected you, in the beginning, of going over to the enemy, when we received reports that a high Soviet agent had appeared in Holland and established contact with the Trotskyites. We found out that it was Ludwig, the traitor!"

On June eleven, the day Moscow announced the purge of the eight ranking generals of the Red Army, led by Marshal Tukhachevsky, Ignare Reiss went to Amsterdam, according to the information which soon reached the Ogpu. There he had a secret conference with H. Snieeviet, member of parliament, leader of the Amsterdam Transport Workers Union, of Trotskyist leanings. The Ogpu had eyes and ears everywhere.

At first Spiegelglass was not inclined to show me the letters of resignation handed in by Reiss, but he finally yielded and let me read them. The main message was addressed to the Central Committee of the Communist Party—which is to say, to Stalin, its Secretary General. This letter was dated July seventeenth, and had been penned but a few hours before my brief meeting with Reiss, who had apparently expected to discuss his momentous action with me during our conversation the following day. Wrote Reiss:

"The letter which I am addressing to you today I should have written a long time ago, on the day when the Sixteen (referring to the Kameney-Zinoviev group, executed in August, 1930) were murdered in the cellars of the Lubianka at the command of the Father of Nations (a Soviet appellation for Stalin).

I kept silent then. I raised no voice of protest at the subsequent murders, and for this I bear a large responsibility. Great is my guilt, but I shall try to make up for it, to make up for it quickly, and to ease my conscience."

Up to now I have followed you—from now on, not a step further. Our paths have parted! He who keeps silent at this hour becomes an accomplice of Stalin and a traitor to the cause of the working class and of Socialism.

For the age of twenty I have battled for Socialism. I do not wait now, on the contrary, I am at my side, at my side, in favor of Yezhov. Behind me are sixteen years of underground service—this is no trifle, but I still have enough strength to start a new struggle."

The fanaticism which has been raised around the polar files was designed to drown out the noise and the cries of the victims tortured in the cellars of the Lubianka, in Minsk and Kiev, in Leningrad and Tiflis. But this will not succeed. The word of truth is still more powerful than the noise of an engine of the maximum horsepower.

It is true, the record-breaking files will find it easier to win over the American ladies and the sport-crazed youth of both continents than it is in winning over the public opinion and shaking the world conscience. But one must not be deceived, the truth will find its own way; the day of judgment is nearer, much nearer, than the day of the executioners.

No, I cannot continue any longer. I am returning to freedom. Back to Lenin, to his teachings and his cause.

P. S.: In Paris I was awarded the Order of the Red Banner for my services to the proletarian revolution. I am returning it herewith. To wear it simultaneously with the hangmen of the best representatives of the Russian workers is beneath my dignity.

To Spiegelglass, the message of Reiss spelled but one thing: treason. From now on, Reiss was a spy, a dangerous enemy who would have to be "liquidated." Stalin does not permit Soviet agents to leave his service with impunity.

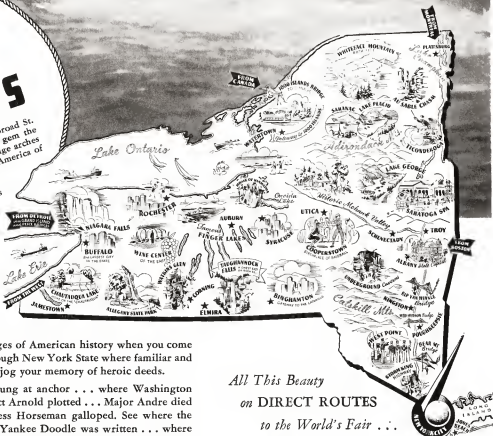
"You know, you are responsible for Reiss," Spiegelglass observed significantly. "You introduced him into the Communist Party. You sponsored his joining our organization."

(Continued on Page 75)

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merchant whose name I bore. My wife was still at the pension as Mrs. Lessner. I sent word to her that I had not left, after all. That night I walked the length and breadth of Paris, all alone, wrestling with the thought: To return or not to return.

I endeavored to figure out why my departure had been postponed at the last minute. Did Sieu want to try me out so as to give me another chance to show my loyalty? Yet the spying on me was palpably intensified. The evening of August twenty-sixth I went with Hans and Norah to the theater to see the farewell performance of Gorki's *Enemies*, given by a Soviet troupe visiting Paris. We sat in the second row. During the first intermission, a hand descended upon my shoulder. I turned around. There was Spiegelglass with some companions.

"You can leave tomorrow with these artists on one of our boats," he counseled me.

I reacted upon him ferociously and told him not to bother me, adding curtly: "I shall go when I am ready."

I noticed that Spiegelglass and his associates shortly thereafter disappeared from the theater. I cabled to Moscow then that I would return with my family as soon as the child recovered.

On August twenty-seventh I moved to Breteuil, a couple of hours away from Paris, and we lived there quietly for about a week during the convalescence of the child. The morning of September fifth, as I opened the Paris *Matin*, I was struck by a dispatch from Lausanne, Switzerland. It reported the mysterious murder of a Czecho-Slovak, Hans Eberhardt, in the vicinity of Lausanne. So they got Ignace Reiss!

The assassination of Reiss became a celebrated case in Europe, and reverberated in the press of America and the rest of the world. The Swiss police, assisted by Deputy Sneevliet and the widow of Reiss, did a remarkable piece of investigation over a period of many months. The record of the case was incorporated in a book which appeared in France last year under the title, *L'Assassinat d'Ignace Reiss*, published by Pierre Tisné. The following facts were established by the police inquiry.

The Liquidation of Reiss

The night of September fourth, off the Chamblades road running from Lausanne, the body of an unknown man about forty years old was found riddled by machine-gun bullets. There were five bullets in his head and seven in his body. A strand of gray hair was found clutched in the hand of the dead man. In his pockets were a passport in the name of Hans Eberhardt and a railway ticket for France.

An automobile of American make, abandoned on September sixth at Geneva, led to the identification of two mysterious guests, a man and a woman, who had registered on September fourth at the Hotel de la Paix at Lausanne and had fled without paying their bill and leaving their baggage behind. The woman was Gertrude Schildbach, of German nationality, a resident of Rome. She was an OGPU agent in Italy. The man was Roland Abbiati, alias François Rossi, alias Py, a native of Monaco, and one of the Paris agents of the OGPU.

Among the effects left by Gertrude Schildbach at the hotel was a box of chocolate candy containing strychnine, now in the hands of the Swiss police as one of the prize exhibits of the case. The Schildbach woman had

been an intimate friend of the Reiss family, and used to play with the Reiss child. She apparently could not bring herself to the point of carrying out the OGPU instructions to deliver the poisoned candy to the family she had been commissioned by Spiegelglass to visit as its friend.

Gertrude Schildbach herself had been wavering politically since the beginning of the purge, and she could plausibly play the part of one who was ready to join Reiss in breaking with Moscow. Reiss had known of her waverings. But her OGPU superiors knew of them too. Reiss had trusted her. He went out with her to dine in a restaurant near Chamblades to discuss the situation. So Reiss thought. After dinner they took a little walk. Somehow they wandered off into an obscure road. An automobile appeared and came to a sudden stop. Several men jumped out of it and attacked Reiss. He fought the assailants. With the aid of Gertrude Schildbach, a strand of hair was in the clutch of the dead man. The attacking force forced him into the car.

An Accomplice Confesses

One of the men, Abbiati-Rossi, assisted by another leading agent of the OGPU imported from Paris, Etienne Martignat, fired a submachine gun point-blank at Reiss. His body was thrown out of the car a short distance away.

Renata Steiner, born at Saint-Gall, Switzerland, in 1908, was identified as the person who had hired the American-made car employed for the assassins of Reiss. Miss Steiner had been in the OGPU service since 1935, and had been assigned to shadow Sedov, the son of Trotsky, before her part in the Reiss abduction. She was one of three accomplices in the assassination of Reiss apprehended by the police. She confessed to her share in the crime and helped the authorities to solve it.

It was alleged by the authors of the book on the case that Stalin's expedition to assassinate Reiss cost 300,000 francs, a sizable fortune in France. But that was not all the cost. For there was a fairly expensive sequel to the murder.

The Swiss authorities demanded the interrogation of Lydia Grozovskaya, and in spite of terrific pressure exerted by the Soviet representatives in France, the French authorities had her examined on December fifteenth. It will be recalled that it was Grozovskaya who had received the letters of Reiss on July seventeenth, and turned them over to Spiegelglass. She was arrested on December seventeenth. The Swiss Government demanded her extradition. Once more Stalin's diplomatic hand in Paris went into action to cover up his other hand, that of the OGPU assassins. The French courts gave Grozovskaya her freedom on bail to the amount of 50,000 francs, and upon her signing a pledge not to leave France. Needless to say, she disappeared without trace, leaving behind her the sum of 50,000 francs provided by the Soviet treasury. The last seen of Grozovskaya by the French police agents was when she shook them off in a high-powered limousine of the Soviet Embassy.

When the news of Reiss' death reached me on September fifth, I realized that my own situation was truly desperate. I knew that Stalin and Yeshov would never forgive me the position I had taken in the Reiss affair.

The choice before me was between a sure bullet in the Lubianka from Stalin's formal assassins and a



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rain of bullets from a machine gun outside Russia from Stalin's informal assassins.

This terrifying dilemma was slowly beginning to dawn upon my wife too. I decided to return to Paris with my family. I was still going through the motions of preparing to return to Moscow. My secretary, Madeleine, found a suitable hotel for us near the city at St.-Germain. We registered at the Henri-Quatre. Madeleine, a lifelong Communist, the daughter of a high official, was a rock-ribbed Stalinist, but she was getting a bit shaky now.

Here, about the middle of September, my young aide, Hans Bruesse, showed up. He was greatly distressed. He knew of the assassination of Reiss. He had received instructions to go to Holland, where Mrs. Reiss was stopping with the Sneelvelts. He was ordered to file without fail the notes and letters left by Reiss, but returned with empty hands. He was used to go back and stop at nothing, not even murder, in going after the papers. In despair, with tears in his eyes he came to me for guidance.

I told him that Reiss had been an idealist, a true Communist, and that the future history of the revolutionary and labor movements will condemn the murders of the OGPU. I advised him to sabotage the dangerous errand with which Spiegelsglas had entrusted him, and told him how to do it. But I was still speaking of my imminent return to Moscow. And Hans knew that Madeleine was trying to secure tickets on the next airplane for me and my family.

We moved over from St.-Germain to the Hotel Métropolitain, Rue Cambon, in Paris, where we stayed on the seventeenth and eighteenth of September. Madeleine came to report that the French liner's last trip of the season to Leningrad had already taken place. We discussed other means of going back home. I was still a high officer of the Soviet military intelligence. I had to cable Moscow for permission to leave by a Soviet boat. This was a procedure which required special dispensation, as Soviet boats were carefully scrutinized by the secret services of other nations. I noticed that every step of my own or of my wife was being dogged by spies who had been planted by Spiegelsglas. He himself had vanished from my horizon.

Marked for Death

I received permission from Moscow to take a Soviet boat, and was told that the next vessel to leave Le Havre was the Zhdanov, scheduled to depart on October sixth. New passports had to be prepared for me in the name of a Soviet citizen passing through France on the way from Spain to Russia. My wife and child were to go back by the way of Germany on a different passport.

I arrived at the momentous decision of my life toward the end of September. One day my wife asked me what my chances were of escaping with my life upon my return to Moscow.

I told her what I thought: "None." And I added: "There is no reason why you should be punished on account of me. When you get back they will make you sign a paper repudiating me and denouncing me as a traitor. As a reward for this, you and our child will be spared. As for me, it's sure death over there. I will not go to certain death."

My wife cried. She did not stop crying for weeks afterward. Even though trying

the chances of escaping alive from the pursuit of Stalin's assassins in France were very slim, I nevertheless decided to take them, and to seek the ray of a new life. But it was a long and perilous way from my deciding to break with Moscow to carrying it into effect.

I had no legal papers. Moreover, my movements were being watched day and night. I needed the assistance of a friend to arrange matters, of a person in whom I could place absolute trust. My choice fell upon an old friend of mine who had been living in Paris for many years. I confided the whole truth to him, and he agreed to help me. He went to the south of France and rented a little villa for us there in the small town of Hyères, near Toulon. He returned on October third. The following day I was called to the Soviet Embassy to complete the arrangements for my return to Russia by the steamer Zhdanov.

Lives of the Hunted

Early in the morning of October sixth I checked out of the hotel and made for the Gare d'Austerlitz, where I met my friend. He had collected our baggage there and had it dispatched to the Hotel Bohy-Lafayette. My wife and child were to go for a walk to the Bois de Vincennes at nine in the morning and stay there until eleven. I picked them up at a private address which he had hired for a long trip the previous day. I arrived. The chauffeur turned out to be an American, a World War veteran who had settled in France. He was under the impression that he was taking a family vacation trip.

All these movements were precautionary measures taken to throw the OGPU agents off our tracks. I was expected to leave that day for Le Havre, to board the Zhdanov. Instead, we were headed by motor for Dijon. On the outskirts of Paris I stopped to telephone Madeleine, to inform her of my break with the Soviet Government. She could hardly reply when I told her the news. I learned later that she had fainted at the phone.

We reached Dijon at nine that evening, dismissed the car at the station, and took a train for the Côte d'Azur. At seven the following morning we arrived at our hide-out in Hyères. The same evening our friend returned to Paris to seek ways and means of getting for me the protection of the authorities.

Early in November I came to Paris. Through the attorney for Mrs. Reiss I established connections with Lev Sedov, the son of Trotsky, who was editing the Bulletin of the Opposition in Paris, and with the leaders of the Russian Socialists living in exile in Paris. They were on the best of terms with the government of Léon Blum, then in power. I had written to Mrs. Reiss. I also wrote to Hans and Nora, in whom I had implicit confidence, asking them to insert an advertisement in the Paris Oeuvre if they wanted to meet me. I believed that Hans would follow me in breaking with the Stalin regime.

When I met Sedov I told him frankly that I did not come to join the Trotskyists, but to look for advice and comradeship. I saw Sedov almost daily, and came to admire this son of Trotsky as a personality in his own right. I can never forget the disinter-

ested help and comfort which he gave me in those days when the Stalin agents hounded me. He was still very young, but exceptionally gifted, charming, well informed, and kind. Three months later Sedov, healthy and in the prime of life, died suddenly and under suspicious circumstances in a Paris hospital. Like the other children of Trotsky, he was hounded to death by the OGPU.

I met Theodore Dan, the leader of the Russian Socialists, and several of his associates. They proceeded to make arrangements with the government to meet him and to straighten out papers and police protection.

During these days the OGPU made the first attempt upon my life. I heard from Hans. I had written to him that only in the event he decided to break should he get in touch with me. I received word from him that he was stopping as usual at the Hotel Breton, Rue Duphot. I telephoned him, and we made an appointment to meet at a café near the Bastille.

"I came in the name of the organization," were almost the first words uttered by Hans. I realized at once that Hans had been cast in the same role that Gertrude Schulzbach had played toward Reiss. It was a profound shock, as I had deep faith in this youth. But I collected my wits quickly when I became aware of severely suspicious men at the table next to us. I noticed a number of peculiarities about them which indicated to me that they belonged to the OGPU service.

Hans told me that he had come to Paris intent upon breaking with the Soviet service, but that for two days a special commissioner who had arrived from Moscow argued with him and convinced him that I was wrong, that everything was for the good of the cause. Hans commenced to argue with me, using all the naïve arguments so familiar to me. In the circumstances, I acted as if he were making an impression upon me.

The Red Judas

"They know in Moscow that you are not a traitor, not a spy," he told me. "You are an old revolutionist, but you are just tired, you're breaking under the strain. Perhaps they'll just let you retire to take a good rest. You are one of ours," said the youth. "When the morning train, say, to Lyons, leaves, the train, say, to Paris, will go back home on August twenty-first. You will go to the Soviet Union yet. We will take you there. Anyhow, the commissioner from Moscow understands your problem, and wants to have a good word for you. Of course, know the man, but I have no right to give you his name."

While Hans was talking, I watched his hands to see if he would give some sort of clue to the man at the adjoining table. I was thinking furiously how to get out of the trap. I expressed to Hans my gratification that they had sent such an intelligent man over from Moscow. I displayed great eagerness to meet him and to straighten things out. "Spiegelsglas was just an idiot and a plain thug," I observed. "This man that you are talking about seems to understand my case perfectly."

Hans and I discussed the arrangements for the proposed conference with the special commissioner. He suggested that I might meet the man in London, at the home of his wife's parents, whom I had known. I readily agreed, perceiving that the

plan was to lure me away from France, which was still seething with the Miller and Reiss cases. Hans seemed very happy. I was sure that I had noticed him signal to the unpleasant neighbors that all was going well. I fixed a tentative date for the meeting, and felt that I had outwitted this messenger of the Ogpu.

Pleading hunger, I invited Hans to go to a good restaurant with me, and hailed a passing cab. I noticed that we were not being followed, and was satisfied that I had escaped the trap this time. It took quite a few cab rides to shake off Hans after we parted. It was even harder to shake off the bitter thought of this betrayal.

I then appealed directly to M. Dormoy, the French Minister of the Interior, revealing my identity and soliciting the protection of his government, which was then headed by Léon Blum. I surrendered all my false passports and those of my wife to Theodore Dan for delivery to M. Dormoy, having decided to assume a legal status under the name of my birth. The communication which I addressed to the Minister of the Interior began as follows: "The undersigned, Samuel Ginsberg, hearing in the Soviet Union, as a Soviet citizen, the name of Walter Krivitsky."

In my appeal to M. Dormoy I referred to my Soviet service from 1919 to 1937, to the recognition accorded me by the Soviet Government and the Communist Party, and to the fact that I had been decorated twice. I went on to say:

"Recent political events in the Soviet Union have completely changed the situation. Confronted with the choice of going to my death together with all my old comrades or of trying to save my life and my family, I have decided not to deliver myself blindly to the Stalin terror."

"I know that a price has been put on my head. The assassins are after me, and they will not spare even my wife or child. I have often risked my life for my cause, but I do not wish to die for nothing."

"I seek your protection for myself and my family, and your permission to remain in France until I am able to go to another country to earn a living and to find independence and security."

This communication was published in the European press. It was also reprinted, without my knowledge, in at least two New York labor papers, in the Socialist Appeal for December 11, 1937, and in the Jewish Daily Forward for December 15, 1937. In consequence of this appeal, the Minister of the Interior ordered the Paris police to issue to me a *carte d'identité*, on the basis of which I later secured passports to go to the United States.

Marseilles Melodrama

An inspector of police, Maurice Maupin, was assigned to guard me and to accompany me to Hyères, where he was to make arrangements for the protection of my family. The Minister of the Interior had given his assurances that his government demanded nothing of me and was only interested in seeing to it that no harm should befall me on the territory of France, so as to avoid any further injury to Franco-Soviet relations.

Accompanied by Inspector Maupin, I returned to Hyères for a few days. But half a dozen people in Paris knew that I was due back there. We reached Marseilles late Monday evening. The train stopped at the station for half an

hour. Another train was obstructing my view of the platform. As it pulled out a few minutes after our arrival, I suddenly caught sight of Hans, wearing a raincoat, walking rapidly toward another man and motioning with his hand.

I cried out to Inspector Maupin:

"There they are, the assassins!"

I recognized in the companion of Hans the familiar figure of Kral, senior lieutenant of the Ogpu. The inspector and I made a dash from the compartment. On the opposite side of our train, across the tracks, two other men were to be seen. Hans had observed my alarm, and as Inspector Maupin and I jumped out of the carriage to give chase, all the four fled, with their hands in their pockets. It was the inspector's belief that they had hand grenades on them. He had pulled out his gun. As we reached the end of the platform he commanded me to stand against the wall, took up a position in front of me, and said: "My orders are to bring you safely to Paris. I am not prepared to grapple with four armed assassins all alone."

Stalin's Long Arm

It was around midnight, and there were no gendarmes in sight. Hans and his companions got away. We returned to our compartment. To this day I do not know how the Ogpu found out my route and schedule. It was evident, however, that the plan had been to abduct me from the train and to take me to a safe place in Marseilles, an ideal spot for such an Ogpu operation, where I might either be kept until the arrival of a Soviet boat in port, or be slain without ado.

In December I moved my family from Hyères to Paris, and we took up quarters at the Hotel des Académies, Rue Saints Pères, Paris, next to a police station. The authorities assigned three policemen to guard us. They occupied a room next to ours, working in shifts of eight hours. Day and night, an officer stood guard at the hotel entrance.

During the last treason trial, held in Moscow in March, 1938, French labor journalists pressed me to speak out. I gave an interview to Boris Souvarine, formerly a member of the executive committee of the Communist International, who was now contributing editor to the Paris Figaro, and to Gaston Bergery, member of the Chamber of Deputies, son-in-law of Leonid Krasin, late Soviet Ambassador to Great Britain. M. Bergery, who now edits an independent weekly in Paris, had been one of the first Frenchmen to sponsor the Franco-Soviet alliance, but became disillusioned after the purge.

I wrote some articles, in connection with the news from Moscow, for the Socialist Courier, a magazine published in Paris by the exiled representatives of the Russian Social Democratic Party. These articles were reprinted by arrangement in the Social Democrat of Stockholm and a paper of the same name in Copenhagen, both official organs of the Socialist parties in power in Sweden and Denmark. Their publication caused Moscow to file diplomatic protests with the Swedish and Danish governments, which replied that in their countries the press was free.

Stalin's long arm of vengeance tried to reach me even in the United States, where I went to get away from the constant dangers of the Ogpu terrorists. On Tuesday, March seventh, about four in the afternoon, I was in



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the company of one of the editors of a New York labor paper. We went to a restaurant on 42nd Street, in the vicinity of Times Square. Fifteen minutes later, three men sat down at a table next to us. I recognized one of them at once. In our secret service he was known under the nickname of Jim. His real name was Sergei Basoff. Originally a sailor in the Grimes, a veteran agent of the Soviet military intelligence, Basoff had been sent to the United States years ago to serve as a permanent agent, for which purpose he became naturalized here.

Knowing the ways of Stalin, I had no doubt that he had entrusted the job of organizing the hunt for me on this side of the Atlantic to Col. Boris Bykov. I knew that he was in charge of

the Soviet military intelligence in the United States, as he had been assigned to America as far back as the summer of 1930.

My companion and I were on the point of leaving the restaurant hastily, when "Jim" caught up with me at the cashier's desk, and greeted me in the most friendly way.

"Did you come to shoot me?" I asked him.

He denied any such intentions, and insisted that he wished to have a comradely chat with me. I knew that Gertrude Schillbach and Hans Ruesse had begun with such friendly overtures. However, I let "Jim" walk over with me to a near-by publishing house, where I had a friend. My companion fell behind, and was accosted by the

other two men, who did not dare to enter the building.

My talk with "Jim" was mostly about mutual friends in Moscow and in the foreign service. I hinted that it might be best for him to clear out of the country.

He remarked, laughing: "A year or two is the most I'd receive if they ever got me. They haven't a thing on me."

For fear of being shadowed, I stayed at the publishing house long after "Jim" had left.

About nine in the evening a group of additional friends, who had been notified of my predicament, arrived. It was the theater hour, with plenty of police in the block and no cars parked. I got away safely that time, and lived to tell this tale.

WATER HOLE

(Continued from Page 17)

and more control of her, meanwhile switching off her ignition and shouting to his copilot to shut off the fuel from her motor.

When he could hold her off no longer, he stalled her and panicked her down. She crashed in the sand, and her tail heaved up as her broken body beat screaming forward. But she settled down and came to rest much more lightly than the pilot had dared hope, and if—

But his copilot had been a second too late in cutting off the fuel. Through the trunk of the black, smoky red flames burst out around the engines. "Get 'em out!" he yelled, as he burst through the cockpit door into the cabin. "Everybody out!"

The next five seconds were the tightest Albert had ever lived. Fundi had not fastened his belt properly and had been thrown to the floor. But he leaped up like a stunned leopard when Albert touched him, and, snatching his head and came to rest much more lightly than the pilot had dared hope, and if—

But the glow of the fire soon showed their empty chairs. Amid the incredibly growing heat and with flames licking his heels, he pushed Fundi through the door and leaped out behind him. Back of him came the copilot, the steward, and finally, after an agonizing second, Captain Anderson, his face black with smoke and his hair singed gray. And now the whole company was fleeing from the blazing ship. It was a mountain of fire in the gloom.

"What's that in the sky yet?" Albert shouted to him when he could get his breath.

"No, *bonavos*." The whole thing had been deep for Fundi. Albert thought with a shilling sensation of amusement. He began to take his bearings, as always on an unknown trail. The ship had crashed in a hollow among steep, barren hills, but the worst of the dust had been picked up and swept forward by the first gust of the windstorm, and the storm itself had abated considerably, judging by the flight of clouds across the sky.

This lowland looked quite fertile compared to most of the desert, growing thorn trees and bean thickets. Hardly a quarter of a mile from the red-hot bones of the ship were several dwarf palm trees, sign of the water hole he had known was near by. It could be a lot worse, Albert thought, and he

Now he turned to gaze at his companions. Some of them were scratched

and bruised, but even Nancy Warner was standing up well, wiping tears, but trying to smile. Three of the party were hurt, but not a serious place on the prime of life. The remaining member was cool-eyed Edward Granville, an important government official stationed at Nairobi, who now approached the pilot and spoke to him earnestly. Albert made his way to Mrs. Warner.

"You're right, ma'am?" he asked.

"Oh, yes. Absolutely. What a wonderful escape we all had!"

"And how about your daughter?"

"I haven't got a skinned place on me," Nancy answered for herself. She was an American girl, Albert remembered.

"But what are we going to do now, Albert?" Mrs. Warner asked. "It seems to me we're a long ways from anywhere."

She had hardly spoken when the pilot's voice rose strongly against the wind. "Will you please all gather around me," Mr. Granville wished to talk to you."

"What we should really do first," Granville began in a clear, calm voice to his wide-eyed listeners. "Is to give three rousing cheers for Captain Anderson and his crew, who brought us safely through such grave peril. But I think they'd prefer to hear those cheers when we're back at the airport."

There was a very fine speech, Albert thought.

"But the pilot has made only four trips out here, and he has asked me, as an old Afrikaner, to take charge," Granville went on. "Of course, I'm ready to withdraw, if you prefer some other leader."

"Oh, you must take command," one of the tourists said. And there was a general murmur of assent.

"I've called you all together for the responsibility. At present we're at what's called Camel Water. Our pilot has identified it beyond any real doubt. But if we remain here, it may take several days for rescue planes to find and pick us up. It's such a lonely place and so far from the regular air lanes. But from Camel Water, it's only nine miles due east to Tembu Lake, where an English photographer has an extensive outfit."

"That's good news," one of the party exclaimed.

"We have a pocket compass, and there's no danger of sunstroke this afternoon," Granville went on. "Let's make our way there, spend the night, and send for transportation to Nairobi. Are there any objections?"

He did not even glance at Albert, staring at him with frightened, unbelieving eyes. And before the latter could utter his jargoned tongue, one of the tourists burst out, "No one can object to that. We walk nine miles playing thirty-six holes of golf."

"Nancy and I are both old hikers," Mrs. Warner said, "if you'd like saying about us."

"We should think before we start, provided the water's fit," Granville cautioned. "This is the desert, you know. And perhaps we should consider space for the night here, making the trek tomorrow."

At this last, the congealed sweat broke on Albert, and he gave a gasp of relief. When Granville and Anderson went to look for the spring, he accompanied them, Fundi light-footed behind him. Once sure of water, he would speak. He would show them why they must stay here at any cost, rather than trust the desert. Doubtless they would stay. His own tongues were stuck out of their mouths. Hard-bitten Arabs, stripped of their stores, would praise Allah for the mere smell of water.

"You're wrong Cruikshank, aren't you?" Granville asked. "Quite a big-game hunter, I believe."

"Yes, sir."

"I'm glad you're with us. Don't hesitate to give your opinion."

But there was no ring of true comradeship in his tone, and when Albert had moistened his lips to speak, Granville had forgotten him. Meanwhile his cause was becoming harder to defend. As Fundi eyed him, his own from sign to sign. There was hair on the high thorns, dried mud on low-hanging branches, wounds and scars on the trees. The only tracks he had seen were the two leaders' hoof-prints. Presently Fundi made one of his rare but meaningful gestures—a furtive finger pointed at the ground. There in the sand was a four-toed track, big as a saucer.

Albert dropped a little behind the two leaders. "How odd," he muttered in the vernacular.

"Very young, my brother. The wind would smooth this ground soon."

"Say nothing to the others."

They thought the lion might still be near, until they saw what looked like a great black python towering and swaying above the thick brush behind the palm trees. They exchanged an intense look, that was all. It seemed impossible that the two leaders could miss the monster, his ivory glimmering through the thickets, but their confident talk

went on. But Fundi breathed out to one of his gods when he glanced to the hillside, a quartet of animals beyond. It was not gray rocks that stood so close up there.

"Five . . . eight . . . eleven . . . and several elephants," he counted. "The little ones cause trouble, so I've heard." "They're at it now. I heard one of them squeal." Albert's low voice trembled a little.

Granville and Anderson did not hear the sound, or see the quick flick of a snaky trunk as a cow elephant pushed her baby for the forbidden outcry. But as the two men emerged from the trampled thickets there rose an uproar to stampepe any tenderfoot into the desert. It was the explosive snort of a rhino, and the crash of Irish as he bolted off.

When the boys reached the water hole, they found Granville holding his ground, but gray with fear. The air man turned to Albert with a grim smile, but he had drawn from his holster the revolver that, until now, he had carried only to comfort his passengers. It was the only firearm in the outfit, Albert recalled.

"Did you see that rhino?" Granville cried.

"We heard him, but he's gone," Albert said.

"Who knows when he'll be back? And look at those tracks! Elephants. They must swarm here every night. And what are those tracks bigger than a man's hand? Do you suppose they're lions?"

"They come here for the hucks, but —"

Albert's thoughts raced ahead of his words. The heavy concentration of animals near this water indicated no other place for miles around. It was all for more reason why he must convince Granville. But his wild brothers took Granville's side. Although the high wind scattered scent, the human taint was carried to the lifted trunk of a watchful old cow on the hillside. Instantly she screamed, and the men looked up to see the monsters milling in excitement, every trunk swinging and hanket ear extended.

"Look at that," the pilot hurst out. "The place is a bloody zoo."

"You've got to expect that," Albert explained, but —

"Let's get out of here," Granville broke in. "They look like they're about to charge." As he turned, he took a last, quick glance at the water. "It's not fit to drink, anyway. Come along, boys."

Albert followed the two men a short distance, his compass steeling behind him. For a moment he saw no spoor or sign, for his gaze was turned inward, and there was trouble on his face that Fundi had never seen. But he stopped by a thorn tree. As often before when they needed each other, unconsciously they joined hands.

"Fund?"

"I'm here, brother," Fundi answered in their tongue.

"Are we right, or are those men right? Are they really our brothers, or is it a lie? Tell me, brother."

"Some of our old men say it's true—but they are only black men. Yet I believe it, brother."

"Even the lions? They'll come tonight."

"The lions too. Their gods made them to eat meat, but they don't hate us. They'd look at us from beyond the river, wonder, but you know how the *simbas* turns away from a new thing. Soon he'd go and hunt the game he knows."

"I believe it. I know it. But, Fundi, we've had no dealings with elephants." "They're the wisest of all the beasts, the old men say. We mustn't keep them from the water, but if we let them come and go, why should they harm us? As for rhinos—it's moving things that disturb their rest and feeding that make them fight."

"I've heard of rogue elephants, but they're not as bad as the desert. There's life here, Fundi—water and food for all—but only death out there."

"The desert is no brother of ours, my brother. I hate it."

"Then I know what I must do. But stay close to me, Fundi."

With his face drawn, Albert turned and walked quickly toward the others. His tongue felt like a dry rag in his mouth and he knew how young and unregarded he was in their sight, but he walked with his head up, as Fundi clearly saw. They were standing in a close group under one gnarled thorn tree, their white faces turned toward him. What a strange picture they made, in their fine clothes, under that weird red sun and murky sky, the yellow sand under their feet, the gullied wasteland beyond.

"You boys have kept us waiting," Granville began severely. "We must get going at once."

"No, sir," Albert had turned red, but his voice was earnest and clear.

"Fund and I've talked it over, and we think we ought to stay here."

Granville answered in a tone of tolerant amusement, "That's very interesting, but —"

"Wait. You said I was to give my opinion with the others, and you've got to listen to me—all of you. I know what the desert is. There are places near home where it's hard to find water, and this is ten times worse. You're not sure this is Camel Water. If we go out looking for Tembu Lake, and never find it, some of us will never get back."

"We could follow our own tracks back, couldn't we, if worse came to worst?"

"Not with this wind cutting them out in open sand in half an hour. The desert looks all the same, and it's hard to follow a compass over rough ground. But if we stay here we'll be safe."

"Safe! What are you talking about? Those elephants would charge our camp. We'd be dragged off by lions! We've only one pistol!"

"Oh, the animals won't hurt us," Albert's voice broke—no one could know how hard it was to stand here and dispute an older man, and his leader—until it steadied again. "The revolver would be worse than useless against big animals, but Fundi and I could kill hucks with it, so we'd have food. And there's water here."

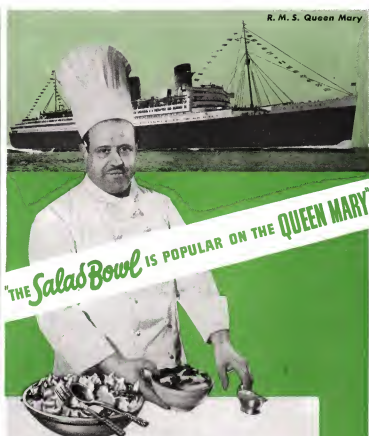
"Stinking, germ-laden water, half mud!"

"It would keep us alive. There's no bad germs out here. Oh, you must believe me. His high color had drained away, leaving his face white under its deep tan."

"We believe you mean well, Albert, but those animals have never been taught to fear men; we haven't tools to build big fires, and we've talked enough. It's only nine miles to safety, and unless some of you others have something to say, we're starting at once."

He looked about the circle, but the only sound was the neighing of the wind and the hiss of the blown sand, still far away, what might be the trumpet of a wild elephant. One of the English travelers had taken a step forward—Albert turned to him with

R. M. S. Queen Mary



—says HUBERT MARTY, Executive Chef of this great Cunard White Star line record breaker. "Most of our salads are made to order—to suit each individual's taste. Many like to mix their own, but the most popular salad of all is the Salad Bowl made about like this:

- Rub the inside of a wooden bowl with garlic. Then mix $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt; $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon freshly ground black pepper; $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon dry mustard; $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon paprika together in bowl—add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup oil and 2 tablespoons vinegar or lemon juice or both. (These quantities for salad to serve 4.) Place in salad bowl, freshly washed and chilled greens—lettuce, endive, cress, romaine, sliced cucumbers—that have been cut to easily handled pieces and toss till all are covered with dressing. Set in refrigerator a few minutes to marinate and serve. ●

"European passengers generally ask to have their salad made with red wine vinegar and like it wilted or marinated. Most Americans prefer tarragon vinegar and lemon juice and a crisp salad served direct from the bowl immediately after mixing. Some Americans ask us to omit garlic."

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AT YOUR GROCER'S

imploving eyes—but the man coughed and looked away.

"Then in that case —" Granville hegan.

Albert did not bear the rest. His heart burning, he had turned to Mrs. Warner. "You can't go with them!" he cried.

The woman regarded him with wide eyes. "What do you mean, Albert?" she asked in low tones.

"You and Nancy. You've got to stay here. Fundi and I'll take care of you. Oh, please, believe me! I tell you, you can't —"

"Do you mean you'd try to keep them here by force?" Granville demanded, his voice trembling with anger. "Wait," Mrs. Warner broke in. "My husband told me about you the country—but —"

"He told me to take care of you. Those were his last words. I've got to do it. Don't you see that?"

Then up spoke Nancy, half-sohning, "I heard him say so, mamma."

Mrs. Warner looked at her, then at Granville, then back to Albert. The latter said no more. But suddenly the high color began to flow into the woman's pale face. Her eyes shone.

"He might have made a mistake, but—I don't think so." She turned to Granville. "I'm sorry to go against you, but that's binding on us. Nancy and I are going to stay with the boys." "But we can't desert you!" Granville cried.

"No, I want you to do what you think's best."

Granville hesitated briefly. Almost against his will, it seemed, he glanced at Albert's still face and then into his steadfast eyes. "Oh, dash it, we'll all stay. Hater, we'll send out scouts, on the one chance in a hundred we've mistaken our position. — Albert, we look to you for our defense against the wild animals, and how you'll manage it heaven only knows, but you seem confident enough. But if I've made a mistake and lives are lost, I'll never forgive myself as long as I live."

It was decided that Talhot, the copilot, and Horner, the steward, should set out at once for the camp on Tembu Lake. If they made it safely, they were to send for transportation, and start back at once with all the guns and water and food that they and the camp boys could carry.

At Albert's request, Granville set the other men to gathering brush hush to make a *boma*. This small enclosure, about four feet high, would help stand off a man-eating lion, but to turn a rogue elephant or an angry rhino they must trust to the camouflaged. Unhappily it would be a small fire—all hands could hardly complete the *boma* by nightfall, so soft-skinned and naked most of them were—and it must be hunk outside the pen, where it would shine.

"You and I, Fundi, will lie beside it," Albert said.

"I'll be a queer feeling, brother." "We can't break down the *boma* every time we want to throw on a stick, and seeing us there, the elephants will not blunder near to trample it down."

"That's long thinking, brother. But if *simba* is hungry, won't he eat us first? I'd rather he'd take one of the fat *buwasas*."

"The fat *buwasas* stayed here because of us, and someone must watch the fire."

This was a plain fact. A more puzzling question was that of food for the party, but the party had had lunch just before the crash, and fresh meat in

camp would increase the night's danger. As for water, he suggested that everyone drink his fill before sundown, then stay away from the hole.

Albert was red in the face over the black, ill-smelling water, but no one complained, and Nancy especially drank all she could hold, scooping skillfully with her thorn-scratched hands like an outdoorman. All were nervous as gazelles, but only a noble lunk put in an appearance. It was only a little while later that Albert's charges withdrew to the *boma* and the long water began.

He had seen many African twilights, but none so heart-stilling as this. As his sight failed, his ears grew sharper, until he seemed to hear every whisper this side of the hills. There were too many whispers. Music to him and Fundi on other nights, tonight they were sinister, asking whether his trust in his wild neighbors had betrayed his own kind.

First one by one, then in clusters, and finally in countless throngs, the desert stars came out. The wind was

voiced cough screamed her displeasure. Other cows joined her, and soon the up-roar was past belief and almost past hearing. Albert had never heard elephants at a man-tainted water hole, and his faith began to go. But even now his fears were more for his charges than for himself. It could not be otherwise, when they were here because of him, and this was his homeland.

Thickets were smashed down. Small thorn trees were torn out by the roots, and at times the whole herd trumpeted until the hills rang. Soon the herd was milling all about the camp. Fundi crouched by the little fire, his eyes fixed on Albert's face, and for the first time in his life seemed to ask help. Albert could only clench his hands and tremble.

In a little hll in the storm he heard Granville calling from inside the *boma*. Albert moved to the edge of the firelight close to the *boma* wall.

"Shall we run for it?" Granville cried.

Forcing his mind, encouraging his heart, Albert remembered his and

the best of all, thrilling him through, were the words of the party's young-est, spoken in a trembling but clear tone.

"You did right, Albert," the girl told him, trying to steady her voice. "I've heard one of dad's friends tell him about elephants—what a racket they make when they smell people. We're going to be all right."

"Oh, thank you." But only Albert himself thought this a poor answer.

A few minutes later he heard the sound of broken water. At least one of the monsters was drinking. Soon the whole party was listening to great splashes, and the juicy sound of tree-trunk feet being pulled out of mud, audible because of the diminishing up-roar. After half an hour of this, a burricane seemed to strike the thickets beyond the water hole and Fundi felt the ground tremble under his bare feet. Then, almost before they knew it, all was still.

Fundi looked up into Albert's eyes. "I think our brothers have gone away," he remarked, with reviving spirit.

The others listened for more alarms, but there were none. Nancy, suddenly exhausted, lay down on the sand by the fire and was soon asleep. In the next hour most of the others followed her example, and by midnight Albert and Fundi were keeping watch alone. Their low exultant talk died away. They heard home far and near, as always when they lay out, but did not waken the sleepers. At last they decided to take turns feeding the fire from the abandoned *boma*. — Suddenly Albert sat up to see the hills standing hold and black against the eastern sky.

About ten o'clock in the morning, when Albert and Fundi were building a small blind by a grass trail, a man appeared in the sky a dark speck that was not a culture. It came nearer, increased wonderfully in size, roared, dipped, rose again, and turning into the wind, swooped magnificently to earth. It was a light monoplane, carrying two police officers and a small supply of food and water.

Ten minutes later, their emotions under control, the eastwinds learned the fate of their two missing members. "No, they didn't find Tembu Lake," one of the officers replied to Granville's question. "It's thirty-two miles to the northeast of here. But about midnight last night, by the grace of God, they ran into a dry camp of sheep-herders, and at dawn this morning one of the blacks got to the wireless telephone at Stanley blockhouse. The poor chaps are badly used up, but they'll pull out."

Granville turned with a pleasant smile to Albert. "So I dare say we did the right thing after all, didn't we, lad?"

All warm inside, Albert wished that his father could hear that. But Nancy Warner, standing beside him, put her chin in the air, and gazed down her pretty nose at Granville.

"I'll tell you father the truth," she said out of the side of her mouth to Albert, and at the same time he felt her warm, strong little hand dart out and give his fingers a quick squeeze. Fundi alone saw the covert and opened his black eyes. He said nothing, but hunting among the ruins of the burned ship, he found a small piece of metal to go in his amulet. With the help of such good-luck tokens, and his gods, and a small *menzulu* with wind-blown hair, he and his brother would yet follow the great white *buwas* into the wild south!



LITTLE LULU

ding. It would yet be a good night for hunting. From barren rocks above the camp came a deep grunt.

"Maybe they won't know what it is," Fundi whispered.

"But I wish we'd built the *boma* even farther from the water," Albert answered. "There was no wood at all beyond, and the hillsides so steep and dangerous."

"Don't worry, brother. We did the best we could, in the time we had. And now *simba* is going away."

The mournful sound was repeated farther off, but soon all the denizens of the desert began trooping down to drink. Mercifully they came in silence, and the city people did not bear them until, in sudden panic, they hotted off, but were frightened just the same. About an hour after dark the elephants came down.

Sometimes elephants move in an uneasy silence, but this ground reeked of man, and suddenly a shrill

Fundi's great discovery—that only crazed or man-eating animals will attack unprovoked. The elephants' up-roar was excitement more than anger. They were caught between thirst and fear of the human smell. Unknown forms running in the dark would drive them into a fighting frenzy or a destructive stampede.

"No, we're safe here."

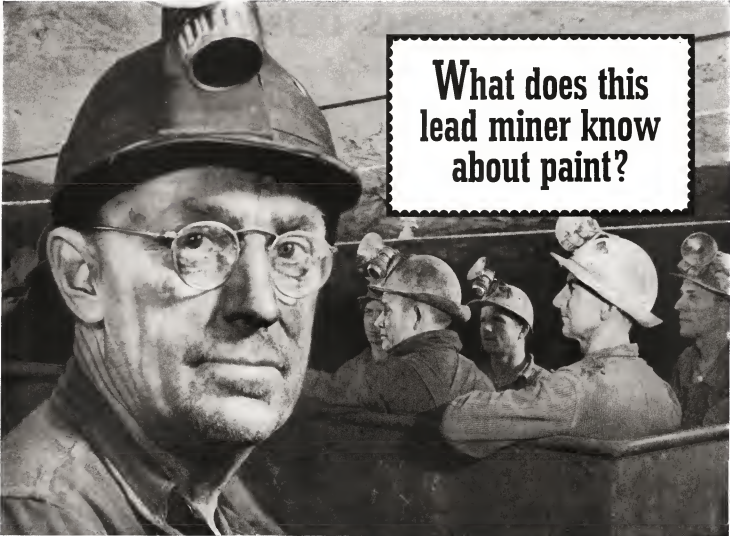
"Shall we fire the pistol?"

"It would do more harm than good."

"Haden't you and the black boy better get into the *boma*?"

No, but all of you come to the fire. The only danger now is from elephants.

And bring all the brushwood you can carry." Presently all of his party were pressing close to the fire. As it blazed up, it showed vast dark shapes moving against the blackness beyond, but it also showed the faces of his companions, drawn and white, but brave. His heart leaped in pride and renewed hope. But



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KEEPING POSTED

AMONG OTHER THINGS

OXFORD dons, who know a certain Bertie Wooster and his man Jeeves pretty well, have voted to make P. G. Wodehouse a Doctor of Letters, *honoris causa*. Mr. Wodehouse, upon hearing of the honor, said he thought Jeeves would approve. "Of course, I will have to wear a gown that covers all my clothes, and I don't think Jeeves would like that. But on the other hand, Jeeves is all for proper dignity. Wooster probably wouldn't know what to make of it."

Jeeves has no complaint; he's had his own share of this world's honors recently. Several months ago, a survey of hook critics found Jeeves bracketed with Sam Weller as the best gentleman's gentleman in an ideal-servant staff chosen from fictional characters. We'll bet that burned them both up.

IN AN office memo written on a rainy Friday afternoon the Art Department tells us that fifty-two recent issues of the Post carried the work of seventy-six different illustrators. During the same period we also published 793 black-and-white photographs, 161 color photographs and 603 Post Script drawings. On the bottom of the memo was scrawled the cryptic line, *sequence, four queens, one marriage and ninety to melt*. Thus the wheels of industry turn.

OUR public thanks to the amateur sleuths who answered Keeping Posted's challenge and sent their solutions to Agatha Christie's — **AND THEN THERE WERE NONE**. The whole affair cost the petty-cash box \$1.15— for the Tommy gun and the G-man's badge which went, together with a letter of congratulations from Governor Saltonstall, of Massachusetts, to the Wellesley Watson who raised her hand first. Included in the set was a pair of handcuffs, but we're saving those for our own use. We'll need them if we get another whodunit of that order.

FOOTNOTE TO WISH YOU WERE HERE, our dude-ranch spread in the June-tenth issue. On a June Sunday this year one New York paper carried advertisements for twenty-one "dude ranches" in New York, New Jersey, Eastern Pennsylvania and the Berkshires; one or two within an hour's drive of the George Washington Bridge. Ten-gallon hats, levis, cowboy sings and pack trips are as obligatory as in the Bitter Roots. Get along, little doggies, get along—we're off on the trail to Yonkers, where the West begins.

FASHION DEPARTMENT

LUCILLE BABCOCK, whose Beadie asks an important question, on page 10, is a one-time fashion editor who now runs a woman's-wear trade journal and teaches merchandising in one of New York's fashion schools. Miss Babcock

NEXT WEEK

TRUST BUSTER

by Joseph Alsop
and
Robert Kintner

"A cross between Voltaire and a cowboy, with the cowboy predominating," was the way Robert Jackson described Thurman Arnold. The authors of *The Battle of the Market Place* ride herd on the pride of Laramie and points East who, as Assistant Attorney General, is working out his sentence on the rockpile of business, trying to make little ones of big ones. Portrait of a modern Quixote in a world of windmills.

— AND OUT LIKE A LAMB, by David Lamson

Put a worthless remittance man and a lady librarian with her own theories on farming together on a northern Alberta homestead and you have neighbors who are liable to be a nuisance. Bub's father expected the worst—and got it. But he handled the situation like a true pioneer.

THE TENT, by Virginia Black

Lily was sick of a transient's life—of the tent and the battered jalopy, of the flies and the field work of a and of a husband who wouldn't fight Fate. Lily was tired of it all when they reached the prairie ranch where sleek Rafael worked. . . .

GAMBLING SHIP, by Florabel Muir

Tony Cornero has what he calls an airtight racket. Lying three miles off the California coast on a \$300,000 floating pulchre, Tony plays host to thousands of "squirrels" a day and handles a yearly take which runs into millions. Next week the author will take you behind the scenes. Candid-camera shots included.

TRACTOR MAN'S HOLIDAY

by William Hazlett Upson

Our old friend Alexander Botts, Earthworm Tractor's indomitable Sales Manager, embarks on a strenuous schedule of rest and relaxation and finds it necessary to flout the law and lions in order to get some peace—and an order for Earthworm. Opening scene: South Solaria, Florida.

WHAT IS MORAL REARMAMENT?

by Stanley Hight

M. R. A., after a triumphant sweep of England and courtesy calls on a score of other nations, is now buskholing America in its attempt to revitalize spiritually a disillusioned world. Leader Buchman defines his movement as "the next stage in world history." Mr. Hight assays its chances.

LAST ACT, LAST SCENE, by Almet Jenks

Charles James Bohun ("actor, English, 58, single, well-known England and Continent, will consider position") had the voice of an organ, the heart of a poet and the soul of a ham. What happened to him when his advertisement was answered is Mr. Jenks' story.

OTHER ARTICLES AND STORIES by Ethel Vance, Raymond Mokey, and Robert E. Pinkerton.



Thurman Arnold . . .
he likes competition.

is up to her ears in the "market" and has plucked her characters straight from the life current of Manhattan's garment industry. She tells us she had a terrible time trying to help Arthur William Brown, who illustrated WHATTY MEN WANT, ANYWAY?

Seems Brownie works from models, and the dresses Miss Babcock described in the story were little cumbers she'd seen in retail shops. But the shops wouldn't let the models wear the dresses and Miss Babcock had to chase all over the market to find a "full-skirted net and a satin bustle" (how are we doing, girls?) for illustrator Brown. Well, she finally located them and Mr. Brown combined the net and the bustle and the models. If that's realism we'll dress our heroines in simple blue taffeta.

BY REQUEST

LULA VOLLMER's recent Post story, **THE ROAD THAT LED AFAR**, drew what the staff here calls a "big mail." Many of the letter writers wanted to know who this Vollmer person was, that she could write so well about hill people. And now, with **SHE PUT OUT TO GO**, on page 14, we're glad to tell you that the Vollmer person is the result of a North Carolinian mother, a Yankee-Irishman father and a childhood spent in the lumber camps of the South. Continue, Miss Vollmer:

"At an early age I made an acquaintance with the Southern mountain people. My first interest in them was one of childish envy. The mountaineer youngsters had more freedom than I. These children explored the hills without fear of getting lost or being punished for wandering off without permission. They could play all year; I was sent away to school. I still believe the mountain folk have more freedom than I. They don't have to bother with grammar, other people's opinions, or world problems. They may possess only the bare necessities, but they feel no poverty. I admire them for their independence and inherent dignity. I like the way they meet the emergencies of life. They face them without questioning or complaining.

"That's why I write about the mountain people. When I had finished school I worked as an auditor and earned money enough to come to New York. My first year's writing netted me ten dollars. Needing to eat, I got a job in a theater box office. Then I sold my first play, *Sunup*. In time I sold six other plays. I have done three radio serials. *Moonshine* and *Honeysuckle* were the first and longest. That script kept a pencil in my hand every day for three years.

"The idea for **THE ROAD THAT LED AFAR** would not fit into a play. It kept running around in my mind until I decided to put it in story form. I liked doing it and followed it with **SHE PUT OUT TO GO**. I want to do more stories. I faithfully promise not to attempt an autobiography."

VACATION TIP:

There are 3 ways to go
to the "Fair"—or anywhere—by car



"TUNE-UP TIME!" goes back on the air Monday night, August 21, over Columbia Broadcasting System, 7 P. M., E. & T.

YOU HAVE THESE 3 CHOICES



BEST PERFORMANCE—with gasoline marked "Ethyl." It is highest in anti-knock and all-round quality. Contains enough tetraethyl lead so that your engine's spark can be advanced close to the point of maximum power without "knock" or "ping."



GOOD PERFORMANCE—with "regular" gasoline, which permits the spark to be considerably advanced without "ping." Most "regular" gasoline now contains tetraethyl lead to improve anti-knock quality, as shown by "Lead" signs on the pumps.



POOR PERFORMANCE—with low-grade gasoline, poor in anti-knock quality. With low-grade gasoline in a modern high-compression car, the engine's spark must be retarded—which means loss of power and economy.

WHETHER you drive East or West, take the long route or the short, cover hundreds of miles a day or take it easy, you have a choice of three grades of car performance on the way. Here's why:

Under the hood of your car is a device that is almost as important as your gearshift or throttle. It's the spark adjustment that controls engine performance.

When your motor service man tunes-up your motor . . . a smart thing to have done before a long trip . . . the closer he can advance the spark to the point of maximum power, the more power and mileage you will get.

But he cannot advance the spark any farther than the anti-knock quality of the gasoline in your tank permits. If he does, a "knock" or "ping" will develop that will *lose* power and economy.

That's why the better the gasoline you use, the better your engine's performance—as shown at the left.

COPYRIGHT 1933, ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION, manufacturer of anti-knock fluids used by oil companies to improve gasoline

By burning 25% slower than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than *any* of them — CAMELS give smokers the equivalent of

**5 EXTRA SMOKES
PER PACK**



Here are the facts about cigarettes recently confirmed through scientific laboratory tests of sixteen of the largest-selling brands:

1 CAMELS were found to contain **MORE TOBACCO BY WEIGHT** than the average for the 15 other of the largest-selling brands.

2 CAMELS BURNED **SLOWER**—**THAN ANY OTHER BRAND TESTED**—25% SLOWER THAN THE AVERAGE TIME OF THE 15 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS! By burning 25% slower, on the average, Camels give smokers the equivalent of 5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

3 In the same tests, CAMELS **HELD THEIR ASH FAR LONGER** than the average time for all the other brands.

Yes, those choicer tobaccos for which Camel pays millions more *do* make a difference! Camels are the quality cigarette *every* smoker can afford.

**MORE PLEASURE
PER PUFF—**

**MORE PUFFS
PER PACK—**

**Penny for penny
your best
cigarette buy**

“With a cigarette as good as Camel, it’s swell to get those extra puffs!”

SAYS LLOYD CHILD,
FAMOUS POWER-DIVE TEST PILOT



LLOYD CHILD at Buffalo Airport, scene of his recent world record power-dive—more than 575 m.p.h. in the Curtiss Hawk 75-A—pauses to give his slant on cigarettes: “I’ve smoked Camels for about fifteen years. I knew that they were the long-burning cigarette. That means more smoking for my money. On a pack of twenty, as those scientific reports show, it’s like getting five extra smokes per pack. It’s the *right kind* of smoking, too—mild and swell, cooler, non-irritating, better for my kind of steady, day-after-day smoking.” Don’t you miss the fun of smoking Camels. Enjoy their matchless blend of choice tobaccos...while enjoying the economy of that long-burning feature that makes Camels “penny for penny your best cigarette buy.”

—the cigarette of Costlier Tobaccos